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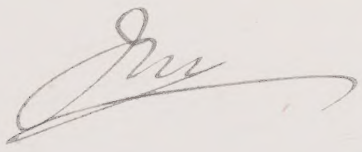

Poetical Works

OF

LORD BYRON.

Lord. Byron

The Works

OF

LORD BYRON.

A NEW, REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION,
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

Poetry. Vol. III.

EDITED BY

ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE, M.A.,
HON. F.R.S.L.

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PREFACE TO THE THIRD VOLUME.

THE present volume contains the six metrical tales which were composed within the years 1812 and 1815, the *Hebrew Melodies*, and the minor poems of 1809–1816. With the exception of the first fifteen poems (1809–1811) —*Chansons de Voyage*, as they might be called—the volume as a whole was produced on English soil. Beginning with the *Giaour*, which followed in the wake of *Childe Harold* and shared its triumph, and ending with the ill-omened *Domestic Pieces*, or *Poems of the Separation*, the poems which Byron wrote in his own country synchronize with his popularity as a poet by the acclaim and suffrages of his own countrymen. His greatest work, by which his lasting fame has been established, and by which his relative merits as a great poet will be judged in the future, was yet to come; but the work which made his name, which is stamped with his sign-manual, and which has come to be regarded as distinctively and

characteristically Byronic, preceded maturity and achievement.

No poet of his own or other times, not Walter Scott, not Tennyson, not Mr. Kipling, was ever in his own lifetime so widely, so amazingly popular. Thousands of copies of the "Tales"—of the *Bride of Abydos*, of the *Corsair*, of *Lara*—were sold in a day, and edition followed edition month in and month out. Everywhere men talked about the "noble author"—in the capitals of Europe, in literary circles in the United States, in the East Indies. He was "the glass of fashion . . . the observ'd of all observers," the swayer of sentiment, the master and creator of popular emotion. No other English poet before or since has divided men's attention with generals and sea-captains and statesmen, has attracted and fascinated and overcome the world so entirely and potently as Lord Byron.

It was *Childe Harold*, the unfinished, immature *Childe Harold*, and the Turkish and other "Tales," which raised this sudden and deafening storm of applause when the century was young, and now, at its close (I refer, of course, to the Tales, not to Byron's poetry as a whole, which, in spite of the critics, has held and still holds its own), are ignored if not forgotten, passed over if not despised—which but few know thoroughly, and "very few" are found to admire or to love. *Ubi lapsus, quid feci?* might the questioning spirit of the author exclaim with regard to his "Harrys and Larrys, Pilgrims and

Pirates," who once held the field, and now seem to have gone under in the struggle for poetical existence!

To what, then, may we attribute the passing away of interest and enthusiasm? To the caprice of fashion, to an insistence on a more faultless *technique*, to a nicer taste in ethical sentiment, to a preference for a subtler treatment of loftier themes? More certainly, and more particularly, I think, to the blurring of outline and the blotting out of detail due to lapse of time and the shifting of the intellectual standpoint.

However much the charm of novelty and the contagion of enthusiasm may have contributed to the success of the Turkish and other Tales, it is in the last degree improbable that our grandfathers and great-grandfathers were enamoured, not of a reality, but of an illusion born of ignorance or of vulgar bewilderment. They were carried away because they breathed the same atmosphere as the singer; and being undistracted by ethical, or grammatical, or metrical offences, they not only read these poems with avidity, but understood enough of what they read to be touched by their vitality, to realize their verisimilitude.

Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner. Nay, more, the knowledge, the comprehension of essential greatness in art, in nature, or in man is not to know that there is aught to forgive. But that sufficing knowledge which the reader of average intelligence brings with him for the comprehension and appreciation of contemporary

literature has to be bought at the price of close attention and patient study when the subject-matter of a poem and the modes and movements of the poet's consciousness are alike unfamiliar.

Criticism, however subtle, however suggestive, however luminous, will not bridge over the gap between the past and the present, will not supply the sufficing knowledge. It is delightful and interesting and, in a measure, instructive to know what great poets of his own time and of ours have thought of Byron, how he "strikes" them; but unless we are ourselves saturated with his thought and style, unless we learn to breathe his atmosphere by reading the books which he read, picturing to ourselves the scenes which he saw,—unless we aspire to his ideals and suffer his limitations, we are in no way entitled to judge his poems, whether they be good or bad.

Byron's metrical "Tales" come before us in the guise of light reading, and may be "easily criticized" as melo-dramatic—the heroines conventional puppets, the heroes reduplicated reflections of the author's personality, the Oriental "properties" loosely arranged, and somewhat stage-worn. A thorough and sympathetic study of these once extravagantly lauded and now belittled poems will not, perhaps, reverse the deliberate judgment of later generations, but it will display them for what they are, bold and rapid and yet exact presentations of the "gorgeous East," vivid and fresh from the hand of the great artist who conceived them out of the abundance

of memory and observation, and wrought them into shape with the "pen of a ready writer." They will be once more recognized as works of genius, an integral portion of our literary inheritance, which has its proper value, and will repay a more assiduous and a finer husbandry.

I have once more to acknowledge the generous assistance of the officials of the British Museum, and, more especially, of Mr. A. G. Ellis, of the Oriental Printed Books and MSS. Department, who has afforded me invaluable instruction in the compilation of the notes to the *Giaour* and *Bride of Abydos*.

I have also to thank Mr. R. L. Binyon, of the Department of Prints and Drawings, for advice and assistance in the selection of illustrations.

I desire to express my cordial thanks to the Registrar of the Copyright Office, Stationers' Hall; to Professor Jannaris, of the University of St. Andrews; to Miss E. Dawes, M.A., D.L., of Heathfield Lodge, Weybridge; to my cousin, Miss Edith Coleridge, of Goodrest, Torquay; and to my friend, Mr. Frank E. Taylor, of Chertsey, for information kindly supplied during the progress of the work.

For many of the "parallel passages" from the works of other poets, which are to be found in the notes, I am indebted to a series of articles by A. A. Watts, in the *Literary Gazette*, February and March, 1821; and to the notes to the late Professor E. Kölbing's *Siege of Corinth*.

On behalf of the publisher, I beg to acknowledge

the kindness of Lord Glenesk, and of Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B., who have permitted the examination and collation of MSS. of the *Siege of Corinth* and of the "Thyrza" poems, in their possession.

The original of the miniature of H.R.H. the Princess Charlotte of Wales (see p. 44) is in the Library of Windsor Castle. It has been reproduced for this volume by the gracious permission of Her Majesty the Queen.

ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

April 18, 1900.

CONTENTS OF VOL. III.

PAGE

Preface to Vol. III. of the Poems v

Introduction to *Occasional Pieces* (*Poems* 1809–1813; *Poems* 1814–1816) xix

POEMS 1809–1813.

The Girl of Cadiz. First published in *Works of Lord Byron*, 1832, viii. 56 1

Lines written in an Album, at Malta. First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to) 4

To Florence. First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to) . . 5

Stanzas composed during a Thunderstorm. First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to) 7

Stanzas written in passing the Ambracian Gulf. First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to) 11

The Spell is broke, the Charm is flown! First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to) 12

Written after swimming from Sestos to Abydos. First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to) 13

Lines in the Travellers' Book at Orchomenus. First published, *Travels in Italy, Greece, etc.*, by H. W. Williams, 1820, ii. 290 15

Maid of Athens, ere we part. First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to) 15

Fragment from the "Monk of Athos." First published, *Life of Lord Byron*, by the Hon. Roden Noel, 1890, pp. 206, 207 18

Lines written beneath a Picture. First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to) 19

PAGE

Translation of the famous Greek War Song, Δεῦτε παῖδες, κ.τ.λ. First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to) . . . 20

Translation of the Romaic Song, Μνέπω μεσ' τὸ περιβόλι, κ.τ.λ. First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to) 22

On Parting. First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to) . . 23

Farewell to Malta. First published, *Poems on his Domestic Circumstances*, by W. Hone (Sixth Edition, 1816) . . . 24

Newstead Abbey. First published, *Memoir* of Rev. F. Hodgson, 1878, i. 187 27

Epistle to a Friend, in answer to some Lines exhorting the Author to be Cheerful, and to "banish Care." First published, *Letters and Journals*, 1830, i. 301 28

To Thyrza ["Without a stone," etc.]. First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to) 30

Stanzas ["Away, away," etc.]. First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to) 35

Stanzas ["One struggle more," etc.]. First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to) 36

Euthanasia. First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (Second Edition) 39

Stanzas ["And thou art dead," etc.]. First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (Second Edition) 41

Lines to a Lady weeping. First published, *Morning Chronicle*, March 7, 1812 45

Stanzas ["If sometimes," etc.]. First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (Second Edition) 46

On a Cornelian Heart which was broken. First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (Second Edition) 48

The Chain I gave was Fair to view. From the Turkish. First published, *Corsair*, 1814 (Second Edition) 49

Lines written on a Blank Leaf of *The Pleasures of Memory*. First published, *Poems*, 1816 50

Address, spoken at the Opening of Drury-Lane Theatre, Saturday, October 10, 1812. First published, *Morning Chronicle*, October 12, 1812 51

Parenthetical Address. By Dr. Plagiary. First published, *Morning Chronicle*, October 23, 1812 55

Verses found in a Summer-house at Hales-Owen. First published, *Works of Lord Byron*, 1832, xvii. 244 59

Remember thee! Remember thee! First published, *Conversations of Lord Byron*, 1824, p. 330 59

To Time. First published, *Childe Harold*, 1814 (Seventh Edition) 60

PAGE

Translation of a Romaic Love Song. First published, *Childe Harold*, 1814 (Seventh Edition) 62
Stanzas ["Thou art not false," etc.]. First published, *Childe Harold*, 1814 (Seventh Edition) 64
On being asked what was the "Origin of Love." First published, *Childe Harold*, 1814 (Seventh Edition) 65
On the Quotation, "And my true faith," etc. *MS. M.* . . 65
Stanzas ["Remember him," etc.]. First published, *Childe Harold*, 1814 (Seventh Edition) 67
Impromptu, in Reply to a Friend. First published, *Childe Harold*, 1814 (Seventh Edition) 69
Sonnet. To Genevra ["Thine eyes' blue tenderness," etc.]. First published, *Corsair*, 1814 (Second Edition) . . . 70
Sonnet. To Genevra ["Thy cheek is pale with thought," etc.]. First published, *Corsair*, 1814 (Second Edition) . 71
From the Portuguese ["Tu mi chamas"]. First published, *Childe Harold*, 1814 (Seventh Edition). "Another Version." First published, 1831 71

THE GIAOUR: A FRAGMENT OF A TURKISH TALE.

Introduction to *The Giaour* 75
Bibliographical Note on *The Giaour* 78
Dedication 81
Advertisement 83
The Giaour 85

THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS. A TURKISH TALE.

Introduction to *The Bride of Abydos* 149
Note to the MSS. of *The Bride of Abydos* 151
Dedication 155
The Bride of Abydos. Canto the First 157
Canto the Second 178
Note to *The Bride of Abydos* 211

THE CORSAIR: A TALE.

Introduction to *The Corsair* 217
Bibliographical Note on *The Corsair* 220
Dedication 223
The Corsair. Canto the First 227
Canto the Second 249
Canto the Third 270

PAGE

Introduction to the *Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte* 303
Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte 305

LARA: A TALE.

Introduction to *Lara* 319
Lara. Canto the First 323
Canto the Second 348

HEBREW MELODIES.

Introduction to the *Hebrew Melodies* 375
Advertisement 379
She walks in Beauty 381
The Harp the Monarch Minstrel swept 382
If that High World 383
The Wild Gazelle 384
Oh! weep for those 385
On Jordan's Banks 386
Jephtha's Daughter 387
Oh! snatched away in Beauty's Bloom 388
My Soul is Dark 389
I saw thee weep 390
Thy Days are done 391
Saul 392
Song of Saul before his Last Battle 393
"All is Vanity, saith the Preacher" 394
When Coldness wraps this Suffering Clay 395
Vision of Belshazzar 397
Sun of the Sleepless! 399
Were my Bosom as False as thou deem'st it to be 399
Herod's Lament for Mariamne 400
On the Day of the Destruction of Jerusalem by Titus . . . 401
By the Rivers of Babylon we sat down and wept 402
"By the Waters of Babylon" 404
The Destruction of Sennacherib 404
A Spirit passed before me 406

POEMS 1814–1816.

Farewell! if ever Fondest Prayer. First published, *Corsair* (Second Edition, 1814) 409
When we Two parted. First published, *Poems*, 1816 . . . 410
[Love and Gold.] *MS. M.* 411
Stanzas for Music ["I speak not, I trace not," etc.]. First published, *Fugitive Pieces*, 1829 413

PAGE

Address intended to be recited at the Caledonian Meeting. First published, *Letters and Journals*, 1830, i. 559 . . 415
Elegiac Stanzas on the Death of Sir Peter Parker, Bart. First published, *Morning Chronicle*, October 7, 1814 . . . 417
Julian [a Fragment]. *MS. M.* 419
To Belshazzar. First published, 1831 421
Stanzas for Music ["There's not a joy," etc.]. First published, *Poems*, 1816 423
On the Death of the Duke of Dorset. *MS. M.* 425
Stanzas for Music ["Bright be the place of thy soul"]. First published, *Examiner*, June 4, 1815 426
Napoleon's Farewell. First published, *Examiner*, July 30, 1815 427
From the French ["Must thou go, my glorious Chief?"]. First published, *Poems*, 1816 428
Ode from the French ["We do not curse thee, Waterloo!"]. First published, *Morning Chronicle*, March 15, 1816 . . 431
Stanzas for Music ["There be none of Beauty's daughters"]. First published, *Poems*, 1816 435
On the Star of "the Legion of Honour." First published, *Examiner*, April 7, 1816 436
Stanzas for Music ["They say that Hope is happiness"]. First published, *Fugitive Pieces*, 1829 438

THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.

Introduction to *The Siege of Corinth* 441
Dedication 445
Advertisement 447
Note on the MS. of *The Siege of Corinth* 448
The Siege of Corinth 449

PARISINA.

Introduction to *Parisina* 499
Dedication 501
Advertisement 503
Parisina 505

POEMS OF THE SEPARATION.

Introduction to *Poems of the Separation* 531
Fare Thee Well 537
A Sketch 540
Stanzas to Augusta 544

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. Lord Byron, from a Miniature in the Possession of the Marquis of Tweeddale ... ... *Frontispiece*

2. H.R.H. the Princess Charlotte of Wales, from a Miniature in the Possession of H.M. the Queen, at Windsor Castle ... ... *To face p.* 44

3. Lord Byron in Albanian Dress, from a Portrait in Oils by T. Phillips, R.A., in the Possession of Mr. John Murray ... ... ,, ,, 226

4. Temple of Athena at Sunium, from a Drawing by William Pars, A.R.A., in the British Museum ... ... ,, ,, 270

5. Napoleon, from an Engraving after a Portrait by Paul Delaroche ... ,, ,, 304

6. The Empress Marie Louise, a Portrait from Life, after Bosio ... ... ,, ,, 310

7. Lady Wilmot Horton, from a Sketch by Sir Thomas Lawrence ... ... ,, ,, 380

8. Temple of Zeus Nemeus, from a Drawing by William Pars, A.R.A., in the British Museum ... ... ,, ,, 470

9. SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, FROM A PORTRAIT IN OILS BY T. PHILLIPS, R.A., IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. JOHN MURRAY ... ... *To face p.* 472

10. THE HON. MRS. LEIGH, FROM A SKETCH BY SIR GEORGE HAYTER, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM ... ... ,, ,, 544

INTRODUCTION TO THE *OCCASIONAL PIECES* (*POEMS* 1809–1813; *POEMS* 1814–1816).

THE Poems afterwards entitled "Occasional Pieces," which were included in the several editions of the Collected Works issued by Murray, 1819–1831, numbered fifty-seven in all. They may be described as the aggregate of the shorter poems written between the years 1809–1818, which the author thought worthy of a permanent place among his poetical works. Of these the first twenty-nine appeared in successive editions of *Childe Harold* (Cantos I., II.) [viz. fourteen in the first edition, twenty in the second, and twenty-nine in the seventh edition], while the thirtieth, the *Ode on the Death of Sir Peter Parker*, was originally attached to *Hebrew Melodies*. The remaining twenty-seven pieces consist of six poems first published in the Second Edition of the *Corsair*, 1814; eleven which formed the collection entitled "Poems," 1816; six which were appended to the *Prisoner of Chillon*, December, 1816; the *Very Mournful Ballad*, and the *Sonnet by Vittorelli*, which accompanied the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*, 1818; the *Sketch*, first included by Murray in his edition of 1819; and the *Ode to Venice*, which appeared in the same volume as *Mazeppa*.

Thus matters stood till 1831, when seventy new poems (sixty had been published by Moore, in *Letters and Journals*, 1830, six were republished from Hobhouse's *Imitations and Translations*, 1809, and four derived from other sources) were included in a sixth volume of the Collected Works.

In the edition of 1832–35, twenty-four new poems were added, but four which had appeared in *Letters and Journals*, 1830, and in the sixth volume of the edition of 1831 were omitted. In the one-volume edition (first issued in 1837 and still in print), the four short pieces omitted in 1832 once more found a place, and the lines on "John Keats," first published in *Letters and Journals*, and the two stanzas to Lady Caroline Lamb, "Remember thee! remember thee," first printed by Medwin, in the *Conversations of Lord Byron*, 1824, were included in the Collection.

The third volume of the present issue includes all minor poems (with the exception of epigrams and *jeux d'esprit* reserved for the sixth volume) written after Byron's departure for the East in July, 1809, and before he left England for good in April, 1816.

The "Separation" and its consequent exile afforded a pretext and an opportunity for the publication of a crop of spurious verses. Of these *Madame Lavalette* (first published in the *Examiner*, January 21, 1816, under the signature B.B., and immediately preceding a genuine sonnet by Wordsworth, "How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright!") and *Oh Shame to thee, Land of the Gaul!* included by Hone, in *Poems on his Domestic Circumstances*, 1816; and *Farewell to England, Ode to the Isle of St. Helena, To the Lily of France, On the Morning of my Daughter's Birth*, published by J. Johnston, 1816, were repudiated by Byron, in a letter to Murray, dated July 22, 1816. A longer poem entitled *The Tempest*, which was attached to the spurious *Pilgrimage to the Holy Land*, published by Johnston, "the Cheapside impostor," in 1817, was also denounced by Byron as a forgery in a letter to Murray, dated December 16, 1816.

The *Triumph of the Whale*, by Charles Lamb, and the *Enigma on the Letter H*, by Harriet Fanshawe, were often included in piratical editions of Byron's *Poetical Works*. Other attributed poems which found their way into newspapers and foreign editions, viz. (i.) *To my dear Mary Anne*, 1804, "Adieu to sweet Mary for ever;" and (ii.) *To Miss Chaworth*, "Oh, memory, torture me no more," 1804, published in *Works of Lord Byron*, Paris, 1828; (iii.) lines written *In the Bible*, "Within this awful volume lies," quoted

in *Life, Writings, Opinions, etc.*, 1825, iii. 414 ; (iv.) lines addressed to (?) George Anson Byron, "And dost thou ask the reason of my sadness?" *Nicnac*, March 29, 1823 ; (v.) *To Lady Caroline Lamb*, "And sayst thou that I have not felt," published in *Works, etc.*, 1828 ; (vi.) lines *To her who can best understand them*, "Be it so, we part for ever," published in the *Works of Lord Byron, In Verse and Prose*, Hartford, 1847 ; (vii.) *Lines found in the Travellers' Book at Chamouni*, "How many numbered are, how few agreed!" published *Works, etc.*, 1828 ; and (viii.) a second copy of verses with the same title, "All hail, Mont Blanc! Mont-au-Vert, hail!" *Life, Writings, etc.*, 1825, ii. 384 ; (ix.) *Lines addressed by Lord Byron to Mr. Hobhouse on his Election for Westminster*, "Would you get to the house by the true gate?" *Works, etc.*, 1828 ; and (x.) *Enigma on the Letter I*, "I am not in youth, nor in manhood, nor age," *Works, etc.*, Paris, p. 720, together with sundry epigrams, must, failing the production of the original MSS., be accounted forgeries, or, perhaps, in one or two instances, of doubtful authenticity.

The following poems: *On the Quotation*, "*And my true faith*," *etc.* ; [*Love and Gold*] ; *Julian* [*a Fragment*] ; and *On the Death of the Duke of Dorset*, are now published for the first time from MSS. in the possession of Mr. John Murray.

POEMS 1809—1813.

THE GIRL OF CADIZ.[1]

1.

Oh never talk again to me
Of northern climes and British ladies;
It has not been your lot to see,[i.]
Like me, the lovely Girl of Cadiz.
Although her eye be not of blue,
Nor fair her locks, like English lasses,
How far its own expressive hue
The languid azure eye surpasses!

2.

Prometheus-like from heaven she stole
The fire that through those silken lashes
In darkest glances seems to roll,
From eyes that cannot hide their flashes:

i. *For thou hast never lived to see.*—[*MS. M. erased.*]

1. [These stanzas were inserted in the first draft of the First Canto of *Childe Harold*, after the eighty-sixth stanza. "The struggle 'gainst the Demon's sway" (see stanza lxxxiv.) had, apparently, resulted in victory, for the "unpremeditated lay" poured forth at the time betrays the youth and high spirits of the singer. But the inconsistency was detected in time, and the lines, *To Inez*, dated January 25, 1810, with their "touches of dreariest sadness," were substituted for the simple and cheerful strains of *The Girl of Cadiz* (see *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 75, *note* 1; *Life*, p. 151).]

And as along her bosom steal
In lengthened flow her raven tresses,
You'd swear each clustering lock could feel,
And curled to give her neck caresses.

3.

Our English maids are long to woo,[i. 1]
And frigid even in possession;
And if their charms be fair to view,
Their lips are slow at Love's confession;
But, born beneath a brighter sun,
For love ordained the Spanish maid is,
And who,—when fondly, fairly won,—
Enchants you like the Girl of Cadiz?

4.

The Spanish maid is no coquette,
Nor joys to see a lover tremble,
And if she love, or if she hate,
Alike she knows not to dissemble.
Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold—
Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely;
And, though it will not bend to gold,
'Twill love you long and love you dearly.

5.

The Spanish girl that meets your love
Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial,
For every thought is bent to prove
Her passion in the hour of trial.

i. *The Saxon maids* ——.—[*MS. M.*]

1. [Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto I. stanza lviii. lines 8, 9, *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 59, *note* 1.]

When thronging foemen menace Spain,
She dares the deed and shares the danger;
And, should her lover press the plain,
She hurls the spear, her love's avenger.

6.

And when, beneath the evening star,
She mingles in the gay Bolero,[1]
Or sings to her attuned guitar
Of Christian knight or Moorish hero,
Or counts her beads with fairy hand
Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper,[i.]
Or joins Devotion's choral band,
To chaunt the sweet and hallowed vesper;—

7.

In each her charms the heart must move
Of all who venture to behold her;
Then let not maids less fair reprove
Because her bosom is not colder:
Through many a clime 'tis mine to roam
Where many a soft and melting maid is,
But none abroad, and few at home,
May match the dark-eyed Girl of Cadiz.[ii.]

1809.

[First published, 1832.]

i. *Or tells with light and fairy hand*
Her beads beneath the rays of Hesper.—[*MS. M. erased.*]

ii. —— *the lovely Girl of Cadiz.*—[*MS. M.*]

1. [For "Bolero," see *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 492, *note* 1.]

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM, AT MALTA.[i. 1]

I.

As o'er the cold sepulchral stone
Some *name* arrests the passer-by;
Thus, when thou view'st this page alone,
May *mine* attract thy pensive eye!

i. *Written in an Album.*—[*Editions* 1812–1831.]
Written in Mrs. Spencer S.'s ——.—[*MS. M. erased.*]
Written at the request of a lady in her memorandum book.—[*MS. B. M.* "*Mrs. S. S.'s request.*"—*Erased. MS. B. M.*]

1. [The possessor of the album was, doubtless, Mrs. Spencer Smith, the "Lady" of the lines *To Florence*, "the sweet Florence" of the *Stanzas composed during a Thunderstorm*, and of the *Stanzas written in passing through the Ambracian Gulf*, and, finally, when "The Spell is broke, the Charm is flown," the "fair Florence" of stanzas xxxii., xxxiii. of the Second Canto of *Childe Harold*. In a letter to his mother, dated September 15, 1809, Byron writes, "This letter is committed to the charge of a very extraordinary woman, whom you have doubtless heard of, Mrs. Spencer Smith, of whose escape the Marquis de Salvo published a narrative a few years ago (*Travels in the Year* 1806, *from Italy to England through the Tyrol, etc., containing the particulars of the liberation of Mrs. Spencer Smith from the hands of the French Police.* London: 12mo, 1807). She has since been shipwrecked, and her life has been from its commencement so fertile in remarkable incidents, that in a romance they would appear improbable. She was born at Constantinople [*circ.* 1785], where her father, Baron Herbert, was Austrian Ambassador; married unhappily, yet has never been impeached in point of character; excited the vengeance of Buonaparte by a part in some conspiracy; several times risked her life; and is not yet twenty-five."

John Spencer Smith, the "Lady's" husband, was a younger brother of Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, the hero of the siege of Acre. He began life as a Page of Honour to Queen Charlotte, was, afterwards, attached to the Turkish Embassy, and (May 4, 1798) appointed Minister Plenipotentiary. On January 5, 1799, he concluded the treaty of defensive alliance with the Porte; and, October 30, 1799, obtained the freedom of the Black Sea for the English flag (see *Remains of the late John Tweddell.* London: 1815. See, too, for Mrs. Spencer Smith, *Letters*, 1898, i. 244, 245, *note* 1).]

2.

And when by thee that name is read,
Perchance in some succeeding year,
Reflect on *me* as on the *dead*,
And think my *Heart* is buried *here*.

Malta, *September* 14, 1809.
[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to).]

TO FLORENCE.[i.]

1.

Oh Lady! when I left the shore,
The distant shore which gave me birth,
I hardly thought to grieve once more,
To quit another spot on earth:

2.

Yet here, amidst this barren isle,
Where panting Nature droops the head,
Where only thou art seen to smile,
I view my parting hour with dread.

3.

Though far from Albin's craggy shore,
Divided by the dark-blue main;
A few, brief, rolling seasons o'er,
Perchance I view her cliffs again:

4.

But wheresoe'er I now may roam,
Through scorching clime, and varied sea,
Though Time restore me to my home,
I ne'er shall bend mine eyes on thee:

i. *To* ——.—[*Editions* 1812–1832.]

5.

On thee, in whom at once conspire
All charms which heedless hearts can move,
Whom but to see is to admire,
And, oh! forgive the word—to love.

6.

Forgive the word, in one who ne'er
With such a word can more offend;
And since thy heart I cannot share,
Believe me, what I am, thy friend.

7.

And who so cold as look on thee,
Thou lovely wand'rer, and be less?
Nor be, what man should ever be,
The friend of Beauty in distress?

8.

Ah! who would think that form had past
Through Danger's most destructive path,[i.]
Had braved the death-winged tempest's blast,
And 'scaped a Tyrant's fiercer wrath?

9.

Lady! when I shall view the walls
Where free Byzantium once arose,
And Stamboul's Oriental halls
The Turkish tyrants now enclose;

i. *Through giant Danger's rugged path.*—[*MS. M.*]

10.

Though mightiest in the lists of fame,
That glorious city still shall be;
On me 'twill hold a dearer claim,
As spot of thy nativity:

11.

And though I bid thee now farewell,
When I behold that wondrous scene—
Since where thou art I may not dwell—
'Twill soothe to be where thou hast been.

September, 1809.
[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to).]

STANZAS COMPOSED DURING A THUNDERSTORM.[i. 1]

1.

CHILL and mirk is the nightly blast,
Where Pindus' mountains rise,

i. *Stanzas.*—[1812.]

1. Composed Oct^r. 11, 1809, during the night in a thunderstorm, when the guides had lost the road to Zitza, near the range of mountains formerly called Pindus, in Albania. [Editions 1812–1831.]

[This thunderstorm occurred during the night of the 11th October, 1809, when Lord Byron's guides had lost the road to Zitza, near the range of mountains formerly called Pindus, in Albania. Hobhouse, who had ridden on before the rest of the party, and arrived at Zitza just as the evening set in, describes the thunder as rolling "without intermission—the echoes of one peal had not ceased to roll in the mountains, before another tremendous crash burst over our heads, whilst the plains and the distant hills, visible through the cracks in the cabin, appeared in a perpetual blaze. The tempest was altogether terrific, and worthy of the Grecian Jove. Lord Byron, with the priest and the servants, did not enter our hut before three (in the morning). I now learnt from him that they had lost their way, . . .

And angry clouds are pouring fast
The vengeance of the skies.

2.

Our guides are gone, our hope is lost,
And lightnings, as they play,
But show where rocks our path have crost,
Or gild the torrent's spray.

3.

Is yon a cot I saw, though low?
When lightning broke the gloom—
How welcome were its shade!—ah, no!
'Tis but a Turkish tomb.

4.

Through sounds of foaming waterfalls,
I hear a voice exclaim—
My way-worn countryman, who calls
On distant England's name.

5.

A shot is fired—by foe or friend?
Another—'tis to tell
The mountain-peasants to descend,
And lead us where they dwell.

6.

Oh! who in such a night will dare
To tempt the wilderness?

and that after wandering up and down in total ignorance of their position, had, at last, stopped near some Turkish tombstones and a torrent, which they saw by the flashes of lightning. They had been thus exposed for nine hours. . . . It was long before we ceased to talk of the thunderstorm in the plain of Zitza."—*Travels in Albania*, 1858, i. 70, 72; *Childe Harold*, Canto II. stanza xlviii., *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 129, *note* 1.]

And who 'mid thunder-peals can hear
Our signal of distress?

7.

And who that heard our shouts would rise
To try the dubious road?
Nor rather deem from nightly cries
That outlaws were abroad.

8.

Clouds burst, skies flash, oh, dreadful hour!
More fiercely pours the storm!
Yet here one thought has still the power
To keep my bosom warm.

9.

While wandering through each broken path,
O'er brake and craggy brow;
While elements exhaust their wrath,
Sweet Florence, where art thou?

10.

Not on the sea, not on the sea—
Thy bark hath long been gone:
Oh, may the storm that pours on me,
Bow down my head alone!

11.

Full swiftly blew the swift Siroc,
When last I pressed thy lip;
And long ere now, with foaming shock,
Impelled thy gallant ship.

12.

Now thou art safe; nay, long ere now
  Hast trod the shore of Spain;
'Twere hard if aught so fair as thou
  Should linger on the main.

13.

And since I now remember thee
  In darkness and in dread,
As in those hours of revelry
  Which Mirth and Music sped;

14.

Do thou, amid the fair white walls,
  If Cadiz yet be free,
At times from out her latticed halls
  Look o'er the dark blue sea;

15.

Then think upon Calypso's isles,
  Endeared by days gone by;
To others give a thousand smiles,
  To me a single sigh.

16.

And when the admiring circle mark
  The paleness of thy face,
A half-formed tear, a transient spark
  Of melancholy grace,

17.

Again thou'lt smile, and blushing shun
  Some coxcomb's raillery;
Nor own for once thou thought'st on one,
  Who ever thinks on thee.

18.

Though smile and sigh alike are vain,
When severed hearts repine,
My spirit flies o'er Mount and Main,
And mourns in search of *thine*.

October 11, 1809.

[*MS. M.* First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to).]

STANZAS WRITTEN IN PASSING THE AMBRACIAN GULF.[i]

1.

THROUGH cloudless skies, in silvery sheen,
Full beams the moon on Actium's coast:
And on these waves, for Egypt's queen,
The ancient world was won and lost.

2.

And now upon the scene I look,
The azure grave of many a Roman;
Where stern Ambition once forsook
His wavering crown to follow *Woman*.

3.

Florence! whom I will love as well
(As ever yet was said or sung,
Since Orpheus sang his spouse from Hell)
Whilst *thou* art *fair* and *I* am *young;*

4.

Sweet Florence! those were pleasant times,
When worlds were staked for Ladies' eyes:

i. *Stanzas.*—[1812.]

Had bards as many realms as rhymes,[i.]
Thy charms might raise new Antonies.[ii.]

5.

Though Fate forbids such things to be,[iii.]
Yet, by thine eyes and ringlets curled!
I cannot *lose* a *world* for thee,
But would not lose *thee* for a *World*.[1]

November 14, 1809.

[*MS. M.* First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to).]

THE SPELL IS BROKE, THE CHARM IS FLOWN![iv.]

WRITTEN AT ATHENS, JANUARY 16, 1810.

THE spell is broke, the charm is flown!
Thus is it with Life's fitful fever:
We madly smile when we should groan;
Delirium is our best deceiver.
Each lucid interval of thought
Recalls the woes of Nature's charter;
And *He* that acts as *wise men ought*,
But *lives*—as Saints have died—a martyr.

[*MS. M.* First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to).]

i. *Had Bards but realms along with rhymes.*—[*MS. M.*]
ii. *Again we'd see some Antonies.*—[*MS. M.*]
iii. *Though Jove* ——.—[*MS. M.*]
iv. *Written at Athens.*—[1812.]

1. [Compare [*A Woman's Hair*] stanza 1, line 4, "I would not lose you for a world."—*Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 233.]

WRITTEN AFTER SWIMMING FROM SESTOS TO ABYDOS.[1]

1.

If, in the month of dark December,
Leander, who was nightly wont
(What maid will not the tale remember?)
To cross thy stream, broad Hellespont!

1. On the 3rd of May, 1810, while the *Salsette* (Captain Bathurst) was lying in the Dardanelles, Lieutenant Ekenhead, of that frigate, and the writer of these rhymes, swam from the European shore to the Asiatic—by the by, from Abydos to Sestos would have been more correct. The whole distance, from the place whence we started to our landing on the other side, including the length we were carried by the current, was computed by those on board the frigate at upwards of four English miles, though the actual breadth is barely one. The rapidity of the current is such that no boat can row directly across, and it may, in some measure, be estimated from the circumstance of the whole distance being accomplished by one of the parties in an hour and five, and by the other in an hour and ten minutes. The water was extremely cold, from the melting of the mountain snows. About three weeks before, in April, we had made an attempt; but having ridden all the way from the Troad the same morning, and the water being of an icy chillness, we found it necessary to postpone the completion till the frigate anchored below the castles, when we swam the straits as just stated, entering a considerable way above the European, and landing below the Asiatic, fort. [Le] Chevalier says that a young Jew swam the same distance for his mistress; and Olivier mentions its having been done by a Neapolitan; but our consul, Tarragona, remembered neither of these circumstances, and tried to dissuade us from the attempt. A number of the *Salsette's* crew were known to have accomplished a greater distance; and the only thing that surprised me was that, as doubts had been entertained of the truth of Leander's story, no traveller had ever endeavoured to ascertain its practicability. [See letter to Drury, dated May 3; to his mother, May 24, 1810, etc. (*Letters*, 1898, i. 262, 275). Compare the well-known lines in *Don Juan*, Canto II. stanza cv.—

> "A better swimmer you could scarce see ever,
> He could perhaps have passed the Hellespont,
> As once (a feat on which ourselves we prided)
> Leander, Mr. Ekenhead, and I did."

Compare, too, *Childe Harold*, Canto IV. stanza clxxxiv. line 3, and the *Bride of Abydos*, Canto II. stanza i.: *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 461, *note* 2, *et post*, p. 178.]

2.

If, when the wintry tempest roared,
He sped to Hero, nothing loth,
And thus of old thy current poured,
Fair Venus! how I pity both!

3.

For *me*, degenerate modern wretch,
Though in the genial month of May,
My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,
And think I've done a feat to-day.

4.

But since he crossed the rapid tide,
According to the doubtful story,
To woo,—and—Lord knows what beside,
And swam for Love, as I for Glory;

5.

'Twere hard to say who fared the best:
Sad mortals! thus the Gods still plague you!
He lost his labour, I my jest:
For he was drowned, and I've the ague.[1]

May 9, 1810.

[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to).]

1. [Hobhouse, who records the first attempt to cross the Hellespont, on April 16, and the successful achievement of the feat, May 3, 1810, adds the following note: "In my journal, in my friend's handwriting: 'The whole distance E. and myself swam was more than four miles—the current very strong and cold—some large fish near us when half across—we were not fatigued, but a little chilled—did it with little difficulty.—May, 6, 1810. Byron.'"—*Travels in Albania*, ii. 195.]

LINES IN THE TRAVELLERS' BOOK AT ORCHOMENUS.[1]

IN THIS BOOK A TRAVELLER HAD WRITTEN :—

"FAIR Albion, smiling, sees her son depart
To trace the birth and nursery of art:
Noble his object, glorious is his aim;
He comes to Athens, and he—writes his name."

BENEATH WHICH LORD BYRON INSERTED THE FOLLOWING :—

THE modest bard, like many a bard unknown,
Rhymes on our names, but wisely hides his own;
But yet, whoe'er he be, to say no worse,
His name would bring more credit than his verse.

1810.

[First published, *Life*, 1830.]

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART.[i.]

Ζωή μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

I.

MAID of Athens,[2] ere we part,
Give, oh give me back my heart!

i. *Song.*—[1812.]

1. ["At Orchomenus, where stood the Temple of the Graces, I was tempted to exclaim, 'Whither have the Graces fled?' Little did I expect to find them here. Yet here comes one of them with golden cups and coffee, and another with a book. The book is a register of names. . . . Among these is Lord Byron's connected with some lines which I shall send you: 'Fair Albion,' etc." (See *Travels in Italy, Greece, etc.*, by H. W. Williams, ii. 290, 291; *Life*, p. 101.)]

2. [The Maid of Athens was, it is supposed, the eldest of three sisters, daughters of Theodora Macri, the widow of a former English

Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go,
Ζωή μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.[1]

2.

By those tresses unconfined,
Wooed by each Ægean wind;

vice-consul. Byron and Hobhouse lodged at her house. The sisters were sought out and described by the artist, Hugh W. Williams, who visited Athens in May, 1817: "Theresa, the Maid of Athens, Catinco, and Mariana, are of middle stature. . . . The two eldest have black, or dark hair and eyes; their visage oval, and complexion somewhat pale, with teeth of pearly whiteness. Their cheeks are rounded, their noses straight, rather inclined to aquiline. The youngest, Mariana, is very fair, her face not so finely rounded, but has a gayer expression than her sisters', whose countenances, except when the conversation has something of mirth in it, may be said to be rather pensive. Their persons are elegant, and their manners pleasing and lady-like, such as would be fascinating in any country. They possess very considerable powers of conversation, and their minds seem to be more instructed than those of the Greek women in general."—*Travels in Italy, Greece, etc.*, ii. 291, 292.

Other travellers, Hughes, who visited Athens in 1813, and Walsh (*Narrative of a Resident in Constantinople*, i. 122), who saw Theresa in 1821, found her charming and interesting, but speak of her beauty as a thing of the past. "She married an Englishman named Black, employed in H.M. Consular Service at Mesolonghi. She survived her husband and fell into great poverty. . . . Theresa Black died October 15, 1875, aged 80 years." (See *Letters*, 1898, i. 269, 270, *note* 1; and *Life*, p. 105, *note*.)

"Maid of Athens" is possibly the best-known of Byron's short poems, all over the English-speaking world. This is no doubt due in part to its having been set to music by about half a dozen composers—the latest of whom was Gounod.]

1. Romaic expression of tenderness. If I translate it, I shall affront the gentlemen, as it may seem that I supposed they could not; and if I do not, I may affront the ladies. For fear of any misconstruction on the part of the latter, I shall do so, begging pardon of the learned. It means, "My life, I love you!" which sounds very prettily in all languages, and is as much in fashion in Greece at this day as, Juvenal tells us, the two first words were amongst the Roman ladies, whose erotic expressions were all Hellenised. [The reference is to the Ζωὴ καὶ Ψυχὴ of Roman courtesans. *Vide* Juvenal, lib. ii., *Sat.* vi. line 195; Martial, *Epig.* x. 68. 5.]

By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζωή μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

3.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers[1] that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζωή μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

4.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:
Think of me, sweet! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,[2]
Athens holds my heart and soul:
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Ζωή μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

Athens, 1810.
[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to).]

1. In the East (where ladies are not taught to write, lest they should scribble assignations), flowers, cinders, pebbles, etc., convey the sentiments of the parties, by that universal deputy of Mercury—an old woman. A cinder says, "I burn for thee;" a bunch of flowers tied with hair, "Take me and fly;" but a pebble declares—what nothing else can. [Compare *The Bride of Abydos*, line 295—

"What! not receive my foolish flower?"

See, too, Medwin's story of "one of the principal incidents in *The Giaour*." "I was in despair, and could hardly contrive to get a cinder, or a token-flower sent to express it."—*Conversations of Lord Byron*, 1824, p. 122.]

2. Constantinople. [Compare—

"Tho' I am parted, yet my mind
That's more than self still stays behind."
Poems, by Thomas Carew, ed. 1640, p. 36.]

FRAGMENT FROM THE "MONK OF ATHOS."[1]

1.

Beside the confines of the Ægean main,
Where northward Macedonia bounds the flood,
And views opposed the Asiatic plain,
Where once the pride of lofty Ilion stood,
Like the great Father of the giant brood,
With lowering port majestic Athos stands,
Crowned with the verdure of eternal wood,
As yet unspoiled by sacrilegious hands,
And throws his mighty shade o'er seas and distant lands.

2.

And deep embosomed in his shady groves
Full many a convent rears its glittering spire,
Mid scenes where Heavenly Contemplation loves
To kindle in her soul her hallowed fire,
Where air and sea with rocks and woods conspire
To breathe a sweet religious calm around,
Weaning the thoughts from every low desire,
And the wild waves that break with murmuring sound
Along the rocky shore proclaim it holy ground.

3.

Sequestered shades where Piety has given
A quiet refuge from each earthly care,

1. [Given to the Hon. Roden Noel by S. McCalmont Hill, who inherited it from his great-grandfather, Robert Dallas. No date or occasion of the piece has been recorded.—*Life of Lord Byron*, 1890, p. 5.]

Whence the rapt spirit may ascend to Heaven!

Oh, ye condemned the ills of life to bear!
As with advancing age your woes increase,
What bliss amidst these solitudes to share
The happy foretaste of eternal Peace,
Till Heaven in mercy bids your pain and sorrows cease.

[First published in the *Life of Lord Byron*, by the Hon. Roden Noel, London, 1890, pp. 206, 207.]

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH A PICTURE.[1]

1.

DEAR object of defeated care!
Though now of Love and thee bereft,
To reconcile me with despair
Thine image and my tears are left.

2.

'Tis said with Sorrow Time can cope;
But this I feel can ne'er be true:
For by the death-blow of my Hope
My Memory immortal grew.

Athens, January, 1811.
[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to).]

1. [These lines are copied from a leaf of the original MS. of the Second Canto of *Childe Harold*. They are headed, "Lines written beneath the Picture of J. U. D."

In a curious work of doubtful authority, entitled, *The Life, Writings, Opinions and Times of the Right Hon. G. G. Noel Byron*, London, 1825 (iii. 123–132), there is a long and circumstantial narrative of a "defeated" attempt of Byron's to rescue a Georgian girl, whom he had bought in the slave-market for 800 piastres, from a life of shame and degradation. It is improbable that these verses suggested the story; and, on the other hand, the story, if true, does afford some clue to the verses.]

TRANSLATION OF THE FAMOUS GREEK WAR SONG,

"Δεῦτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων."[1]

Sons of the Greeks, arise!
The glorious hour's gone forth,
And, worthy of such ties,
Display who gave us birth.

CHORUS.

Sons of Greeks! let us go
In arms against the foe,
Till their hated blood shall flow
In a river past our feet.

Then manfully despising
The Turkish tyrant's yoke,

1. The song Δεῦτε παῖδες, etc., was written by Riga, who perished in the attempt to revolutionize Greece. This translation is as literal as the author could make it in verse. It is of the same measure as that of the original. [For the original, see *Poetical Works*, 1891, Appendix, p. 792. For Constantine Rhigas, see *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 199, *note* 2. Hobhouse (*Travels in Albania*, 1858, ii. 3) prints a version (Byron told Murray that it was "well enough," *Letters*, 1899, iii. 13) of Δεῦτε παῖδες, of his own composition. He explains in a footnote that the metre is "a mixed trochaic, except the chorus." "This song," he adds, "the chorus particularly, is sung to a tune very nearly the same as the Marseillois Hymn. Strangely enough, Lord Byron, in his translation, has entirely mistaken the metre." The first stanza runs as follows :—

"Greeks arise! the day of glory
Comes at last your swords to claim.
Let us all in future story
Rival our forefathers' fame.
Underfoot the yoke of tyrants
Let us now indignant trample,
Mindful of the great example,
And avenge our country's shame."]

Let your country see you rising,
And all her chains are broke.
Brave shades of chiefs and sages,
Behold the coming strife!
Hellénes of past ages,
Oh, start again to life!
At the sound of my trumpet, breaking
Your sleep, oh, join with me!
And the seven-hilled city[1] seeking,
Fight, conquer, till we're free.
Sons of Greeks, etc.

Sparta, Sparta, why in slumbers
Lethargic dost thou lie?
Awake, and join thy numbers
With Athens, old ally!
Leonidas recalling,
That chief of ancient song,
Who saved ye once from falling,
The terrible! the strong!
Who made that bold diversion
In old Thermopylæ,
And warring with the Persian
To keep his country free;
With his three hundred waging
The battle, long he stood,
And like a lion raging,
Expired in seas of blood.
Sons of Greeks, etc.

[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to).]

1. Constantinople. "Ἑπτάλοφος."

TRANSLATION OF THE ROMAIC SONG,

"Μπένω μεσ' τὸ περιβόλι,
'Ωραιοτάτη Χαηδή," κ.τ.λ.[1]

I ENTER thy garden of roses,
Belovéd and fair Haidée,
Each morning where Flora reposes,
For surely I see her in thee.
Oh, Lovely! thus low I implore thee,
Receive this fond truth from my tongue,
Which utters its song to adore thee,
Yet trembles for what it has sung;
As the branch, at the bidding of Nature,
Adds fragrance and fruit to the tree,
Through her eyes, through her every feature,
Shines the soul of the young Haidée.

But the loveliest garden grows hateful
When Love has abandoned the bowers;
Bring me hemlock—since mine is ungrateful,
That herb is more fragrant than flowers.
The poison, when poured from the chalice,
Will deeply embitter the bowl;
But when drunk to escape from thy malice,
The draught shall be sweet to my soul.
Too cruel! in vain I implore thee
My heart from these horrors to save:
Will nought to my bosom restore thee?
Then open the gates of the grave.

1. The song from which this is taken is a great favourite with the young girls of Athens of all classes. Their manner of singing it is by verses in rotation, the whole number present joining in the chorus. I have heard it frequently at our "χόροι" in the winter of 1810–11. The air is plaintive and pretty.

As the chief who to combat advances
  Secure of his conquest before,
Thus thou, with those eyes for thy lances,
  Hast pierced through my heart to its core.
Ah, tell me, my soul! must I perish
  By pangs which a smile would dispel?
Would the hope, which thou once bad'st me cherish,
  For torture repay me too well?
Now sad is the garden of roses,
  Belovéd but false Haidée!
There Flora all withered reposes,
  And mourns o'er thine absence with me.

1811.

[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to).]

ON PARTING.

1.

The kiss, dear maid! thy lip has left
  Shall never part from mine,
Till happier hours restore the gift
  Untainted back to thine.

2.

Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
  An equal love may see:[i.]
The tear that from thine eyelid streams
  Can weep no change in me.

3.

I ask no pledge to make me blest
  In gazing when alone;[ii.]

i. *Has bound my soul to thee.*—[*MS. M.*]
ii. *When wandering forth alone.*—[*MS. M.*]

Nor one memorial for a breast,
Whose thoughts are all thine own.

4.

Nor need I write—to tell the tale
My pen were doubly weak:
Oh! what can idle words avail,[i.]
Unless the heart could speak?

5.

By day or night, in weal or woe,
That heart, no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot show,
And silent ache for thee.

March, 1811.
[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to).]

FAREWELL TO MALTA.[1]

Adieu, ye joys of La Valette!
Adieu, Sirocco, sun, and sweat!
Adieu, thou palace rarely entered!
Adieu, ye mansions where—I've ventured!
Adieu, ye curséd streets of stairs![2]
(How surely he who mounts them swears!)
Adieu, ye merchants often failing!
Adieu, thou mob for ever railing!

i. *Oh! what can tongue or pen avail*
Unless my heart could speak.—[*MS. M.*]

1. [These lines, which are undoubtedly genuine, were published for the first time in the sixth edition of *Poems on his Domestic Circumstances* (W. Hone, 1816). They were first included by Murray in the collected *Poetical Works*, in vol. xvii., 1832.]

2. ["The principal streets of the city of Valetta are flights of stairs."—*Gazetteer of the World.*]

Adieu, ye packets—without letters!
Adieu, ye fools—who ape your betters!
Adieu, thou damned'st quarantine,
That gave me fever, and the spleen!
Adieu that stage which makes us yawn, Sirs,
Adieu his Excellency's dancers![1]
Adieu to Peter—whom no fault's in,
But could not teach a colonel waltzing;
Adieu, ye females fraught with graces!
Adieu red coats, and redder faces!
Adieu the supercilious air
Of all that strut *en militaire!*[2]
I go—but God knows when, or why,
To smoky towns and cloudy sky,
To things (the honest truth to say)
As bad—but in a different way.

Farewell to these, but not adieu,
Triumphant sons of truest blue!
While either Adriatic shore,[3]
And fallen chiefs, and fleets no more,

1. [Major-General Hildebrand Oakes (1754–1822) succeeded Admiral Sir Richard Goodwin Keates as "his Majesty's commissioner for the affairs of Malta," April 27, 1810. There was an outbreak of plague during his tenure of office (1810–13).—*Annual Register*, 1810, p. 320; *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, art. "Oakes."]

2. ["Lord Byron . . . was once *rather near* fighting a duel—and that was with an officer of the staff of General Oakes at Malta" (1809).—*Westminster Review*, January, 1825, iii. 21 (by J. C. Hobhouse). (See, too, *Life* (First Edition, 1830, 4to), i. 202, 222.)]

3. [On March 13, 1811, Captain (Sir William) Hoste (1780–1828) defeated a combined French and Italian squadron off the island of Lissa, on the Dalmatian coast. "The French commodore's ship *La Favorite* was burnt, himself (Dubourdieu) being killed." The four victorious frigates with their prizes arrived at Malta, March 31, when the garrison "ran out unarmed to receive and hail them." The *Volage*, in which Byron returned to England, took part in the engagement. Captain Hoste had taken a prize off Fiume in the preceding year.—*Annual Register*, 1811; *Memoirs and Letters of Sir W. Hoste*, ii. 79.]

And nightly smiles, and daily dinners,[1]
Proclaim you war and women's winners.
Pardon my Muse, who apt to prate is,
And take my rhyme—because 'tis "gratis."

And now I've got to Mrs. Fraser,[2]
Perhaps you think I mean to praise her—
And were I vain enough to think
My praise was worth this drop of ink,
A line—or two—were no hard matter,
As here, indeed, I need not flatter:
But she must be content to shine
In better praises than in mine,
With lively air, and open heart,
And fashion's ease, without its art;
Her hours can gaily glide along.
Nor ask the aid of idle song.

And now, O Malta! since thou'st got us,
Thou little military hot-house!
I'll not offend with words uncivil,
And wish thee rudely at the Devil,
But only stare from out my casement,
And ask, "for what is such a place meant?"
Then, in my solitary nook,
Return to scribbling, or a book,

1. ["We have had balls and fêtes given us by all classes here, and it is impossible to convey to you the sensation our success has given rise to."—*Memoirs and Letters of Sir W. Hoste*, ii. 82.]

2. [Mrs. (Susan) Fraser published, in 1809, "*Camilla de Florian* (the scene is laid in Valetta) *and Other Poems*. By an Officer's Wife." Byron was, no doubt, struck by her admiration for Macpherson's *Ossian*, and had read with interest her version of "The Address to the Sun," in *Carthon*, p. 31 (see *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 229). He may, too, have regarded with favour some stanzas in honour of the *Bolero* (p. 82), which begin, "When, my Love, supinely *laying*."]

Or take my physic while I'm able
(Two spoonfuls hourly, by this label),
Prefer my nightcap to my beaver,
And bless my stars I've got a fever.

May 26, 1811.[1]
[First published, 1816.]

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

1.

In the dome of my Sires as the clear moonbeam falls
Through Silence and Shade o'er its desolate walls,
It shines from afar like the glories of old;
It gilds, but it warms not—'tis dazzling, but cold.

2.

Let the Sunbeam be bright for the younger of days:
'Tis the light that should shine on a race that decays,
When the Stars are on high and the dews on the ground,
And the long shadow lingers the ruin around.

3.

And the step that o'erechoes the gray floor of stone
Falls sullenly now, for 'tis only my own;
And sunk are the voices that sounded in mirth,
And empty the goblet, and dreary the hearth.

4.

And vain was each effort to raise and recall
The brightness of old to illumine our Hall;
And vain was the hope to avert our decline,
And the fate of my fathers had faded to mine.

1. [Byron left Malta for England June 13, 1811. (See Letter to H. Drury, July 17, 1811, *Letters*, 1898, i. 318.)]

5.

And theirs was the wealth and the fulness of Fame,
And mine to inherit too haughty a name;[i.]
And theirs were the times and the triumphs of yore,
And mine to regret, but renew them no more.

6.

And Ruin is fixed on my tower and my wall,
Too hoary to fade, and too massy to fall;
It tells not of Time's or the tempest's decay,[ii.]
But the wreck of the line that have held it in sway.

August 26, 1811.

[First published in *Memoir* of Rev. F. Hodgson, 1878, i. 187.]

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND,[1]

IN ANSWER TO SOME LINES EXHORTING THE AUTHOR TO BE CHEERFUL, AND TO "BANISH CARE."

"Oh! banish care"—such ever be
The motto of *thy* revelry!
Perchance of *mine*, when wassail nights
Renew those riotous delights,
Wherewith the children of Despair
Lull the lone heart, and "banish care."
But not in Morn's reflecting hour,
When present, past, and future lower,
When all I loved is changed or gone,
Mock with such taunts the woes of one,

i. *And mine was the pride and the worth of a name.*—[*MS. M.*]
ii. *It tells not of time* ——.—[*MS. M.*]

1. [Francis Hodgson.]

Whose every thought—but let them pass—
Thou know'st I am not what I was.
But, above all, if thou wouldst hold
Place in a heart that ne'er was cold,
By all the powers that men revere,
By all unto thy bosom dear,
Thy joys below, thy hopes above,
Speak—speak of anything but Love.

'Twere long to tell, and vain to hear,
The tale of one who scorns a tear;
And there is little in that tale
Which better bosoms would bewail.
But mine has suffered more than well
'Twould suit philosophy to tell.
I've seen my bride another's bride,—
Have seen her seated by his side,—
Have seen the infant, which she bore,
Wear the sweet smile the mother wore,
When she and I in youth have smiled,
As fond and faultless as her child;—
Have seen her eyes, in cold disdain,
Ask if I felt no secret pain;
And *I* have acted well my part,
And made my cheek belie my heart,
Returned the freezing glance she gave,
Yet felt the while *that* woman's slave;—
Have kissed, as if without design,
The babe which ought to have been mine,
And showed, alas! in each caress
Time had not made me love the less.

But let this pass—I'll whine no more,
Nor seek again an eastern shore;

The world befits a busy brain,—
I'll hie me to its haunts again.
But if, in some succeeding year,[1]
When Britain's "May is in the sere,"
Thou hear'st of one, whose deepening crimes
Suit with the sablest of the times,
Of one, whom love nor pity sways,
Nor hope of fame, nor good men's praise;
One, who in stern Ambition's pride,
Perchance not blood shall turn aside;
One ranked in some recording page
With the worst anarchs of the age,
Him wilt thou *know*—and *knowing* pause,
Nor with the *effect* forget the cause.

Newstead Abbey, *Oct.* 11, 1811.
[First published, *Life*, 1830.]

TO THYRZA.[i, 2]

Without a stone to mark the spot,[3]
And say, what Truth might well have said,[ii]

i. *On the death of —— Thyrza.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *And soothe if such could soothe thy shade.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Hodgson stipulated that the last twelve lines should be omitted, but Moore disregarded his wishes, and included the poem as it stands in his *Life*. A marginal note ran thus: "N.B. The poor dear soul meant nothing of this. F.H."—*Memoir of Rev. Francis Hodgson*, 1878, i. 212.]

2. [The following note on the identity of Thyrza has been communicated to the Editor:—

"The identity of Thyrza and the question whether the person addressed under this name really existed, or was an imaginary being, have given rise to much speculation and discussion of a more or less futile kind.

"This difficulty is now incapable of definite and authoritative

By all, save one, perchance forgot,
Ah! wherefore art thou lowly laid?
By many a shore and many a sea [i.]
Divided, yet beloved in vain;

i. *By many a land* ——.—[*MS.*]

solution, and the allusions in the verses in some respects disagree with things said by Lord Byron later. According to the poems, Thyrza had met him

"'. . . many a day
In these, to me, deserted towers.'
(Newstead, October 11, 1811.)

"'When stretched on fever's sleepless bed.'
(At Patras, about September, 1810.)

"'Death for thee
Prepared a light and pangless dart.'

"'And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,
When sailing o'er the Ægean wave,
"Now Thyrza gazes on that moon"—
Alas, it gleam'd upon her grave!'
(*One struggle more, and I am free.*)

"Finally, in the verses of October 11, 1811—

"'The pledge we wore—*I* wear it still,
But where is thine?—Ah! where art thou?'

"There can be no doubt that Lord Byron referred to Thyrza in conversation with Lady Byron, and probably also with Mrs. Leigh, as a young girl who had existed, and the date of whose death almost coincided with Lord Byron's landing in England in 1811. On one occasion he showed Lady Byron a beautiful tress of hair, which she understood to be Thyrza's. He said he had never mentioned her name, and that now she was gone his breast was the sole depository of that secret. 'I took the name of Thyrza from Gesner. She was Abel's wife.'

"Thyrza is mentioned in a letter from Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire, to Augustus Foster (London, May 4, 1812): 'Your little friend, Caro William (Lady Caroline Lamb), as usual, is doing all sorts of imprudent things for him (Lord Byron) and with him; he admires her very much, but is supposed by some to admire our Caroline (the Hon. Mrs. George Lamb) more; he says she is like Thyrsa, and her singing is enchantment to him.' From this extract it is obvious that Thyrza is alluded to in the following lines, which, with the above quotation, may be reproduced, by kind permission of Mr. Vere Foster, from his most interesting book, *The Two Duchesses* (1898, pp. 362–374).

The Past, the Future fled to thee,
To bid us meet—no—ne'er again!

"'VERSES ADDRESSED BY LORD BYRON IN THE YEAR 1812 TO THE HON. MRS. GEORGE LAMB.

"'The sacred song that on my ear
Yet vibrates from that voice of thine
I heard before from one so dear,
'Tis strange it still appears divine.
But oh! so sweet that *look* and *tone*
To her and thee alike is given;
It seemed as if for me alone
That *both* had been recalled from Heaven.
And though I never can redeem
The vision thus endeared to me,
I scarcely can regret my dream
When realized again by thee.'"

(It may be noted that the name Thirza, or Thyrza, a variant of Theresa, had been familiar to Byron in his childhood. In the Preface to *Cain* he writes, "Gesner's *Death of Abel!* I have never read since I was eight years of age at Aberdeen. The general impression of my recollection is delight; but of the contents I remember only that Cain's wife was called Mahala, and Abel's Thirza." Another and more immediate suggestion of the name may be traced to the following translation of Meleager's Epitaphium *In Heliodoram*, which one of the "associate bards," Bland, or Merivale, or Hodgson, contributed to their *Translations chiefly from the Greek Anthology*, 1806, p. 4, a work which Byron singles out for commendation in *English Bards, etc.* (lines 881–890):—

"Tears o'er my parted Thyrza's grave I shed,
Affection's fondest tribute to the dead.
. . . . . .
Break, break my heart, o'ercharged with bursting woe
An empty offering to the shades below!
Ah, plant regretted! Death's remorseless power,
With dust unfruitful checked thy full-blown flower.
Take, earth, the gentle inmate to thy breast,
And soft-embosomed let my Thyrza rest."

The MSS. of "To Thyrza," "Away, away, ye notes of Woe!" "One struggle more, and I am free," and, "And thou art dead, as young and fair," which belonged originally to Mrs. Leigh, are now in the possession of Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B.—EDITOR.)]

3. [For the substitution in the present issue of continuous lines for stanzas, Byron's own authority and mandate may be quoted. "In reading the 4th vol. . . . I perceive that piece 12 ('Without a Stone') is made nonsense of (that is, greater nonsense than usual) by dividing it into stanzas 1, 2, etc."—Letter to John Murray, August 26, 1815, *Letters*, 1899, iii. 215.]

Could this have been—a word, a look,
That softly said, "We part in peace,"
Had taught my bosom how to brook,
With fainter sighs, thy soul's release.
And didst thou not, since Death for thee
Prepared a light and pangless dart,
Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see,
Who held, and holds thee in his heart?
Oh! who like him had watched thee here?
Or sadly marked thy glazing eye,
In that dread hour ere Death appear,
When silent Sorrow fears to sigh,
Till all was past? But when no more
'Twas thine to reck of human woe,
Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er,
Had flowed as fast—as now they flow.
Shall they not flow, when many a day[i.]
In these, to me, deserted towers,
Ere called but for a time away,
Affection's mingling tears were ours?
Ours too the glance none saw beside;
The smile none else might understand;
The whispered thought of hearts allied,[ii.]
The pressure of the thrilling hand;
The kiss, so guiltless and refined,
That Love each warmer wish forbore;
Those eyes proclaimed so pure a mind,
Ev'n Passion blushed to plead for more.[iii.]

i. *And shall they not* ——.—[*MS.*]
ii. —— *the walk aside.*—[*MS.*]
iii. (*a*) *The kiss that left no sting behind*
So guiltless Passion thus forbore;
Those eyes bespoke so pure a mind,
That Love forgot to {*plead* / *ask*} *for more.*

The tone, that taught me to rejoice,
When prone, unlike thee, to repine;
The song, celestial from thy voice,
But sweet to me from none but thine;
The pledge we wore—*I* wear it still,
But where is thine?—Ah! where art thou?
Oft have I borne the weight of ill,
But never bent beneath till now!
Well hast thou left in Life's best bloom [i.]
The cup of Woe for me to drain.[ii.]
If rest alone be in the tomb,
I would not wish thee here again:
But if in worlds more blest than this
Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,
Impart some portion of thy bliss,
To wean me from mine anguish here.
Teach me—too early taught by thee!
To bear, forgiving and forgiven:
On earth thy love was such to me;
It fain would form my hope in Heaven![iii.]

October 11, 1811.

[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to).]

(*b*) *The kiss that left no sting behind,*
So guiltless Love each wish forebore;
Those eyes proclaimed so pure a mind,
That Passion blushed to smile for more.—
[*Pencilled alternative stanzas.*]

i. *Well hast thou fled* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]

ii. *If judging from my present pain*
That rest alone——.—[*MS. erased.*]
If rest alone is in the tomb.—[*MS.*]

iii. *So let it be my hope in Heaven.*—[*MS. erased.*]

AWAY, AWAY, YE NOTES OF WOE![i. 1]

1.

Away, away, ye notes of Woe!
Be silent, thou once soothing Strain,
Or I must flee from hence—for, oh!
I dare not trust those sounds again.[ii.]
To me they speak of brighter days—
But lull the chords, for now, alas![iii.]
I must not think, I may not gaze,[iv.]
On what I *am*—on what I *was*.

2.

The voice that made those sounds more sweet[v.]
Is hushed, and all their charms are fled;
And now their softest notes repeat
A dirge, an anthem o'er the dead!
Yes, Thyrza! yes, they breathe of thee,
Belovéd dust! since dust thou art;
And all that once was Harmony
Is worse than discord to my heart!

3.

'Tis silent all!—but on my ear[vi.]
The well remembered Echoes thrill;
I hear a voice I would not hear,
A voice that now might well be still:

i. *Stanzas.*—[*MS.* *Editions* 1812–1832.]
ii. *I dare not hear* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. *But hush the chords* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]
iv. —— *I dare not gaze.*—[*MS. erased.*]
v. *The voice that made that song more sweet.*—[*MS.*]
vi. *'Tis silent now* ——.—[*MS.*]

1. ["I wrote it a day or two ago, on hearing a song of former days."—Letter to Hodgson, December 8, 1811, *Letters*, 1898, ii. 82.]

Yet oft my doubting Soul 'twill shake;
Ev'n Slumber owns its gentle tone,
Till Consciousness will vainly wake
To listen, though the dream be flown.

4.

Sweet Thyrza! waking as in sleep,
Thou art but now a lovely dream;
A Star that trembled o'er the deep,
Then turned from earth its tender beam.
But he who through Life's dreary way
Must pass, when Heaven is veiled in wrath,
Will long lament the vanished ray
That scattered gladness o'er his path.

December 8, 1811.
[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to).]

ONE STRUGGLE MORE, AND I AM FREE.[i.]

1.

One struggle more, and I am free
From pangs that rend my heart in twain;[ii.]
One last long sigh to Love and thee,
Then back to busy life again.
It suits me well to mingle now
With things that never pleased before:[iii.]
Though every joy is fled below,
What future grief can touch me more?[iv.]

i. *To Thyrza.*—[*Editions* 1812–1831.]
ii. *From pangs that tear* ——.—[*MS.*]
Such pangs that tear ——.—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. *With things that moved me not before.*—[*MS. erased.*]
iv. *What sorrow cannot* ——.—[*MS.*]

2.

Then bring me wine, the banquet bring;
Man was not formed to live alone:
I'll be that light unmeaning thing
That smiles with all, and weeps with none.
It was not thus in days more dear,
It never would have been, but thou [i.]
Hast fled, and left me lonely here;
Thou'rt nothing,—all are nothing now.

3.

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe!
The smile that Sorrow fain would wear
But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,
Like roses o'er a sepulchre.
Though gay companions o'er the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
Though Pleasure fires the maddening soul,
The Heart,—the Heart is lonely still!

4.

On many a lone and lovely night
It soothed to gaze upon the sky;
For then I deemed the heavenly light
Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye:
And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,
When sailing o'er the Ægean wave,
"Now Thyrza gazes on that moon"—
Alas, it gleamed upon her grave!

5.

When stretched on Fever's sleepless bed,
And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins,

i. *It would not be, so hadst not thou*
Withdrawn so soon ——.—[*MS. erased.*]

"'Tis comfort still," I faintly said,[i.]
"That Thyrza cannot know my pains:"
Like freedom to the time-worn slave—[ii.]
A boon 'tis idle then to give—
Relenting Nature vainly gave [1]
My life, when Thyrza ceased to live!

6.

My Thyrza's pledge in better days,[iii.]
When Love and Life alike were new!
How different now thou meet'st my gaze!
How tinged by time with Sorrow's hue!
The heart that gave itself with thee
Is silent—ah, were mine as still!
Though cold as e'en the dead can be,
It feels, it sickens with the chill.

7.

Thou bitter pledge! thou mournful token!
Though painful, welcome to my breast!
Still, still, preserve that love unbroken,
Or break the heart to which thou'rt pressed.
Time tempers Love, but not removes,
More hallowed when its Hope is fled:
Oh! what are thousand living loves
To that which cannot quit the dead?

[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (4to).]

i. —— *how oft I said.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *Like freedom to the worn-out slave.*—[*MS.*]
But Health and life returned and gave,
A boon 'twas idle then to give,
Relenting Health in mocking gave.—[*MS. B. M. erased.*]
iii. *Dear simple gift* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Compare *My Epitaph*: "Youth, Nature and relenting Jove."—Letter to Hodgson, October 3, 1810, *Letters*, 1898, i. 298.]

EUTHANASIA.

1.

When Time, or soon or late, shall bring
The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead,
Oblivion! may thy languid wing
Wave gently o'er my dying bed!

2.

No band of friends or heirs be there,[1]
To weep, or wish, the coming blow:
No maiden, with dishevelled hair,
To feel, or feign, decorous woe.

3.

But silent let me sink to Earth,
With no officious mourners near:
I would not mar one hour of mirth,
Nor startle Friendship with a fear.

4.

Yet Love, if Love in such an hour
Could nobly check its useless sighs,
Might then exert its latest power
In her who lives, and him who dies.

5.

'Twere sweet, my Psyche! to the last
Thy features still serene to see:

1. [Compare *A Wish*, by Matthew Arnold, stanza 3, etc.—

"Spare me the whispering, crowded room,
The friends who come and gape and go," etc.]

Forgetful of its struggles past,
E'en Pain itself should smile on thee.

6.

But vain the wish—for Beauty still
Will shrink, as shrinks the ebbing breath;
And Woman's tears, produced at will,
Deceive in life, unman in death.

7.

Then lonely be my latest hour,
Without regret, without a groan;
For thousands Death hath ceased to lower,
And pain been transient or unknown.

8.

"Aye but to die, and go," alas!
Where all have gone, and all must go!
To be the nothing that I was
Ere born to life and living woe!

9.

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
And know, whatever thou hast been,
'Tis something better not to be.

[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (Second Edition).]

AND THOU ART DEAD, AS YOUNG AND FAIR.[i.]

"Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!"[1]

I.

And thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth;
And form so soft, and charms so rare,
Too soon returned to Earth![ii.]
Though Earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread[iii.]
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

i. *Stanzas.*—[*Editions* 1812–1831.]
ii. *Are mingled with the Earth.*—[*MS.*]
Were never meant for Earth.—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. *Unhonoured with the vulgar dread.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. ["The Lovers' Walk is terminated with an ornamental urn, inscribed to Miss Dolman, a beautiful and amiable relation of Mr. Shenstone's, who died of the small-pox, about twenty-one years of age, in the following words on one side:—

"'Peramabili consobrinæ
M.D.'

On the other side—

"'Ah! Maria!
pvellarvm elegantissima!
ah Flore venvstatis abrepta,
vale!
hev qvanto minvs est
cvm reliqvis versari
qvam tui
meminisse.'"

(From a *Description of the Leasowes*, by A. Dodsley; *Poetical Works* of William Shenstone [1798], p. xxix.)]

2.

I will not ask where thou liest low,[i.]
Nor gaze upon the spot;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
So I behold them not:[ii.]
It is enough for me to prove
That what I loved, and long must love,
Like common earth can rot;[iii.]
To me there needs no stone to tell,
'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.[iv.]

3.

Yet did I love thee to the last
As fervently as thou,[v.]
Who didst not change through all the past,
And canst not alter now.
The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,[vi.]
Nor falsehood disavow:[vii.]
And, what were worse, thou canst not see[viii.]
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.[ix.]

4.

The better days of life were ours;
The worst can be but mine:

i. *I will not ask where thou art laid,*
Nor look upon the name.—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *So I shall know it not.*—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. *Like common dust can rot.*—[*MS.*]
iv. *I would not wish to see nor touch.*—[*MS. erased.*]
v. *As well as warm as thou.*—[*MS. erased.*]
vi. *MS.* transposes lines 5 and 6 of stanza 3.
vii. *Nor frailty disavow.*—[*MS.*]
viii. *Nor canst thou fair and faultless see.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ix. *Nor wrong, nor change, nor fault in me.*—[*MS.*]

The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,[i.]
Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep[ii.]
I envy now too much to weep;
Nor need I to repine,
That all those charms have passed away
I might have watched through long decay.

5.

The flower in ripened bloom unmatched
Must fall the earliest prey;[iii.]
Though by no hand untimely snatched,
The leaves must drop away:
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
Than see it plucked to-day;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

6.

I know not if I could have borne[iv.]
To see thy beauties fade;
The night that followed such a morn
Had worn a deeper shade:
Thy day without a cloud hath passed,[v.]
And thou wert lovely to the last;
Extinguished, not decayed;

i. *The cloud that cheers* ——.—[*MS.*]
ii. *The sweetness of that silent deep.*—[*MS.*]
iii. *The flower in beauty's bloom unmatched*
Is still the earliest prey.—[*MS.*]
The rose by some rude fingers snatched,
Is earliest doomed to fade.—[*MS. erased.*]
iv. *I do not deem I could have borne.*—[*MS.*]
v. *But night and day of thine are passed,*
And thou wert lovely to the last;
Destroyed ——.—[*MS. erased.*]

As stars that shoot along the sky[i.]
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

7.

As once I wept, if I could weep,
My tears might well be shed,
To think I was not near to keep
One vigil o'er thy bed;
To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
Uphold thy drooping head;
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

8.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free,[ii.]
The loveliest things that still remain,
Than thus remember thee!
The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread Eternity[iii.]
Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught, except its living years.

February, 1812.

[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (Second Edition).]

i. *As stars that seem to quit the sky.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *O how much less it were to gain,*
All beauteous though they be.—[*MS.*]
iii. *Through dark and dull Eternity.*—[*MS.*]

Walker & Boutall ph.sc

H. R. H. The Princess Charlotte of Wales

[illegible] in the possession of H.M. The Queen

LINES TO A LADY WEEPING.[i. 1]

WEEP, daughter of a royal line,
A Sire's disgrace, a realm's decay;
Ah! happy if each tear of thine
Could wash a Father's fault away!

i. *Sympathetic Address to a Young Lady.*—
[*Morning Chronicle*, March 7, 1812.]

1. [The scene which begat these memorable stanzas was enacted at a banquet at Carlton House, February 22, 1812. On March 6 the following quatrain, entitled, "Impromptu on a Recent Incident," appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*:—

"Blest omens of a happy reign,
In swift succession hourly rise,
Forsaken friends, vows made in vain—
A daughter's tears, a nation's sighs."

Byron's lines, headed, "Sympathetic Address to a Young Lady," were published anonymously in the *Morning Chronicle* of March 7, but it was not till March 10 that the *Courier* ventured to insert a report of "The Fracas at Carlton House on the 22nd ult.," which had already been communicated to the *Caledonian Mercury*.

"The party consisted of the Princess Charlotte, the Duchess of York, the Dukes of York and Cambridge, Lords Moira, Erskine, Lauderdale, Messrs. Adams and Sheridan.

"The Prince Regent expressed 'his surprise and mortification' at the conduct of Lords Grey and Grenville [who had replied unfavourably to a letter addressed by the P.R. to the Duke of York, suggesting an united administration]. Lord Lauderdale thereupon, with a freedom unusual in courts, asserted that the reply did not express the opinions of Lords Grey and Grenville only, but of every political friend of that way of thinking, and that he had been present at and assisted in the drawing-up, and that every sentence had his cordial assent. The Prince was suddenly and deeply affected by Lord Lauderdale's reply, so much so, that the Princess, observing his agitation, dropt her head and burst into tears—upon which the Prince turned round and begged the female part of the company to withdraw."

In the following June, at a ball at Miss Johnson's, Byron was "presented by order to our gracious Regent, who honoured me with some conversation," and for a time he ignored and perhaps regretted his anonymous *jeu d'esprit*. But early in 1814, either out

Weep—for thy tears are Virtue's tears—
Auspicious to these suffering Isles;
And be each drop in future years
Repaid thee by thy People's smiles!

March, 1812.

[*MS. M.* First published, *Morning Chronicle*, March 7, 1812 (*Corsair*, 1814, Second Edition).]

IF SOMETIMES IN THE HAUNTS OF MEN.[1]

I.

If sometimes in the haunts of men
Thine image from my breast may fade,
The lonely hour presents again
The semblance of thy gentle shade:
And now that sad and silent hour
Thus much of thee can still restore,
And sorrow unobserved may pour
The plaint she dare not speak before.

1. *Stanzas.*—[1812.]

of mere bravado or in an access of political rancour, he determined to republish the stanzas under his own name. The first edition of the *Corsair* was printed, if not published, but in accordance with a peremptory direction (January 22, 1814), "eight lines on the little Royalty weeping in 1812," were included among the poems printed at the end of the second edition.

The "newspapers were in hysterics and town in an uproar on the avowal and republication" of the stanzas (*Diary*, February 18), and during Byron's absence from town "Murray omitted the Tears in several of the copies"—that is, in the Third Edition—but yielding to *force majeure*, replaced them in a Fourth Edition, which was issued early in February. (See Letters of July 6, 1812, January 22, February 2, and February 10, 1814 (*Letters*, 1898, ii. 134, etc.); and for "Newspaper Attacks upon Byron," see *Letters*, 1898, ii. Appendix VII. pp. 463-492.)]

2.

Oh, pardon that in crowds awhile
I waste one thought I owe to thee,
And self-condemned, appear to smile,
Unfaithful to thy memory:
Nor deem that memory less dear,
That then I seem not to repine;
I would not fools should overhear
One sigh that should be wholly *thine*.

3.

If not the Goblet pass unquaffed,
It is not drained to banish care;
The cup must hold a deadlier draught
That brings a Lethe for despair.
And could Oblivion set my soul
From all her troubled visions free,
I'd dash to earth the sweetest bowl
That drowned a single thought of thee.

4.

For wert thou vanished from my mind,
Where could my vacant bosom turn?
And who would then remain behind
To honour thine abandoned Urn?
No, no—it is my sorrow's pride
That last dear duty to fulfil;
Though all the world forget beside,
'Tis meet that I remember still.

5.

For well I know, that such had been
Thy gentle care for him, who now

Unmourned shall quit this mortal scene,
Where none regarded him, but thou:
And, oh! I feel in *that* was given
A blessing never meant for me;
Thou wert too like a dream of Heaven,
For earthly Love to merit thee.

March 14, 1812.

[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (Second Edition).]

ON A CORNELIAN HEART WHICH WAS BROKEN.[1]

1.

Ill-fated Heart! and can it be,
That thou shouldst thus be rent in twain?
Have years of care for thine and thee
Alike been all employed in vain?

2.

Yet precious seems each shattered part,
And every fragment dearer grown,
Since he who wears thee feels thou art
A fitter emblem of *his own*.

March 16, 1812.

[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1812 (Second Edition).]

1. [For allusion to the "Cornelian," see "The Cornelian," ["Pignus Amoris"], and "The Adieu," stanza 7, *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 66, 231, 240. See, too, *Letters*, 1898, i. 130, *note* 3.]

THE CHAIN I GAVE.

FROM THE TURKISH.

1.

THE chain I gave was fair to view,
The lute I added sweet in sound;
The heart that offered both was true,
And ill deserved the fate it found.

2.

These gifts were charmed by secret spell,
Thy truth in absence to divine;
And they have done their duty well,—
Alas! they could not teach thee thine.

3.

That chain was firm in every link,
But not to bear a stranger's touch;
That lute was sweet—till thou couldst think
In other hands its notes were such.

4.

Let him who from thy neck unbound
The chain which shivered in his grasp,
Who saw that lute refuse to sound,
Restring the chords, renew the clasp.

5.

When thou wert changed, they altered too;
The chain is broke, the music mute,
'Tis past—to them and thee adieu—
False heart, frail chain, and silent lute.

[*MS. M.* First published, *Corsair*, 1814 (Second Edition).]

LINES WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF *THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.*[i]

1.

ABSENT or present, still to thee,
My friend, what magic spells belong!
As all can tell, who share, like me,
In turn thy converse,[1] and thy song.

2.

But when the dreaded hour shall come
By Friendship ever deemed too nigh,
And "MEMORY" o'er her Druid's tomb [2]
Shall weep that aught of thee can die,

3.

How fondly will she then repay
Thy homage offered at her shrine,
And blend, while ages roll away,
Her name immortally with *thine!*

April 19, 1812.
[First published, *Poems*, 1816.]

i. *To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*—[*Poems*, 1816.]

1. ["Rogers is silent,—and, it is said, severe. When he does talk, he talks well; and, on all subjects of taste, his delicacy of expression is pure as his poetry. If you enter his house—his drawing-room—his library—you of yourself say, this is not the dwelling of a common mind. There is not a gem, a coin, a book thrown aside on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor."—*Diary*, 1813; *Letters*, 1898, ii. 331.]

2. [Compare Collins' *Ode on the Death of Mr. Thomson*—

"In yonder grave a Druid lies."]

ADDRESS, SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1812.[1]

In one dread night our city saw, and sighed,
Bowed to the dust, the Drama's tower of pride;
In one short hour beheld the blazing fane,
Apollo sink, and Shakespeare cease to reign.

Ye who beheld, (oh! sight admired and mourned,
Whose radiance mocked the ruin it adorned!)
Through clouds of fire the massy fragments riven,
Like Israel's pillar, chase the night from heaven;
Saw the long column of revolving flames
Shake its red shadow o'er the startled Thames,[2]
While thousands, thronged around the burning dome,
Shrank back appalled, and trembled for their home,
As glared the volumed blaze, and ghastly shone[i.]

i. *As flashing far the new Volcano shone*
And swept the skies with { *meteors* / *lightnings* } *not their own.*

or, *As flashed the volumed blaze, and* { *sadly* / *ghastly* } *shone*
The skies with lightnings awful as their own.—
[*Letter to Lord Holland, Sept.* 25, 1812.]

or, *As glared each rising flash, and ghastly shone*
The skies with lightnings awful as their own.—
[*Letter to Lord Holland, Sept.* 27, 1812.]

1. ["Mr. Elliston then came forward and delivered the following *Prize* address. We cannot boast of the eloquence of the delivery. It was neither gracefully nor correctly recited. The merits of the production itself we submit to the criticism of our readers. We cannot suppose that it was selected as the most poetical composition of all the scores that were submitted to the committee. But perhaps by its tenor, by its allusions to Garrick, to Siddons, and to Sheridan, it was thought most applicable to the occasion, notwithstanding its being in part unmusical, and in general tame."—*Morning Chronicle*, October 12, 1812.]

2. ["By the by, the best view of the said fire [February 24, 1809]

The skies, with lightnings awful as their own,
Till blackening ashes and the lonely wall [i.]
Usurped the Muse's realm, and marked her fall;
Say—shall this new, nor less aspiring pile,
Reared where once rose the mightiest in our isle,
Know the same favour which the former knew,
A shrine for Shakespeare—worthy him and *you?*

Yes—it shall be—the magic of that name
Defies the scythe of time, the torch of flame; [ii.]
On the same spot still consecrates the scene,
And bids the Drama *be* where she hath *been:*
This fabric's birth attests the potent spell—
Indulge our honest pride, and say, *How well!*

As soars this fane to emulate the last,
Oh! might we draw our omens from the past,
Some hour propitious to our prayers may boast
Names such as hallow still the dome we lost.
On Drury first your Siddons' thrilling art
O'erwhelmed the gentlest, stormed the sternest heart.
On Drury, Garrick's latest laurels grew;
Here your last tears retiring Roscius drew,
Sighed his last thanks, and wept his last adieu:
But still for living wit the wreaths may bloom,

i. *Till slowly ebbed the* { lava of the / *spent volcanic* } *wave.*
or, *Till ebb'd the lava of* { the burning / *that molten* } *wave,*
And blackening ashes mark'd the Muse's grave.—
[*Letter to Lord Holland, Sept.* 28, 1812.]
ii. *That scorns the scythe of Time, the torch of Flame.—*
[*Letter to Lord Holland, Sept.* 28, 1812.]

(which I myself saw from a house-top in Covent-garden) was at Westminster Bridge, from the reflection on the Thames."—Letter to Lord Holland, September 25, 1812, *Letters*, 1898, ii. 148.]

That only waste their odours o'er the tomb.
Such Drury claimed and claims—nor you refuse
One tribute to revive his slumbering muse;
With garlands deck your own Menander's head,
Nor hoard your honours idly for the dead![i.]
Dear are the days which made our annals bright,
Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley[1] ceased to write.[ii.]
Heirs to their labours, like all high-born heirs,
Vain of *our* ancestry as they of *theirs;*
While thus Remembrance borrows Banquo's glass
To claim the sceptred shadows as they pass,
And we the mirror hold, where imaged shine
Immortal names, emblazoned on our line,
Pause—ere their feebler offspring you condemn,
Reflect how hard the task to rival them!

Friends of the stage! to whom both Players and Plays
Must sue alike for pardon or for praise,

i. *Far be from him that hour which asks in vain*
Tears such as flow for Garrick in his strain;
or, *Far be that hour that vainly asks in turn*
Sad verse for him as {crowned his / *wept o'er*} *Garrick's urn.—*
[*Letter to Lord Holland, Sept.* 30, 1812.]

ii. *Such are the names that here your plaudits sought,*
When Garrick acted, and when Brinsley wrote.—[*MS.*]

1. [Originally, "Ere Garrick *died*," etc. "By the by, one of my corrections in the fair copy sent yesterday has dived into the bathos some sixty fathom—

"'When Garrick died, and Brinsley ceased to write.'

Ceasing to *live* is a much more serious concern, and ought not to be first; therefore I will let the old couplet stand, with its half rhymes 'sought' and 'wrote' [*vide supra, variant* ii.]. Second thoughts in every thing are best, but, in rhyme, third and fourth don't come amiss. . . . I always scrawl in this way, and smooth as much as I can, but never sufficiently."—Letter to Lord Holland, September 26, 1812, *Letters*, 1898, ii. 150.]

Whose judging voice and eye alone direct
The boundless power to cherish or reject;
If e'er frivolity has led to fame,
And made us blush that you forbore to blame—
If e'er the sinking stage could condescend
To soothe the sickly taste it dare not mend—
All past reproach may present scenes refute,
And censure, wisely loud, be justly mute![1]
Oh! since your fiat stamps the Drama's laws,
Forbear to mock us with misplaced applause;
So Pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers,
And Reason's voice be echoed back by ours!

This greeting o'er—the ancient rule obeyed,[2]
The Drama's homage by her herald paid—

1. [The following lines were omitted by the Committee:—

"*Nay, lower still, the Drama yet deplores*
That late she deigned to crawl upon all-fours.
When Richard roars in Bosworth for a horse,
If you command, the steed must come in course.
If you decree, the Stage must condescend
To soothe the sickly taste we dare not mend.
Blame not our judgment should we acquiesce,
And gratify you more by showing less.
Oh, since your Fiat stamps the Drama's laws,
Forbear to mock us with misplaced applause;
That public praise be ne'er again disgrac'd,
From { brutes to man recall / *babes and brutes redeem* } *a nation's taste;*
Then pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers,
When Reason's voice is echoed back with ours."

The last couplet but one was altered in a later copy, thus—

"*The past reproach let present scenes refute,*
Nor shift from man to babe, from babe to brute."

"Is Whitbread," wrote Lord Byron, "determined to castrate all my *cavalry* lines? . . . I do implore, for my *own* gratification, one lash on those accursed quadrupeds—'a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me.'"—*Letter to Lord Holland*, September 28, 1812, *Letters*, 1898, ii. 156. For "animal performers," *vide ibid.*, *note* 1.]

2. [Lines 66–69 were added on September 24, in a letter to Lord Holland.]

Receive *our welcome* too—whose every tone
Springs from our hearts, and fain would win your own.
The curtain rises—may our stage unfold
Scenes not unworthy Drury's days of old!
Britons our judges, Nature for our guide,
Still may *we* please—long, long may *you* preside.

[First published, *Morning Chronicle*, Oct. 12, 1812.]

PARENTHETICAL ADDRESS.[1]

BY DR. PLAGIARY.

Half stolen, with acknowledgments, to be spoken in an inarticulate voice by Master —— at the opening of the next new theatre. [Stolen parts marked with the inverted commas of quotation—thus "——".]

"When energising objects men pursue,"
Then Lord knows what is writ by Lord knows who.

1. [The original of Dr. Busby's address, entitled "Monologue submitted to the Committee of Drury Lane Theatre," which was published in the *Morning Chronicle*, October 17, 1812, "will be found in the *Genuine Rejected Addresses*, as well as parodied in *Rejected Addresses* ('Architectural Atoms'). On October 14 young Busby forced his way on to the stage of Drury Lane, attempted to recite his father's address, and was taken into custody. On the next night, Dr. Busby, speaking from one of the boxes, obtained a hearing for his son, who could not, however, make his voice heard in the theatre. . . . To the failure of the younger Busby (himself a competitor and the author of an 'Unalogue' . . .) to make himself heard, Byron alludes in the stage direction, 'to be spoken in an inarticulate voice.'" (See *Letters*, 1898, ii. 176; and for Dr. Busby, see *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 481, 485.) Busby's "Address" ran as follows:—

"When energising objects men pursue,
What are the prodigies they cannot do?
A magic edifice you here survey,
Shot from the ruins of the other day!
As Harlequin had smote the slumberous heap,
And bade the rubbish to a fabric leap.

A modest Monologue you here survey,
Hissed from the theatre the "other day,"

Yet at that speed you'd never be amazed,
Knew you the *zeal* with which the pile was raised;
Nor even here your smiles would be represt,
Knew you the rival flame that fires our breast,
Flame! fire and flame! sad heart-appalling sounds,
Dread metaphors that ope our healing wounds—
A sleeping pang awakes—and—— But away
With all reflections that would cloud the day
That this triumphant, brilliant prospect brings,
Where Hope reviving re-expands her wings;
Where generous joy exults, where duteous ardour springs.

. . . . . .

If mighty things with small we may compare,
This spirit drives Britannia's conquering car,
Burns in her ranks and kindles every tar.
Nelson displayed its power upon the main,
And Wellington exhibits it in Spain;
Another Marlborough points to Blenheim's story,
And with its lustre, blends his kindred glory.

In Arms and Science long our Isle hath shone,
And SHAKESPEARE—wondrous SHAKESPEARE—reared a throne
For British Poesy—whose powers inspire
The British pencil, and the British lyre—
Her we invoke—her Sister Arts implore:
Their smiles beseech whose charms yourselves adore,
These if we win, the Graces too we gain—
Their dear, beloved, inseparable train;
THREE who their witching arts from Cupid stole
And three acknowledged sovereigns of the soul:
Harmonious throng! with nature blending art!
Divine SESTETTO! warbling to the heart
For Poesy shall here sustain the upper part.
Thus lifted gloriously we'll sweep along,
Shine in our music, scenery and song;
Shine in our farce, masque, opera and play,
And prove old DRURY has not had her day.
Nay more—so stretch the wing the world shall cry,
Old DRURY never, never soared so high.
'But hold,' you'll say, 'this self-complacent boast;
Easy to reckon thus without your host.'
True, true—that lowers at once our mounting pride;
'Tis yours alone our merit to decide;
'Tis ours to look to you, you hold the prize
That bids our great, our best ambitions rise.
A *double* blessing *your* rewards impart,
Each good provide and elevate the heart.

As if Sir Fretful wrote "the slumberous" verse,
And gave his son "the rubbish" to rehearse.
"Yet at the thing you'd never be amazed,"
Knew you the rumpus which the Author raised;
"Nor even here your smiles would be represt,"
Knew you these lines—the badness of the best,
"Flame! fire! and flame!" (words borrowed from Lucretius.[1])
"Dread metaphors" which open wounds like issues!
"And sleeping pangs awake—and—— But away"—
(Confound me if I know what next to say).
Lo "Hope reviving re-expands her wings,"
And Master G— recites what Dr. Busby sings!—
"If mighty things with small we may compare,"
(Translated from the Grammar for the fair!)
Dramatic "spirit drives a conquering car,"
And burn'd poor Moscow like a tub of "tar."
"This spirit" "Wellington has shown in Spain,"
To furnish Melodrames for Drury Lane.
"Another Marlborough points to Blenheim's story,"
And George and I will dramatise it for ye.

"In Arts and Sciences our Isle hath shone"
(This deep discovery is mine alone).

Our twofold feeling owns its twofold cause,
Your bounty's *comfort—rapture* your applause;
When in your fostering beam you bid us live,
You give the means of life, and gild the means you give."
Morning Chronicle, October 17, 1812.]

1. [Busby's translation of Lucretius (*The Nature of Things*, a Didascalic Poem) was published in 1813. Byron was a subscriber, and is mentioned in the preface as "one of the most distinguished poets of the age." The passage in question is, perhaps, taken from the Second Book, lines 880, 881, which Busby renders—

"Just as she quickens fuel into fire,
And bids it, flaming, to the skies aspire."]

Oh "British poesy, whose powers inspire"
My verse—or I'm a fool—and Fame's a liar,
"Thee we invoke, your Sister Arts implore"
With "smiles," and "lyres," and "pencils," and much more.
These, if we win the Graces, too, we gain
Disgraces, too! "inseparable train!"
"Three who have stolen their witching airs from Cupid"
(You all know what I mean, unless you're stupid):
"Harmonious throng" that I have kept *in petto*
Now to produce in a "divine *sestetto*"!!
"While Poesy," with these delightful doxies,
"Sustains her part" in all the "upper" boxes!
"Thus lifted gloriously, you'll sweep along,"
Borne in the vast balloon of Busby's song;
"Shine in your farce, masque, scenery, and play"
(For this last line George had a holiday).
"Old Drury never, never soar'd so high,"
So says the Manager, and so say I.
"But hold," you say, "this self-complacent boast;"
Is this the Poem which the public lost?
"True—true—that lowers at once our mounting pride;"
But lo;—the Papers print what you deride.
"'Tis ours to look on *you*—*you* hold the prize,"
'Tis *twenty guineas*, as they advertise!
"A *double* blessing your rewards impart"—
I wish I had them, then, with all my heart.
"Our *twofold* feeling *owns* its twofold cause,"
Why son and I both beg for your applause.
"When in your fostering beams you bid us live,"
My next subscription list shall say how much you give!

[First published, *Morning Chronicle*, October 23, 1812.]

VERSES FOUND IN A SUMMER-HOUSE AT HALES-OWEN.[1]

When Dryden's fool, "unknowing what he sought,"
His hours in whistling spent, "for want of thought," [2]
This guiltless oaf his vacancy of sense
Supplied, and amply too, by innocence:
Did modern swains, possessed of Cymon's powers,
In Cymon's manner waste their leisure hours,
Th' offended guests would not, with blushing, see
These fair green walks disgraced by infamy.
Severe the fate of modern fools, alas!
When vice and folly mark them as they pass.
Like noxious reptiles o'er the whitened wall,
The filth they leave still points out where they crawl.

[First published, 1832, vol. xvii.]

REMEMBER THEE! REMEMBER THEE![3]

1.

Remember thee! remember thee!
Till Lethe quench life's burning stream

1. [The Leasowes, the residence of the poet Shenstone, is near the village of Halesowen, in Shropshire.]

2. [See Dryden's *Cymon and Iphigenia*, lines 84, 85.]

3. [The sequel of a temporary *liaison* formed by Lord Byron during his career in London, occasioned this impromptu. On the cessation of the connection, the fair one [Lady C. Lamb: see *Letters*, 1898, ii. 451] called one morning at her quondam lover's apartments. His Lordship was from home; but finding *Vathek* on the table, the lady wrote in the first page of the volume the words, "Remember me!" Byron immediately wrote under the ominous warning these two stanzas.—*Conversations of Lord Byron*, by Thomas Medwin, 1824, pp. 329, 330.

In Medwin's work the euphemisms *false* and *fiend* are represented by asterisks.]

Remorse and Shame shall cling to thee,
And haunt thee like a feverish dream!

2.

Remember thee! Aye, doubt it not.
Thy husband too shall think of thee:
By neither shalt thou be forgot,
Thou *false* to him, thou *fiend* to me![1]

[First published, *Conversations of Lord Byron*, 1824.]

TO TIME.

Time! on whose arbitrary wing
The varying hours must flag or fly,
Whose tardy winter, fleeting spring,
But drag or drive us on to die—
Hail thou! who on my birth bestowed
Those boons to all that know thee known;
Yet better I sustain thy load,
For now I bear the weight alone.
I would not one fond heart should share
The bitter moments thou hast given;
And pardon thee—since thou couldst spare
All that I loved, to peace or Heaven.

1. ["To Bd., Feb. 22, 1813.

"'Remember thee,' nay—doubt it not—
Thy Husband too may '*think*' of thee!
By neither canst thou be forgot,
Thou false to him—thou fiend to me!

"'Remember thee'? Yes—yes—till Fate
In Lethe quench the guilty dream.
Yet then—e'en then—Remorse and *Hate*
Shall vainly quaff the vanquished stream."

From a MS. (in the possession of Mr. Hallam Murray) not in Byron's handwriting.]

To them be joy or rest—on me
  Thy future ills shall press in vain;
I nothing owe but years to thee,
  A debt already paid in pain.
Yet even that pain was some relief;
  It felt, but still forgot thy power:[i.]
The active agony of grief
  Retards, but never counts the hour.[ii.]
In joy I've sighed to think thy flight
  Would soon subside from swift to slow;
Thy cloud could overcast the light,
  But could not add a night to Woe;
For then, however drear and dark,
  My soul was suited to thy sky;
One star alone shot forth a spark
  To prove thee—not Eternity.
That beam hath sunk—and now thou art
  A blank—a thing to count and curse
Through each dull tedious trifling part,
  Which all regret, yet all rehearse.
One scene even thou canst not deform—
  The limit of thy sloth or speed
When future wanderers bear the storm
  Which we shall sleep too sound to heed.
And I can smile to think how weak
  Thine efforts shortly shall be shown,
When all the vengeance thou canst wreak
  Must fall upon—a nameless stone.

[*MS. M.* First published, *Childe Harold*, 1814 (Seventh Edition).]

i. —— *not confessed thy power.*—[*MS. M. erased.*]
ii. —— *still forgets the hour.*—[*MS. M. erased.*]

TRANSLATION OF A ROMAIC LOVE SONG.

1.

Ah! Love was never yet without
The pang, the agony, the doubt,
Which rends my heart with ceaseless sigh,
While day and night roll darkling by.

2.

Without one friend to hear my woe,
I faint, I die beneath the blow.
That Love had arrows, well I knew
Alas! I find them poisoned too.

3.

Birds, yet in freedom, shun the net
Which Love around your haunts hath set;
Or, circled by his fatal fire,
Your hearts shall burn, your hopes expire.

4.

A bird of free and careless wing
Was I, through many a smiling spring;
But caught within the subtle snare,
I burn, and feebly flutter there.

5.

Who ne'er have loved, and loved in vain,
Can neither feel nor pity pain,
The cold repulse, the look askance,
The lightning of Love's angry glance.

6.

In flattering dreams I deemed thee mine;
Now hope, and he who hoped, decline;

Like melting wax, or withering flower,
I feel my passion, and thy power.

7.

My light of Life! ah, tell me why
That pouting lip, and altered eye?
My bird of Love! my beauteous mate!
And art thou changed, and canst thou hate?

8.

Mine eyes like wintry streams o'erflow:
What wretch with me would barter woe?
My bird! relent: one note could give
A charm to bid thy lover live.

9.

My curdling blood, my madd'ning brain,
In silent anguish I sustain;
And still thy heart, without partaking
One pang, exults—while mine is breaking.

10.

Pour me the poison; fear not thou!
Thou canst not murder more than now:
I've lived to curse my natal day,
And Love, that thus can lingering slay.

11.

My wounded soul, my bleeding breast,
Can patience preach thee into rest?
Alas! too late, I dearly know
That Joy is harbinger of Woe.

[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1814 (Seventh Edition).]

THOU ART NOT FALSE, BUT THOU ART FICKLE.[i. 1]

1.

THOU art not false, but thou art fickle,
To those thyself so fondly sought;
The tears that thou hast forced to trickle
Are doubly bitter from that thought:
'Tis this which breaks the heart thou grievest,
Too well thou lov'st—*too soon* thou leavest.

2.

The wholly false the *heart* despises,
And spurns deceiver and deceit;
But she who not a thought disguises,[ii.]
Whose love is as sincere as sweet,—
When *she* can change who loved so truly,
It *feels* what mine has *felt* so newly.

3.

To dream of joy and wake to sorrow
Is doomed to all who love or live;
And if, when conscious on the morrow,
We scarce our Fancy can forgive,
That cheated us in slumber only,
To leave the waking soul more lonely,

4.

What must they feel whom no false vision
But truest, tenderest Passion warmed?

i. *Song.*—[*Childe Harold*, 1814.]
ii. *But her who not* ——.—[*MS. M.*]

1. ["I send you some lines which may as well be called 'A Song' as anything else, and will do for your new edition."—B.—(*MS. M.*)]

Sincere, but swift in sad transition:
As if a dream alone had charmed?
Ah! sure such *grief* is *Fancy's* scheming,
And all thy *Change* can be but *dreaming!*

[*MS. M.* First published, *Childe Harold*, 1814 (Seventh Edition).]

ON BEING ASKED WHAT WAS THE "ORIGIN OF LOVE."[i]

THE "Origin of Love!"—Ah, why
That cruel question ask of me,
When thou mayst read in many an eye
He starts to life on seeing thee?
And shouldst thou seek his *end* to know:
My heart forebodes, my fears foresee,
He'll linger long in silent woe;
But live until—I cease to be.

[First published, *Childe Harold*, 1814 (Seventh Edition).]

ON THE QUOTATION,

"And my true faith can alter never,
Though thou art gone perhaps for ever."

I.

AND "thy true faith can alter never?"—
Indeed it lasted for a—week!
I know the length of Love's forever,
And just expected such a freak.
In peace we met, in peace we parted,
In peace we vowed to meet again,
And though I find thee fickle-hearted
No pang of mine shall make thee vain.

i. *To Ianthe.*—[*MS. M.* Compare "The Dedication" to *Childe Harold.*]

2.

One gone—'twas time to seek a second;
In sooth 'twere hard to blame thy haste.
And whatsoe'er thy love be reckoned,
At least thou hast improved in taste:
Though one was young, the next was younger,
His love was new, mine too well known—
And what might make the charm still stronger,
The youth was present, I was flown.

3.

Seven days and nights of single sorrow!
Too much for human constancy!
A fortnight past, why then to-morrow,
His turn is come to follow me:
And if each week you change a lover,
And so have acted heretofore,
Before a year or two is over
We'll form a very pretty *corps*.

4.

Adieu, fair thing! without upbraiding
I fain would take a decent leave;
Thy beauty still survives unfading,
And undeceived may long deceive.
With him unto thy bosom dearer
Enjoy the moments as they flee;
I only wish his love sincerer
Than thy young heart has been to me.

1812.

[From a MS. in the possession of Mr. Murray, now for the first time printed.]

REMEMBER HIM, WHOM PASSION'S POWER.[1]

1.

Remember him, whom Passion's power
Severely—deeply—vainly proved:
Remember thou that dangerous hour,
When neither fell, though both were loved.[i.]

2.

That yielding breast, that melting eye,[ii.]
Too much invited to be blessed:
That gentle prayer, that pleading sigh,
The wilder wish reproved, repressed.

3.

Oh! let me feel that all I lost[iii.]
But saved thee all that Conscience fears;
And blush for every pang it cost
To spare the vain remorse of years.

4.

Yet think of this when many a tongue,
Whose busy accents whisper blame,
Would do the heart that loved thee wrong,
And brand a nearly blighted name.[iv.]

i. *To him who loves and her who loved.*—[*MS. M.*]
ii. *That trembling form* ——.—[*MS. M.*]
iii. *Resigning thee, alas! I lost*
Joys bought too dear, if bright with tears,
Yet ne'er regret the pangs it cost.—[*MS. M. erased.*]
iv. *And crush* ——.—[*MS. M.*]

1. [It is possible that these lines, as well as the Sonnets "To Genevra," were addressed to Lady Frances Wedderburn Webster. —See *Letters*, 1898, ii. 2, *note* 1; and *Letters*, 1899, iii. 8, *note* 1.]

5.

Think that, whate'er to others, thou
Hast seen each selfish thought subdued:
I bless thy purer soul even now,
Even now, in midnight solitude.

6.

Oh, God! that we had met in time,
Our hearts as fond, thy hand more free;
When thou hadst loved without a crime,
And I been less unworthy thee![i.]

7.

Far may thy days, as heretofore,[ii.]
From this our gaudy world be past!
And that too bitter moment o'er,
Oh! may such trial be thy last.

8.

This heart, alas! perverted long,
Itself destroyed might there destroy;
To meet thee in the glittering throng,
Would wake Presumption's hope of joy.[iii.]

9.

Then to the things whose bliss or woe,
Like mine, is wild and worthless all,
That world resign—such scenes forego,
Where those who feel must surely fall.

10.

Thy youth, thy charms, thy tenderness—
Thy soul from long seclusion pure;

i. *And I been not unworthy thee.*—[*MS. M.*]
ii. *Long may thy days* ——.—[*MS. M.*]
iii. *Might make my hope of guilty joy.*—[*MS.*]

From what even here hath passed, may guess
What there thy bosom must endure.

11.

Oh! pardon that imploring tear,
Since not by Virtue shed in vain,
My frenzy drew from eyes so dear;
For me they shall not weep again.

12.

Though long and mournful must it be,
The thought that we no more may meet;
Yet I deserve the stern decree,
And almost deem the sentence sweet.

13.

Still—had I loved thee less—my heart
Had then less sacrificed to thine;
It felt not half so much to part
As if its guilt had made thee mine.

1813.

[*MS. M.* First published, *Childe Harold*, 1814 (Seventh Edition).]

IMPROMPTU, IN REPLY TO A FRIEND.[1]

When, from the heart where Sorrow sits,
Her dusky shadow mounts too high,

1. [Byron forwarded these lines to Moore in a postscript to a letter dated September 27, 1813. "Here's," he writes, "an impromptu for you by a 'person of quality,' written last week, on being reproached for low spirits."—*Letters*, 1898, ii. 268. They were written at Aston Hall, Rotherham, where he "stayed a week . . . and behaved very well—though the lady of the house [Lady F. Wedderburn Webster] is young, and religious, and pretty, and the master is my particular friend."—*Letters*, 1898, ii. 267.]

And o'er the changing aspect flits,
  And clouds the brow, or fills the eye;
Heed not that gloom, which soon shall sink:
  My Thoughts their dungeon know too well;
Back to my breast the Wanderers shrink,
  And *droop* within their silent cell.[i]

September, 1813.

[*MS. M.* First published, *Childe Harold*, 1814 (Seventh Edition).]

SONNET.

TO GENEVRA.

THINE eyes' blue tenderness, thy long fair hair,
  And the warm lustre of thy features—caught
  From contemplation—where serenely wrought,
Seems Sorrow's softness charmed from its despair—
Have thrown such speaking sadness in thine air,
  That—but I know thy blessed bosom fraught
  With mines of unalloyed and stainless thought—
I should have deemed thee doomed to earthly care.
With such an aspect, by his colours blent,
  When from his beauty-breathing pencil born,
(Except that *thou* hast nothing to repent)
  The Magdalen of Guido saw the morn—
Such seem'st thou—but how much more excellent!
  With nought Remorse can claim—nor Virtue scorn.

December 17, 1813.[1]

[*MS. M.* First published, *Corsair*, 1814 (Second Edition).]

i. *And bleed* ——.—[*MS. M.*]

1. ["Redde some Italian, and wrote two Sonnets. . . . I never wrote but one sonnet before, and that was not in earnest, and many years ago, as an exercise—and I will never write another. They are the most puling, petrifying, stupidly platonic compositions."—*Diary*, December 18, 1813; *Letters*, 1898, ii. 379.]

SONNET.

TO GENEVRA.

THY cheek is pale with thought, but not from woe,[i]
And yet so lovely, that if Mirth could flush
Its rose of whiteness with the brightest blush,
My heart would wish away that ruder glow:
And dazzle not thy deep-blue eyes—but, oh!
While gazing on them sterner eyes will gush,
And into mine my mother's weakness rush,
Soft as the last drops round Heaven's airy bow.
For, through thy long dark lashes low depending,
The soul of melancholy Gentleness
Gleams like a Seraph from the sky descending,
Above all pain, yet pitying all distress;
At once such majesty with sweetness blending,
I worship more, but cannot love thee less.

December 17, 1813.

[*MS. M.* First published, *Corsair*, 1814 (Second Edition).]

FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

"TU MI CHAMAS."

I.

IN moments to delight devoted,[1]
"My Life!" with tenderest tone, you cry;

i. —— *Hope whispers not from woe.*—[*MS. M.*]

1. ["In moments to delight devoted
'My Life!' is still the name you give,
Dear words! on which my heart had doted
Had Man an endless term to live.
But, ah! so swift the seasons roll
That name must be repeated never,

Dear words! on which my heart had doted,
If Youth could neither fade nor die.

2.

To Death even hours like these must roll,
Ah! then repeat those accents never;
Or change "my Life!" into "my Soul!"
Which, like my Love, exists for ever.

[*MS. M.*]

ANOTHER VERSION.

You call me still your *Life*.—Oh! change the word—
Life is as transient as the inconstant sigh:
Say rather I'm your Soul; more just that name,
For, like the soul, my Love can never die.

[Stanzas 1, 2 first published, *Childe Harold*, 1814 (Seventh Edition). "Another Version," first published, 1832.]

For 'Life' in future say, 'My Soul,'
Which like my love exists for ever."

Byron wrote these lines in 1815, in Lady Lansdowne's album, at Bowood.—Note by Mr. Richard Edgecombe, *Notes and Queries*, Sixth Series, vii. 46.]

THE GIAOUR:

A FRAGMENT OF A TURKISH TALE.

"One fatal remembrance—one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes—
To which Life nothing darker nor brighter can bring,
For which joy hath no balm—and affliction no sting."

MOORE.

["As a beam o'er the face," etc.—*Irish Melodies*.]

INTRODUCTION TO *THE GIAOUR.*

In a letter to Murray, dated Pisa, December 12, 1821 (*Life*, p. 545), Byron avows that the "Giaour Story" had actually "some foundation on facts." Soon after the poem appeared (June 5, 1813), "a story was circulated by some gentlewomen . . . a little too close to the text" (Letters to Moore, September 1, 1813, *Letters*, 1898, ii. 258), and in order to put himself right with his friends or posterity, Byron wrote to his friend Lord Sligo, who in July, 1810, was anchored off Athens in "a twelve-gun brig, with a crew of fifty men" (see *Letters*, 1898, i. 289, *note* 1), requesting him to put on paper not so much the narrative of an actual event, but "what he had heard at Athens about the affair of that girl who was so near being put an end to while you were there." According to the letter which Moore published (*Life*, p. 178), and which is reprinted in the present issue (*Letters*, 1898, ii. 257), Byron interposed on behalf of a girl, who "in compliance with the strict letter of the Mohammedan law," had been sewn in a sack and was about to be thrown into the sea. "I was told," adds Lord Sligo, "that you then conveyed her in safety to the convent, and despatched her off at night to Thebes." The letter, which Byron characterizes as "curious," is by no means conclusive, and to judge from the designedly mysterious references in the Journal, dated November 16 and December 5, and in the second postscript to a letter to Professor Clarke, dated December 15, 1813 (*Letters*, 1898, ii. 321, 361, 311), "the circumstances which were the groundwork" are not before us. "An event," says John Wright (ed. 1832, ix. 145), "in which Lord Byron was personally concerned, undoubtedly supplied the groundwork of this tale; but for the

story so circumstantially set forth (see Medwin's *Conversations*, 1824, pp. 121, 124) of his having been the lover of this female slave, there is no foundation. The girl whose life the poet saved at Athens was not, we are assured by Sir John Hobhouse (*Westminster Review*, January, 1825, iii. 27), an object of his Lordship's attachment, but of that of his Turkish servant." Nevertheless, whatever Byron may have told Hobhouse (who had returned to England), and he distinctly says (*Letters*, 1898, ii. 393) that he did not tell him everything, he avowed to Clarke that he had been led "to the water's edge," and confided to his diary that to "describe the *feelings* of *that* situation was impossible—it is *icy* even to recollect them."

For the allusive and fragmentary style of the *Giaour*, *The Voyage of Columbus*, which Rogers published in 1812, is in part responsible. "It is sudden in its transitions," wrote the author, in the Preface to the first edition, ". . . leaving much to be imagined by the reader." The story or a part of it is told by a fellow-seaman of Columbus, who had turned "eremite" in his old age, and though the narrative itself is in heroic verse, the prologue and epilogue, as they may be termed, are in "the romance or ballad-measure of the Spanish." The resemblance between the two poems is certainly more than accidental. On the other hand, a vivid and impassioned description of Oriental scenery and customs was, as Gifford observed, new and original, and though, by his own admission, Byron was indebted to *Vathek* (or rather S. Henley's notes to *Vathek*) and to D'Herbelot's *Bibliothéque Orientale* for allusions and details, the "atmosphere" could only have been reproduced by the creative fancy of an observant and enthusiastic traveller who had lived under Eastern skies, and had come within ken of Eastern life and sentiment.

In spite, however, of his love for the subject-matter of his poem, and the facility, surprising even to himself, with which he spun his rhymes, Byron could not persuade himself that a succession of fragments would sort themselves and grow into a complete and connected whole. If his thrice-repeated depreciation of the *Giaour* is not entirely genuine, it is plain that he misdoubted himself. Writing to Murray (August 26,

1813) he says, "I have, but with some difficulty, *not* added any more to this snake of a poem, which has been lengthening its rattles every month;" to Moore (September 1), "The *Giaour* I have added to a good deal, but still in foolish fragments;" and, again, to Moore (September 8), "By the coach I send you a copy of that awful pamphlet the *Giaour*."

But while the author doubted and apologized, or deprecated "his love's excess In words of wrong and bitterness," the public read, and edition followed edition with bewildering speed.

The *Giaour* was reviewed by George Agar Ellis in the *Quarterly* (No. xxxi., January, 1813 [published February 11, 1813]) and in the *Edinburgh Review* by Jeffrey (No. 54, January, 1813 [published February 24, 1813]).

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE ON *THE GIAOUR.*

THE bibliography of the *Giaour* is beset with difficulties, and it is doubtful if more than approximate accuracy can be secured. The composition of the entire poem in its present shape was accomplished within six months, May—November, 1813, but during that period it was expanded by successive accretions from a first draft of 407 lines (extant in MS.) to a seventh edition of 1334 lines. A proof is extant of an edition of 28 pages containing 460 lines, itself an enlargement on the MS.; but whether (as a note in the handwriting of the late Mr. Murray affirms) this was or was not published is uncertain. A portion of a second proof of 38 pages has been preserved, but of the publication of the poem in this state there is no record. On June 5 a first edition of 41 pages, containing 685 lines, was issued, and of this numerous copies are extant. At the end of June, or the beginning of July, 1813, a second edition, entitled, a "New Edition with some Additions," appeared. This consisted of 47 pages, and numbered 816 lines. Among the accretions is to be found the famous passage beginning, "He that hath bent him o'er the dead." Two MS. copies of this *pannus vere purpureus* are in Mr. Murray's possession. At the end of July, and during the first half of August, two or more issues of a third edition were set up in type. The first issue amounted to 53 pages, containing 950 lines, was certainly published in this form, and possibly a second issue of 56 pages, containing 1004 lines, may have followed at a brief interval. A revise of this second issue, dated August 13, is extant. In the last fortnight of August a fourth edition of 58 pages, containing 1048 lines, undoubtedly saw the light. Scarcely more than a few days can have elapsed before a fifth edition of 66 pages,

containing 1215 lines, was ready to supplant the fourth edition. A sixth edition, a reproduction of the fifth, may have appeared in October. A seventh edition of 75 pages, containing 1334 lines, which presented the poem in its final shape, was issued subsequently to November 27, 1813 (a seventh edition was advertised in the *Morning Chronicle*, December 22, 1813), the date of the last revise, or of an advance copy of the issue. The ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth editions belong to 1814, while a fourteenth edition is known to have been issued in 1815. In that year and henceforward the *Giaour* was included in the various collected editions of Byron's works. The subjoined table assigns to their several editions the successive accretions in their order as now published :—

Lines.	*Giaour.* Edition of ——
1— 6.	*MS. First edition of* 28 *pages.*
7— 20.	Second edition. [47 pages, 816 lines.] Approximate date, June 24, 1813.
21— 45.	Third edition. [53 pages, 950 lines.] July 30, 1813.
46—102.	Second edition.
103—167.	Fifth edition. [66 pages, 1215 lines.] August 25, 1813.
168—199.	*MS. First edition of* 28 *pages.*
200—250.	Third edition.
251—252.	Seventh edition. [75 pages, 1334 lines.] November 27, 1813.
253—276.	Third edition.
277—287.	*MS. First edition of* 28 *pages.*
288—351.	Third edition. (Second issue?) August 11, 1813. [56 pages, 1004, ? 1014 lines.]
352—503.	*MS. First edition of* 28 *pages.*
504—518.	Third edition.
519—619.	*MS. First edition of* 28 *pages.*
620—654.	Second edition.
655—688.	*MS. First edition of* 28 *pages.*
689—722.	Fourth edition. [58 pages, 1048 lines.] August 19.
723—737.	*MS. First edition of* 28 *pages.* 733-4 not in the MS., but in First edition of 28 pages.

Lines.	*Giaour.*	Edition of ——
738— 745.	*First edition of* 41 *pages.*	June 5, 1813.
746— 786.	First edition of 28 pages.	Not in the MS.
787— 831.	*MS. First edition of* 28 *pages.*	
832— 915.	Seventh edition.	
916— 998.	*First edition of* 41 *pages.*	937–970 no MS.
999—1023.	Second edition.	
1024—1028.	Seventh edition.	
1029—1079.	*First edition of* 41 *pages.*	
1080—1098.	Third edition.	
1099—1125.	*First edition of* 41 *pages.*	
1126—1130.	Seventh edition.	
1131—1191.	Fifth edition.	
1192—1217.	Seventh edition.	
1218—1256.	Fifth edition.	
1257—1318.	*First edition of* 41 *pages.*	
1319—1334.	*MS. First edition of* 28 *pages.*	

Note.

The first edition is advertised in the *Morning Chronicle*, June 5; a third edition on August 11, 13, 16, 31; a fifth edition, with considerable additions, on September 11; on November 29 a "new edition;" and on December 27, 1813, a seventh edition, together with a repeated notice of the *Bride of Abydos*. These dates do not exactly correspond with Murray's contemporary memoranda of the dates of the successive issues.

TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

AS A SLIGHT BUT MOST SINCERE TOKEN

OF ADMIRATION OF HIS GENIUS,

RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER,

AND GRATITUDE FOR HIS FRIENDSHIP,

THIS PRODUCTION IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS OBLIGED

AND AFFECTIONATE SERVANT,

BYRON.

LONDON, *May*, 1813.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE tale which these disjointed fragments present, is founded upon circumstances now less common in the East than formerly; either because the ladies are more circumspect than in the "olden time," or because the Christians have better fortune, or less enterprise. The story, when entire, contained the adventures of a female slave, who was thrown, in the Mussulman manner, into the sea for infidelity, and avenged by a young Venetian, her lover, at the time the Seven Islands were possessed by the Republic of Venice, and soon after the Arnauts were beaten back from the Morea, which they had ravaged for some time subsequent to the Russian invasion. The desertion of the Mainotes, on being refused the plunder of Misitra, led to the abandonment of that enterprise, and to the desolation of the Morea, during which the cruelty exercised on all sides was unparalleled even in the annals of the faithful.

THE GIAOUR.

No breath of air to break the wave
That rolls below the Athenian's grave,
That tomb [1] which, gleaming o'er the cliff,
First greets the homeward-veering skiff
High o'er the land he saved in vain;
When shall such Hero live again?

* * * * *

1. A tomb above the rocks on the promontory, by some supposed the sepulchre of Themistocles.

["There are," says Cumberland, in his *Observer*, "a few lines by Plato upon the tomb of Themistocles, which have a turn of elegant and pathetic simplicity in them, that deserves a better translation than I can give—

"'By the sea's margin, on the watery strand,
Thy monument, Themistocles, shall stand:
By this directed to thy native shore,
The merchant shall convey his freighted store;
And when our fleets are summoned to the fight
Athens shall conquer with thy tomb in sight.'"

Note to Edition 1832.

The traditional site of the tomb of Themistocles, "a rock-hewn grave on the very margin of the sea generally covered with water," adjoins the lighthouse, which stands on the westernmost promontory of the Piræus, some three quarters of a mile from the entrance to the harbour. Plutarch, in his *Themistocles* (cap. xxxii.), is at pains to describe the exact site of the "altar-like tomb," and quotes the passage from Plato (the comic poet, B.C. 428–389) which Cumberland paraphrases. Byron and Hobhouse "made the complete circuit of the peninsula of Munychia," January 18, 1810.—*Travels in Albania*, 1858, i. 317, 318.]

Fair clime! where every season smiles[i.]
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
And lend to loneliness delight.
There mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek
Reflects the tints of many a peak
Caught by the laughing tides that lave
These Edens of the eastern wave:
And if at times a transient breeze
Break the blue crystal of the seas,
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
How welcome is each gentle air
That wakes and wafts the odours there!
For there the Rose, o'er crag or vale,
Sultana of the Nightingale,[1]

i. *Fair clime! where* ceaseless summer *smiles*
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
Which seen from far Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
And lend to loneliness delight.
There shine the bright abodes ye seek,
Like dimples upon Ocean's cheek,
So smiling round the waters lave
These Edens of the Eastern wave.
Or *if, at times, the transient breeze*
Break the smooth *crystal of the seas,*
Or brush *one blossom from the trees,*
How grateful *is each gentle air*
That wakes and wafts the fragrance *there.*—[*MS.*]
—— *the fragrance there.*—[*Second Edition.*]

1. The attachment of the nightingale to the rose is a well-known Persian fable. If I mistake not, the "Bulbul of a thousand tales" is one of his appellations.

[Thus Mesihi, as translated by Sir William Jones—

"Come, charming maid! and hear thy poet sing,
Thyself the rose and he the bird of spring:
Love bids him sing, and Love will be obey'd.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade."

"The full style and title of the Persian nightingale (*Pycnonotus*

The maid for whom his melody,
His thousand songs are heard on high,
Blooms blushing to her lover's tale:
His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,
Unbent by winds, unchilled by snows,
Far from the winters of the west,
By every breeze and season blest,
Returns the sweets by Nature given
In softest incense back to Heaven;
And grateful yields that smiling sky
Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.
And many a summer flower is there,
And many a shade that Love might share,
And many a grotto, meant for rest,
That holds the pirate for a guest;
Whose bark in sheltering cove below
Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,
Till the gay mariner's guitar[1]
Is heard, and seen the Evening Star;

hæmorrhous) is 'Bulbul-i-hazár-dástán,' usually shortened to 'Hazar' (bird of a thousand tales = the thousand), generally called 'Andalib.'" (See *Arabian Nights*, by Richard F. Burton, 1887; *Supplemental Nights*, iii. 506.) For the nightingale's attachment to the rose, compare Moore's *Lalla Rookh*—

"Oh! sooner shall the rose of May
Mistake her own sweet nightingale," etc.
(Ed. "Chandos Classics," p. 423)

and Fitzgerald's translation of the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám (stanza vi.)—

"And David's lips are lockt; but in divine
High piping Pehlevi, with 'Wine! Wine! Wine!
Red Wine!'—the Nightingale cries to the Rose
That sallow cheek of hers to incarnadine."
Rubáiyát, etc., 1899, p. 29, and *note*, p. 62.

Byron was indebted for his information to a note on a passage in *Vathek*, by S. Henley (*Vathek*, 1893, p. 217).]

1. The guitar is the constant amusement of the Greek sailor by night; with a steady fair wind, and during a calm, it is accompanied always by the voice, and often by dancing.

Then stealing with the muffled oar,
Far shaded by the rocky shore,
Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,
And turn to groans his roundelay.
Strange—that where Nature loved to trace,
As if for Gods, a dwelling place,
And every charm and grace hath mixed
Within the Paradise she fixed,
There man, enamoured of distress,
Should mar it into wilderness, [i.]
And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower
That tasks not one laborious hour;
Nor claims the culture of his hand
To bloom along the fairy land,
But springs as to preclude his care,
And sweetly woos him—but to spare!
Strange—that where all is Peace beside,
There Passion riots in her pride,
And Lust and Rapine wildly reign
To darken o'er the fair domain.
It is as though the Fiends prevailed
Against the Seraphs they assailed,
And, fixed on heavenly thrones, should dwell
The freed inheritors of Hell;
So soft the scene, so formed for joy,
So curst the tyrants that destroy!

He who hath bent him o'er the dead [ii. 1]
Ere the first day of Death is fled,

i. *Should wanton in a wilderness.*—[*MS.*]

ii. The first draft of this celebrated passage differs in many

1. [Compare "Beyond Milan the country wore the aspect of a wider devastation; and though everything seemed more quiet, the repose was like that of death spread over features which retain the

The first dark day of Nothingness,
The last of Danger and Distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where Beauty lingers,)
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of Repose that's there,[i.]
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,

particulars from the Fair Copy, which, with the exception of the passages marked as *vars.* i. (p. 89) and i. (p. 90), is the same as the text. It ran as follows :—

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled—
The first dark day of Nothingness
The last of doom *and of distress—*
Before Corruption's cankering *fingers*
Hath tinged the hue *where Beauty lingers*
And marked the soft and settled *air*
That dwells with all but Spirit there
The fixed yet tender lines *that speak*
Of Peace along *the placid cheek*
And—but for that sad shrouded eye
That fires not—pleads *not—weeps not—now—*
And but for that pale chilling *brow*
Whose touch tells of Mortality
~~And curdles to the Gazer's heart~~
As if to him it could impart
The doom he only *looks upon—*
Yes but for these and these alone,
A moment—yet—a little hour
We *still might doubt the Tyrant's power.*

The eleven lines following (88–98) were not emended in the Fair Copy, and are included in the text. The Fair Copy is the sole MS. authority for the four concluding lines of the paragraph.

i. *And marked the almost dreaming air,*
Which speaks the sweet repose that's there.—
[*MS. of Fair Copy.*]

impression of the last convulsions."—*Mysteries of Udolpho*, by Mrs. Ann Radcliffe, 1794, ii. 29.]

Where cold Obstruction's apathy [1]
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,[i]
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
Yes, but for these and these alone,
Some moments, aye, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the Tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by Death revealed![2]
Such is the aspect of this shore; 90
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more![3]
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for Soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;

i. *Whose touch thrills with mortality,*
And curdles to the gazer's heart.—[*MS. of Fair Copy.*]

1. "Aye, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction?"
Measure for Measure, act iii. sc. 1, lines 115, 116.

[Compare, too, *Childe Harold*, Canto II. stanza iv. line 5.]

2. I trust that few of my readers have ever had an opportunity of witnessing what is here attempted in description; but those who have will probably retain a painful remembrance of that singular beauty which pervades, with few exceptions, the features of the dead, a few hours, and but for a few hours, after "the spirit is not there." It is to be remarked in cases of violent death by gun-shot wounds, the expression is always that of languor, whatever the natural energy of the sufferer's character; but in death from a stab the countenance preserves its traits of feeling or ferocity, and the mind its bias, to the last. [According to Medwin (1824, 4to, p. 223), an absurd charge, based on the details of this note, was brought against Byron, that he had been guilty of murder, and spoke from experience.]

3. [In Dallaway's *Constantinople* (p. 2) [Rev. James Dallaway (1763–1834) published *Constantinople Ancient and Modern, etc.*, in 1797], a book which Lord Byron is not unlikely to have consulted, I find a passage quoted from Gillies' *History of Greece* (vol. i. p. 335), which contains, perhaps, the first seed of the thought thus expanded into full perfection by genius: "The present state of Greece, compared to the ancient, is the silent obscurity of the grave contrasted with the vivid lustre of active life."—Moore, *Note to Edition* 1832.]

But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded Halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away!
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth!

Clime of the unforgotten brave![1]
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,[i.]
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach, thou craven crouching slave:[2]
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?[ii.]
These waters blue that round you lave,—
Oh servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own;
Snatch from the ashes of your Sires
The embers of their former fires;

i. *Fountain of Wisdom! can it be.*—[*MS. erased.*]

ii. *Why is not this Thermopylæ*
These waters blue that round you lave
Degenerate offspring of the free—
How name ye them what shore is this?
The wave, the rock of Salamis?—[*MS.*]

1. [From hence to the conclusion of the paragraph, the MS. is written in a hurried and almost illegible hand, as if these splendid lines had been poured forth in one continuous burst of poetic feeling, which would hardly allow time for the pen to follow the imagination.—(*Note to Edition* 1837. The lines were added to the Second Edition.)]

2. [Compare—

"Son of the Morning, rise! approach you here!"

Childe Harold, Canto II. stanza iii. line 1.]

And he who in the strife expires [i.]
Will add to theirs a name of fear
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame:
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,[ii.]
Though baffled oft is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page!
Attest it many a deathless age![iii.]
While Kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy Heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye [iv.]
The graves of those that cannot die!
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from Splendour to Disgrace;
Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell;
Yet! Self-abasement paved the way
To villain-bonds and despot sway.

What can he tell who treads thy shore?
No legend of thine olden time,
No theme on which the Muse might soar
High as thine own in days of yore,

i. *And he who in the cause expires,*
Will add a name and fate to them
Well worthy of his noble stem.—[*MS.*]
ii. *Commenced by Sire—renewed by Son.*—[*MS.*]
iii. *Attest it many a former age*
While kings in dark oblivion hid.—[*MS.*]
iv. *There let the Muse direct thine eye.*—[*MS.*]

When man was worthy of thy clime.
The hearts within thy valleys bred,[i.]
The fiery souls that might have led
Thy sons to deeds sublime,
Now crawl from cradle to the Grave,
Slaves—nay, the bondsmen of a Slave,[1]
And callous, save to crime;
Stained with each evil that pollutes
Mankind, where least above the brutes;
Without even savage virtue blest,
Without one free or valiant breast,
Still to the neighbouring ports they waft[ii.]
Proverbial wiles, and ancient craft;
In this the subtle Greek is found,
For this, and this alone, renowned.
In vain might Liberty invoke
The spirit to its bondage broke
Or raise the neck that courts the yoke:
No more her sorrows I bewail,
Yet this will be a mournful tale,
And they who listen may believe,
Who heard it first had cause to grieve.

* * * * *

Far, dark, along the blue sea glancing,
The shadows of the rocks advancing

i. *The hearts amid thy mountains bred.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *Now to the neighbouring shores they waft*
Their ancient and proverbial craft.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. Athens is the property of the Kislar Aga [kizlar-aghasî] (the slave of the Seraglio and guardian of the women), who appoints the Waywode. A pander and eunuch—these are not polite, yet true appellations—now *governs* the *governor* of Athens!

[Hobhouse maintains that this subordination of the waiwodes (or vaivodes = the Sclavic βοεβόδα) (Turkish governors of Athens) to a higher Turkish official, was on the whole favourable to the liberties and well-being of the Athenians.—*Travels in Albania*, 1858, i. 246.]

Start on the fisher's eye like boat
Of island-pirate or Mainote;
And fearful for his light caïque,
He shuns the near but doubtful creek: ·
Though worn and weary with his toil,
And cumbered with his scaly spoil,
Slowly, yet strongly, plies the oar,
Till Port Leone's safer shore
Receives him by the lovely light
That best becomes an Eastern night.

* * * * *

Who thundering comes on blackest steed,[1]
With slackened bit and hoof of speed?
Beneath the clattering iron's sound
The caverned Echoes wake around
In lash for lash, and bound for bound;
The foam that streaks the courser's side
Seems gathered from the Ocean-tide:
Though weary waves are sunk to rest,
There's none within his rider's breast;
And though to-morrow's tempest lower,
'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour![2]

i. *He silent shuns the doubtful creek.*—[*MS.*]

1. [The reciter of the tale is a Turkish fisherman, who has been employed during the day in the gulf of Ægina, and in the evening, apprehensive of the Mainote pirates who infest the coast of Attica, lands with his boat on the harbour of Port Leone, the ancient Piræus. He becomes the eye-witness of nearly all the incidents in the story, and in one of them is a principal agent. It is to his feelings, and particularly to his religious prejudices, that we are indebted for some of the most forcible and splendid parts of the poem.—Note by George Agar Ellis, 1797–1833.]

2. [In Dr. Clarke's Travels (Edward Daniel Clarke, 1769–1822, published *Travels in Europe, Asia, Africa*, 1810–24), this word, which means *infidel*, is always written according to its English pronunciation, *Djour*. Byron adopted the Italian spelling usual among the Franks of the Levant.—*Note to Edition* 1832.

The pronunciation of the word depends on its origin. If it is

I know thee not, I loathe thy race,
But in thy lineaments I trace
What Time shall strengthen, not efface:
Though young and pale, that sallow front
Is scathed by fiery Passion's brunt;
Though bent on earth thine evil eye,[i.]
As meteor-like thou glidest by,
Right well I view and deem thee one
Whom Othman's sons should slay or shun.

On—on he hastened, and he drew
My gaze of wonder as he flew:[ii.]
Though like a Demon of the night
He passed, and vanished from my sight,
His aspect and his air impressed
A troubled memory on my breast,
And long upon my startled ear
Rung his dark courser's hoofs of fear.
He spurs his steed; he nears the steep,
That, jutting, shadows o'er the deep;
He winds around; he hurries by;
The rock relieves him from mine eye;
For, well I ween, unwelcome he
Whose glance is fixed on those that flee;
And not a star but shines too bright

i. *Though scarcely marked* ——.—[*MS.*]
ii. *With him my wonder as he flew.*—[*MS.*]
With him my roused and wondering view.—[*MS. erased.*]

associated with the Arabic *jawr*, a "deviating" or "erring," the initial consonant would be soft, but if with the Persian *gawr*, or *guebre*, "a fire-worshipper," the word should be pronounced *Gow-er*—as Gower Street has come to be pronounced. It is to be remarked that to the present day the Nestorians of Urumiah are contemned as *Gy-ours* (the *G* hard), by their Mohammedan countrymen.—(From information kindly supplied by Mr. A. G. Ellis, of the Oriental Printed Books and MSS. Department, British Museum.)]

On him who takes such timeless flight.[i.]
He wound along; but ere he passed
One glance he snatched, as if his last,
A moment checked his wheeling steed,[1]
A moment breathed him from his speed,
A moment on his stirrup stood—
Why looks he o'er the olive wood?[ii.]
The Crescent glimmers on the hill,
The Mosque's high lamps are quivering still
Though too remote for sound to wake
In echoes of the far tophaike,[2]
The flashes of each joyous peal
Are seen to prove the Moslem's zeal.
To-night, set Rhamazani's sun;
To-night, the Bairam feast's begun;
To-night—but who and what art thou
Of foreign garb and fearful brow?
And what are these to thine or thee,
That thou shouldst either pause or flee?

He stood—some dread was on his face,
Soon Hatred settled in its place:
It rose not with the reddening flush

i. *For him who takes so fast a flight.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *And looked along the olive wood.*—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare—

"A moment now he slacked his speed,
A moment breathed his panting steed."

Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto I. stanza xxvii. lines 1, 2.]

2. "Tophaike," musket. The Bairam is announced by the cannon at sunset: the illumination of the mosques, and the firing of all kinds of small arms, loaded with *ball*, proclaim it during the night.

[The Bairâm, the Moslem Easter, a festival of three days, succeeded the Ramazân.

For the illumination of the mosques during the fast of the Ramazân, see *Childe Harold*, Canto II. stanza lv. line 5, *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 134, *note* 2.]

Of transient Anger's hasty blush,[i. 1]
But pale as marble o'er the tomb,
Whose ghastly whiteness aids its gloom.
His brow was bent, his eye was glazed;
He raised his arm, and fiercely raised,
And sternly shook his hand on high,
As doubting to return or fly;[ii.]
Impatient of his flight delayed,
Here loud his raven charger neighed—
Down glanced that hand, and grasped his blade;
That sound had burst his waking dream,
As Slumber starts at owlet's scream.
The spur hath lanced his courser's sides;
Away—away—for life he rides:
Swift as the hurled on high jerreed[2]
Springs to the touch his startled steed;
The rock is doubled, and the shore
Shakes with the clattering tramp no more;
The crag is won, no more is seen

i. *Of transient Anger's Darkening blush.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *As doubting if to stay or fly—*
Then turned it swiftly to his blade;
As loud his raven charger neighed—
That sound dispelled his waking dream,
As sleepers start at owlet's scream.—[*MS.*]

1. [For "hasty," all the editions till the twelfth read "*darkening* blush." On the back of a copy of the eleventh, Lord Byron has written, "Why did not the printer attend to the solitary correction so repeatedly made? I have no copy of this, and desire to have none till my request is complied with."—*Notes to Editions* 1832, 1837.]

2. Jerreed, or Djerrid [Jarīd], a blunted Turkish javelin, which is darted from horseback with great force and precision. It is a favourite exercise of the Mussulmans; but I know not if it can be called a *manly* one, since the most expert in the art are the Black Eunuchs of Constantinople. I think, next to these, a Mamlouk at Smyrna was the most skilful that came within my observation.

[Lines 250, 251, together with the note, were inserted in the Third Edition.]

His Christian crest and haughty mien.
'Twas but an instant he restrained
That fiery barb so sternly reined;[i.]
'Twas but a moment that he stood,
Then sped as if by Death pursued;
But in that instant o'er his soul
Winters of Memory seemed to roll,
And gather in that drop of time
A life of pain, an age of crime.
O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,
Such moment pours the grief of years:[ii.]
What felt *he* then, at once opprest
By all that most distracts the breast?
That pause, which pondered o'er his fate,
Oh, who its dreary length shall date!
Though in Time's record nearly nought,
It was Eternity to Thought![1]
For infinite as boundless space
The thought that Conscience must embrace,
Which in itself can comprehend
Woe without name, or hope, or end.[2]

i. *'Twas but an instant, though so long*
When thus dilated in my song.
'Twas but an instant ——.—[*MS.*]
ii. *Such moment holds a thousand years.*
or, *Such moment proves the grief of years.*—[*MS.*]

1. ["Lord Byron told Mr. Murray that he took this idea from one of the Arabian tales—that in which the Sultan puts his head into a butt of water, and, though it remains there for only two or three minutes, he imagines that he lives many years during that time. The story had been quoted by Addison in the *Spectator*" [No. 94, June 18, 1711].—*Memoir of John Murray*, 1891, i. 219, *note.*]

2. [Lines 271–276 were added in the Third Edition. The MS. proceeds with a direction (dated July 31, 1813) to the printer—

"And alter

"'A life of *woe*—an age of crime—'

to

"'A life of *pain*—an age of crime.'

The hour is past, the Giaour is gone;
And did he fly or fall alone?[i.]
Woe to that hour he came or went!
The curse for Hassan's sin was sent
To turn a palace to a tomb;
He came, he went, like the Simoom,[1]
That harbinger of Fate and gloom,
Beneath whose widely-wasting breath
The very cypress droops to death—
Dark tree, still sad when others' grief is fled,
The only constant mourner o'er the dead!

The steed is vanished from the stall;
No serf is seen in Hassan's hall;
The lonely Spider's thin gray pall[ii.]
Waves slowly widening o'er the wall;

i. *But neither fled nor fell alone.*—[*MS.*]

ii. There are two MS. versions of lines 290–298: (A) a rough copy, and (B) a fair copy—

(A) *And wide the Spider's thin grey pall*
Is curtained on the splendid wall—

Alter also the lines

"'On him who loves or hates or fears
Such moment holds a thousand years,'

to

"'O'er him who loves or hates or fears
Such moment pours the grief of years.'"]

1. The blast of the desert, fatal to everything living, and often alluded to in Eastern poetry.

[James Bruce, 1730–1794 (nicknamed "Abyssinian Bruce"), gives a remarkable description of the simoom: "I saw from the south-east a haze come, in colour like the purple part of the rainbow, but not so compressed or thick. It did not occupy twenty yards in breadth, and was about twelve feet high from the ground. It was a kind of blush upon the air, and it moved very rapidly. . . . We all lay flat on the ground . . . till it was blown over. The meteor, or purple haze, which I saw was, indeed, passed, but the light air which still blew was of a heat to threaten suffocation." He goes on to say that he did not recover the effect of the sandblast on his chest for nearly two years (Bruce's *Life and Travels*, ed. 1830, p. 470). —*Note to Edition* 1832.]

The Bat builds in his Haram bower,[1]
And in the fortress of his power
The Owl usurps the beacon-tower;
The wild-dog howls o'er the fountain's brim,
With baffled thirst, and famine, grim;
For the stream has shrunk from its marble bed,
Where the weeds and the desolate dust are spread.
'Twas sweet of yore to see it play
And chase the sultriness of day,
As springing high the silver dew[i.]
In whirls fantastically flew,

The Bat hath built in his mother's bower,
And in the fortress of his power
The Owl hath fixed her beacon tower,
The wild dogs howl on the fountain's brim
With baffled thirst and famine grim,
For the stream is shrunk from its marble bed
Where Desolation's dust is spread.—[*MS.*]

B. ["August 5, 1813, in last of 3rd or first of 4th ed."]

The lonely Spider's thin grey pall
Is curtained o'er the splendid wall—
The Bat builds in his mother's bower;
And in the fortress of his power
The Owl hath fixed her beacon-tower,
The wild dog howls o'er the fountain's brink,
But vainly lolls his tongue to drink.—[*MS.*]

i. *The silver dew of coldness sprinkling*
In drops fantastically twinkling
As from the spring the silver dew
In whirls fantastically flew
And dashed luxurious coolness round
The air—and verdure on the ground.—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare "The walls of Balclutha were desolated. . . . The stream of Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls. The fox looked out from the windows" (Ossian's *Balclutha*). "The dreary night-owl screams in the solitary retreat of his mouldering ivy-covered tower" (*Larnul, or the Song of Despair: Poems of Ossian*, discovered by the Baron de Harold, 1787, p. 172). Compare, too, the well-known lines, "The spider holds the veil in the palace of Cæsar; the owl stands sentinel on the watch-tower of Afrasyab" (*A Grammar of the Persian Language*, by Sir W. Jones, 1809, p. 106).]

And flung luxurious coolness round
The air, and verdure o'er the ground.
'Twas sweet, when cloudless stars were bright,
To view the wave of watery light,
And hear its melody by night.
And oft had Hassan's Childhood played
Around the verge of that cascade;
And oft upon his mother's breast
That sound had harmonized his rest;
And oft had Hassan's Youth along
Its bank been soothed by Beauty's song;
And softer seemed each melting tone
Of Music mingled with its own.
But ne'er shall Hassan's Age repose
Along the brink at Twilight's close:
The stream that filled that font is fled—
The blood that warmed his heart is shed![i.]
And here no more shall human voice
Be heard to rage, regret, rejoice.
The last sad note that swelled the gale
Was woman's wildest funeral wail:
That quenched in silence, all is still,
But the lattice that flaps when the wind is shrill:
Though raves the gust, and floods the rain,
No hand shall close its clasp again.
On desert sands 'twere joy to scan
The rudest steps of fellow man,
So here the very voice of Grief
Might wake an Echo like relief—[ii.]
At least 'twould say, "All are not gone;

i. *For thirsty Fox and Jackal gaunt*
May vainly for its waters pant.—[*MS.*]
or, *The famished fox the wild dog gaunt*
May vainly for its waters pant.—[*MS.*]
ii. *Might strike an echo* ——.—[*MS.*]

There lingers Life, though but in one"—[i.]
For many a gilded chamber's there,
Which Solitude might well forbear;[1]
Within that dome as yet Decay
Hath slowly worked her cankering way—
But gloom is gathered o'er the gate,
Nor there the Fakir's self will wait;
Nor there will wandering Dervise stay,
For Bounty cheers not his delay;
Nor there will weary stranger halt
To bless the sacred "bread and salt."[ii. 2]

i. *And welcome Life though but in one*
For many a gilded chamber's there
Unmeet for Solitude to share.—[*MS.*]

ii. *To share the Master's "bread and salt."*—[*MS.*]

1. ["I have just recollected an alteration you may make in the proof. . . . Among the lines on Hassan's Serai, is this—'Unmeet for Solitude to share.' Now, to share implies more than *one*, and Solitude is a single gentlewoman: it must be thus—

"'For many a gilded chamber's there,
Which Solitude might well forbear;'

and so on. Will you adopt this correction? and pray accept a cheese from me for your trouble."—Letter to John Murray, Stilton, October 3, 1813, *Letters*, 1898, ii. 274.]

2. [To partake of food—to break bread and taste salt with your host, ensures the safety of the guest: even though an enemy, his person from that moment becomes sacred.—(Note appended to Letter of October 3, 1813.)

"I leave this (*vide supra, note* 1) to your discretion; if anybody thinks the old line a good one or the cheese a bad one, don't accept either. But in that case the word *share* is repeated soon after in the line—

"'To share the master's bread and salt;'

and must be altered to—

"'To break the master's bread and salt.'

This is not so well, though—confound it!"

"If the old line ['Unmeet for Solitude to share'] stands, let the other run thus—

"'Nor there will weary traveller halt,
To bless the sacred bread and salt.'

(P.S. to Murray, October 3, 1813.)

Alike must Wealth and Poverty
Pass heedless and unheeded by,
For Courtesy and Pity died
With Hassan on the mountain side.
His roof, that refuge unto men,
Is Desolation's hungry den.
The guest flies the hall, and the vassal from labour,
Since his turban was cleft by the infidel's sabre ![i. 1]

* * * * *

I hear the sound of coming feet,
But not a voice mine ear to greet;
More near—each turban I can scan,
And silver-sheathèd ataghan;[2]
The foremost of the band is seen
An Emir by his garb of green:[3]

i. *And cold Hospitality shrinks from the labour,*
The slave fled his halter and the serf left his labour.—[*MS.*]
or, *Ah! there Hospitality light is thy labour,*
or, *Ah! who for the traveller's solace will labour?*—[*MS.*]

The emendation of line 335 made that of line 343 unnecessary, but both emendations were accepted.

(Moore says (*Life*, p. 191, *note*) that the directions are written on a separate slip of paper from the letter to Murray of October 3, 1813).]

1. I need hardly observe, that Charity and Hospitality are the first duties enjoined by Mahomet; and to say truth, very generally practised by his disciples. The first praise that can be bestowed on a chief is a panegyric on his bounty; the next, on his valour. ["Serve God . . . and show kindness unto parents, and relations, and orphans, and the poor, and your neighbour who is of kin to you . . . and the traveller, and the captives," etc.—*Korân*, cap. iv.

Lines 350, 351 were inserted in the Fifth Edition.]

2. The ataghan, a long dagger worn with pistols in the belt, in a metal scabbard, generally of silver; and, among the wealthier, gilt, or of gold.

3. Green is the privileged colour of the prophet's numerous pretended descendants; with them, as here, faith (the family inheritance) is supposed to supersede the necessity of good works: they are the worst of a very indifferent brood.

"Ho! who art thou?"—"This low salam [1]
Replies of Moslem faith I am.[i.]
The burthen ye so gently bear,
Seems one that claims your utmost care,
And, doubtless, holds some precious freight—
My humble bark would gladly wait."[ii.]

"Thou speakest sooth: thy skiff unmoor,
And waft us from the silent shore;
Nay, leave the sail still furled, and ply
The nearest oar that's scattered by,
And midway to those rocks where sleep
The channelled waters dark and deep.
Rest from your task—so—bravely done,
Our course has been right swiftly run;
Yet 'tis the longest voyage, I trow,
That one of—[2] * * *
* * * * * "

Sullen it plunged, and slowly sank,
The calm wave rippled to the bank;
I watched it as it sank, methought

i. *Take ye and give ye that salam,*
That says of Moslem faith I am.—[*MS.*]
ii. *Which one of yonder barks may wait.*—[*MS.*]

1. "Salam aleikoum! aleikoum salam!" peace be with you; be with you peace—the salutation reserved for the faithful:—to a Christian, "Urlarula!" a good journey; or "saban hiresem, saban serula," good morn, good even; and sometimes, "may your end be happy!" are the usual salutes.

["After both sets of prayers, Farz and Sunnah, the Moslem looks over his right shoulder, and says, 'The Peace (of Allah) be upon you and the ruth of Allah,' and repeats the words over the left shoulder. The salutation is addressed to the Guardian Angels, or to the bystanders (Moslem), who, however, do not return it."—*Arabian Nights*, by Richard F. Burton, 1887: *Supplemental Nights*, i. 14, *note*.]

2. [In the MS. and the first five editions the broken line (373) consisted of two words only, "That one."]

Some motion from the current caught
Bestirred it more,—'twas but the beam
That checkered o'er the living stream:
I gazed, till vanishing from view,
Like lessening pebble it withdrew;
Still less and less, a speck of white
That gemmed the tide, then mocked the sight;
And all its hidden secrets sleep,
Known but to Genii of the deep,
Which, trembling in their coral caves,
They dare not whisper to the waves.

* * * * *

As rising on its purple wing
The insect-queen [1] of Eastern spring,
O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
Invites the young pursuer near,
And leads him on from flower to flower
A weary chase and wasted hour,
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
With panting heart and tearful eye:
So Beauty lures the full-grown child,
With hue as bright, and wing as wild:
A chase of idle hopes and fears,
Begun in folly, closed in tears.
If won, to equal ills betrayed,[i]
Woe waits the insect and the maid;

i. *If caught, to fate alike betrayed.*—[*MS.*]

1. The blue-winged butterfly of Kashmeer, the most rare and beautiful of the species.

[The same insects (butterflies of Cachemir) are celebrated in an unpublished poem of Mesihi. . . . Sir Anthony Shirley relates that it was customary in Persia "to hawk after butterflies with sparrows, made to that use."—Note by S. Henley to *Vathek*, ed. 1893, p. 222.

Byron, in his Journal, December 1, 1813, speaks of Lady Charlemont as "that blue-winged Kashmirian butterfly of book-learning."]

A life of pain, the loss of peace;
From infant's play, and man's caprice:
The lovely toy so fiercely sought
Hath lost its charm by being caught,
For every touch that wooed its stay
Hath brushed its brightest hues away,
Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,
'Tis left to fly or fall alone.
With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,
Ah! where shall either victim rest?
Can this with faded pinion soar
From rose to tulip as before?
Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,
Find joy within her broken bower?
No: gayer insects fluttering by
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,
And lovelier things have mercy shown
To every failing but their own,
And every woe a tear can claim
Except an erring Sister's shame.

* * * * *

The Mind, that broods o'er guilty woes,
Is like the Scorpion girt by fire;
In circle narrowing as it glows,[i.]
The flames around their captive close,
Till inly searched by thousand throes,
And maddening in her ire,
One sad and sole relief she knows—
The sting she nourished for her foes,
Whose venom never yet was vain,
Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,
And darts into her desperate brain:

i. *The gathering flames around her close.*—[*MS. erased.*]

So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like Scorpion girt by fire;[1]
So writhes the mind Remorse hath riven,[i.]
Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven,
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death!

* * * * *

Black Hassan from the Haram flies,
Nor bends on woman's form his eyes;
The unwonted chase each hour employs,
Yet shares he not the hunter's joys.
Not thus was Hassan wont to fly
When Leila dwelt in his Serai.
Doth Leila there no longer dwell?
That tale can only Hassan tell:
Strange rumours in our city say
Upon that eve she fled away
When Rhamazan's[2] last sun was set
And flashing from each Minaret

i. *So writhes the mind by Conscience riven.*—[*MS.*]

1. Alluding to the dubious suicide of the scorpion, so placed for experiment by gentle philosophers. Some maintain that the position of the sting, when turned towards the head, is merely a convulsive movement; but others have actually brought in the verdict "Felo de se." The scorpions are surely interested in a speedy decision of the question; as, if once fairly established as insect Catos, they will probably be allowed to live as long as they think proper, without being martyred for the sake of an hypothesis.

[Byron assured Dallas that the simile of the scorpion was imagined in his sleep.—*Recollections of the Life of Lord Byron*, by R. C. Dallas, p. 264.

"Probably in some instances the poor scorpion has been burnt to death; and the well-known habit of these creatures to raise the tail over the back and recurve it so that the extremity touches the fore part of the cephalo-thorax, has led to the idea that it was stinging itself."—*Encycl. Brit.*, art. "Arachnida," by Rev. O. P. Cambridge, ii. 281.]

2. The cannon at sunset close the Rhamazan. [Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto II. stanza lv. line 5, *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 134, *note* 2.]

Millions of lamps proclaimed the feast
Of Bairam through the boundless East.
'Twas then she went as to the bath,
Which Hassan vainly searched in wrath;
For she was flown her master's rage
In likeness of a Georgian page,
And far beyond the Moslem's power
Had wronged him with the faithless Giaour.
Somewhat of this had Hassan deemed;
But still so fond, so fair she seemed,
Too well he trusted to the slave
Whose treachery deserved a grave:
And on that eve had gone to Mosque,
And thence to feast in his Kiosk.
Such is the tale his Nubians tell,
Who did not watch their charge too well;
But others say, that on that night,
By pale Phingari's [1] trembling light,
The Giaour upon his jet-black steed
Was seen, but seen alone to speed
With bloody spur along the shore,
Nor maid nor page behind him bore.

* * * * *

Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell,
But gaze on that of the Gazelle,
It will assist thy fancy well;
As large, as languishingly dark,
But Soul beamed forth in every spark
That darted from beneath the lid,
Bright as the jewel of Giamschid.[2]

1. Phingari, the moon. [Φεγγάρι is derived from φεγγάριον, dim. of φέγγος.]

2. The celebrated fabulous ruby of Sultan Giamschid, the embellisher of Istakhar; from its splendour, named Schebgerag [Schabchirāgh], "the torch of night;" also "the cup of the sun," etc. In

Yea, *Soul*, and should our prophet say
That form was nought but breathing clay,
By Alla! I would answer nay;
Though on Al-Sirat's [1] arch I stood,
Which totters o'er the fiery flood,

the First Edition, "Giamschid" was written as a word of three syllables; so D'Herbelot has it; but I am told Richardson reduces it to a dissyllable, and writes "Jamshid." I have left in the text the orthography of the one with the pronunciation of the other.

[The MS. and First Edition read, "Bright as the gem of Giamschid." Byron's first intention was to change the line into "Bright as the ruby of Giamschid;" but to this Moore objected, "that as the comparison of his heroine's eye to a ruby might unluckily call up the idea of its being bloodshot, he had better change the line to 'Bright as the jewel,' etc."

For the original of Byron's note, see S. Henley's note, *Vathek*, 1893, p. 230. See, too, D'Herbelot's *Bibliothèque Orientale*, 1781, iii. 27.

Sir Richard Burton (*Arabian Nights*, *S.N.*, iii. 440) gives the following *résumé* of the conflicting legends: "Jám-i-jámshid is a well-known commonplace in Moslem folk-lore; but commentators cannot agree whether 'Jám' be a mirror or a cup. In the latter sense it would represent the Cyathomantic cup of the Patriarch Joseph, and the symbolic bowl of Nestor. Jamshid may be translated either 'Jam the bright,' or 'the Cup of the Sun;' this ancient king is the Solomon of the grand old Guebres."

Fitzgerald, "in a very composite quatrain (stanza v.) which cannot be claimed as a translation at all" (see the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyām, by Edward Heron Allen, 1898), embodies a late version of the myth—

"Iram is gone and all his Rose,
And Jamshyd's sev'n-ringed Cup where no one knows."]

1. Al-Sirat, the bridge of breadth narrower than the thread of a famished spider, and sharper than the edge of a sword, over which the Mussulmans must *skate* into Paradise, to which it is the only entrance; but this is not the worst, the river beneath being hell itself, into which, as may be expected, the unskilful and tender of foot contrive to tumble with a "facilis descensus Averni," not very pleasing in prospect to the next passenger. There is a shorter cut downwards for the Jews and Christians.

[Byron is again indebted to *Vathek*, and S. Henley on *Vathek*, p. 237, for his information. The authority for the legend of the Bridge of Paradise is not the Koran, but the Book of Mawakef, quoted by Edward Pococke, in his Commentary (*Notæ Miscellaneæ*) on the *Porta Mosis* of Moses Maimonides (Oxford, 1654, p. 288)—

"Stretched across the back of Hell, it is narrower than a javelin, sharper than the edge of a sword. But all must essay the passage,

With Paradise within my view,
And all his Houris beckoning through.
Oh! who young Leila's glance could read
And keep that portion of his creed
Which saith that woman is but dust,
A soulless toy for tyrant's lust?[1]
On her might Muftis gaze, and own
That through her eye the Immortal shone;
On her fair cheek's unfading hue
The young pomegranate's[2] blossoms strew
Their bloom in blushes ever new;
Her hair in hyacinthine flow,[3]

believers as well as infidels, and it baffles the understanding to imagine in what manner they keep their foothold."

The legend, or rather allegory, to which there would seem to be some allusion in the words of Scripture, "Strait is the gate," etc., is of Zoroastrian origin. Compare the *Zend-Avesta*, Yasna xix. 6 (*Sacred Books of the East*, edited by F. Max Müller, 1887, xxxi. 261), "With even threefold (safety and with speed) I will bring his soul over the Bridge of *Kinvat*," etc.]

1. A vulgar error: the Koran allots at least a third of Paradise to well-behaved women; but by far the greater number of Mussulmans interpret the text their own way, and exclude their moieties from heaven. Being enemies to Platonics, they cannot discern "any fitness of things" in the souls of the other sex, conceiving them to be superseded by the Houris.

[Sale, in his *Preliminary Discourse* ("Chandos Classics," p. 80), in dealing with this question, notes "that there are several passages in the Korân which affirm that women, in the next life, will not only be punished for their evil actions, but will also receive the rewards of their good deeds, as well as the men, and that in this case God will make no distinction of sexes." A single quotation will suffice: "God has promised to believers, men and women, gardens beneath which rivers flow, to dwell therein for aye; and goodly places in the garden of Eden."—*The Qur'ân*, translated by E. H. Palmer, 1880, vi. 183.]

2. An Oriental simile, which may, perhaps, though fairly stolen, be deemed "plus Arabe qu'en Arabie."

[Gulnár (the heroine of the *Corsair* is named Gulnare) is Persian for a pomegranate flower.]

3. Hyacinthine, in Arabic "Sunbul;" as common a thought in the Eastern poets as it was among the Greeks.

[S. Henley (*Vathek*, 1893, p. 208) quotes two lines from the *Solima* (lines 5, 6) of Sir W. Jones—

When left to roll its folds below,
As midst her handmaids in the hall
She stood superior to them all,
Hath swept the marble where her feet
Gleamed whiter than the mountain sleet
Ere from the cloud that gave it birth
It fell, and caught one stain of earth.
The cygnet nobly walks the water;
So moved on earth Circassia's daughter,
The loveliest bird of Franguestan![1]
As rears her crest the ruffled Swan,
And spurns the wave with wings of pride,
When pass the steps of stranger man
Along the banks that bound her tide;
Thus rose fair Leila's whiter neck:—
Thus armed with beauty would she check
Intrusion's glance, till Folly's gaze
Shrunk from the charms it meant to praise.
Thus high and graceful was her gait;
Her heart as tender to her mate;
Her mate—stern Hassan, who was he?
Alas! that name was not for thee![2]

* * * * *

Stern Hassan hath a journey ta'en
With twenty vassals in his train,
Each armed, as best becomes a man,
With arquebuss and ataghan;

"The fragrant hyacinths of Azza's hair
That wanton with the laughing summer-air;"

and refers Milton's "Hyacinthine locks" (*Paradise Lost*, iv. 301) to Lucian's *Pro Imaginibus*, cap. v.]

1. "Franguestan," Circassia. [Or Europe generally—the land of the Frank.]

2. [Lines 504–518 were inserted in the second revise of the Third Edition, July 31, 1813.]

The chief before, as decked for war,
Bears in his belt the scimitar
Stained with the best of Arnaut blood,
When in the pass the rebels stood,
And few returned to tell the tale
Of what befell in Parne's vale.
The pistols which his girdle bore
Were those that once a Pasha wore,
Which still, though gemmed and bossed with gold,
Even robbers tremble to behold.
'Tis said he goes to woo a bride
More true than her who left his side;
The faithless slave that broke her bower,
And—worse than faithless—for a Giaour!

* * * * *

The sun's last rays are on the hill,
And sparkle in the fountain rill,
Whose welcome waters, cool and clear,
Draw blessings from the mountaineer:
Here may the loitering merchant Greek
Find that repose 'twere vain to seek
In cities lodged too near his lord,
And trembling for his secret hoard—
Here may he rest where none can see,
In crowds a slave, in deserts free;
And with forbidden wine may stain
The bowl a Moslem must not drain

* * * * *

The foremost Tartar's in the gap
Conspicuous by his yellow cap;
The rest in lengthening line the while
Wind slowly through the long defile:

Above, the mountain rears a peak,
Where vultures whet the thirsty beak,
And theirs may be a feast to-night,
Shall tempt them down ere morrow's light;
Beneath, a river's wintry stream
Has shrunk before the summer beam,
And left a channel bleak and bare,
Save shrubs that spring to perish there:
Each side the midway path there lay
Small broken crags of granite gray,
By time, or mountain lightning, riven
From summits clad in mists of heaven;
For where is he that hath beheld
The peak of Liakura[1] unveiled?

* * * * *

They reach the grove of pine at last;
"Bismillah![2] now the peril's past;
For yonder view the opening plain,
And there we'll prick our steeds amain:"
The Chiaus[3] spake, and as he said,
A bullet whistled o'er his head;
The foremost Tartar bites the ground!
Scarce had they time to check the rein,

1. [Parnassus.]

2. "In the name of God;" the commencement of all the chapters of the Koran but one [the ninth], and of prayer and thanksgiving.

["Bismillah" (in full, *Bismillahi 'rrahmani 'rraheem*, i.e. "In the name of Allah the God of Mercy, the Merciful") is often used as a deprecatory formula. Sir R. Burton (*Arabian Nights*, i. 40) cites as an equivalent the "remembering Iddio e' Santi," of Boccaccio's *Decameron*, viii. 9.

The MS. reads, "Thank Alla! now the peril's past."]

3. [A Turkish messenger, sergeant or lictor. The proper sixteen–seventeenth century pronunciation would have been *chaush*, but apparently the nearest approach to this was *chaus*, whence *chouse* and *chiaush*, and the vulgar form *chiaus* (*N. Eng. Dict.*, art. "Chiaus"). The peculations of a certain "chiaus" in the year A.D. 1000 are said to have been the origin of the word "to chouse."]

Swift from their steeds the riders bound;
But three shall never mount again:
Unseen the foes that gave the wound,
The dying ask revenge in vain.
With steel unsheathed, and carbine bent,
Some o'er their courser's harness leant,
Half sheltered by the steed;
Some fly beneath the nearest rock,
And there await the coming shock,
Nor tamely stand to bleed
Beneath the shaft of foes unseen,
Who dare not quit their craggy screen.
Stern Hassan only from his horse
Disdains to light, and keeps his course,
Till fiery flashes in the van
Proclaim too sure the robber-clan
Have well secured the only way
Could now avail the promised prey;
Then curled his very beard[1] with ire,
And glared his eye with fiercer fire;
"Though far and near the bullets hiss,
I've scaped a bloodier hour than this."
And now the foe their covert quit,
And call his vassals to submit;
But Hassan's frown and furious word
Are dreaded more than hostile sword,
Nor of his little band a man
Resigned carbine or ataghan,

1. A phenomenon not uncommon with an angry Mussulman. In 1809 the Capitan Pacha's whiskers at a diplomatic audience were no less lively with indignation than a tiger cat's, to the horror of all the dragomans; the portentous mustachios twisted, they stood erect of their own accord, and were expected every moment to change their colour, but at last condescended to subside, which, probably, saved more heads than they contained hairs.

Nor raised the craven cry, Amaun![1]
In fuller sight, more near and near,
The lately ambushed foes appear,
And, issuing from the grove, advance
Some who on battle-charger prance.
Who leads them on with foreign brand
Far flashing in his red right hand?
"'Tis he! 'tis he! I know him now;
I know him by his pallid brow;
I know him by the evil eye[2]
That aids his envious treachery;
I know him by his jet-black barb;
Though now arrayed in Arnaut garb,
Apostate from his own vile faith,
It shall not save him from the death:
'Tis he! well met in any hour,
Lost Leila's love—accursed Giaour!"

As rolls the river into Ocean,[3]
In sable torrent wildly streaming;
As the sea-tide's opposing motion,
In azure column proudly gleaming,
Beats back the current many a rood,
In curling foam and mingling flood,
While eddying whirl, and breaking wave,
Roused by the blast of winter, rave;
Through sparkling spray, in thundering clash,
The lightnings of the waters flash

1. "Amaun," quarter, pardon.
[Line 603 was inserted in a proof of the Second Edition, dated July 24, 1813: "Nor raised the *coward* cry, Amaun!"]
2. The "evil eye," a common superstition in the Levant, and of which the imaginary effects are yet very singular on those who conceive themselves affected.
3. [Compare "As with a thousand waves to the rocks, so Swaran's host came on."—*Fingal*, bk. i., Ossian's *Works*, 1807, i. 19.]

In awful whiteness o'er the shore,
That shines and shakes beneath the roar;
Thus—as the stream and Ocean greet,
With waves that madden as they meet—
Thus join the bands, whom mutual wrong,
And fate, and fury, drive along.
The bickering sabres' shivering jar;
And pealing wide or ringing near
Its echoes on the throbbing ear,
The deathshot hissing from afar;
The shock, the shout, the groan of war,
Reverberate along that vale,
More suited to the shepherd's tale:
Though few the numbers—theirs the strife,
That neither spares nor speaks for life! ·
Ah! fondly youthful hearts can press,
To seize and share the dear caress;
But Love itself could never pant
For all that Beauty sighs to grant
With half the fervour Hate bestows
Upon the last embrace of foes,
When grappling in the fight they fold
Those arms that ne'er shall lose their hold:
Friends meet to part; Love laughs at faith;
True foes, once met, are joined till death!

* * * * *

With sabre shivered to the hilt,
Yet dripping with the blood he spilt;
Yet strained within the severed hand
Which quivers round that faithless brand;
His turban far behind him rolled,
And cleft in twain its firmest fold;

i. *That neither gives nor asks for life.*—[*MS.*]

His flowing robe by falchion torn,
And crimson as those clouds of morn
That, streaked with dusky red, portend
The day shall have a stormy end;
A stain on every bush that bore
A fragment of his palampore;[1]
His breast with wounds unnumbered riven,
His back to earth, his face to Heaven,
Fall'n Hassan lies—his unclosed eye
Yet lowering on his enemy,
As if the hour that sealed his fate[2]
Surviving left his quenchless hate;
And o'er him bends that foe with brow
As dark as his that bled below.

* * * * *

"Yes, Leila sleeps beneath the wave,
But his shall be a redder grave;
Her spirit pointed well the steel
Which taught that felon heart to feel.
He called the Prophet, but his power
Was vain against the vengeful Giaour:
He called on Alla—but the word
Arose unheeded or unheard.
Thou Paynim fool! could Leila's prayer
Be passed, and thine accorded there?
I watched my time, I leagued with these,
The traitor in his turn to seize;
My wrath is wreaked, the deed is done,
And now I go—but go alone."

* * * * *

* * * * *

1. The flowered shawls generally worn by persons of rank.

2. [Compare "Catilina vero longè a suis, inter hostium cadavera repertus est, paululum etiam spirans ferociamque animi, quam habuerat vivus, in vultu retinens."—*Catilina*, cap. 61, *Opera*, 1820, i. 124.]

The browsing camels' bells are tinkling: [i.]
His mother looked from her lattice high—[1]
She saw the dews of eve besprinkling
The pasture green beneath her eye,
She saw the planets faintly twinkling:
"'Tis twilight—sure his train is nigh."
She could not rest in the garden-bower,
But gazed through the grate of his steepest tower.
"Why comes he not? his steeds are fleet,
Nor shrink they from the summer heat;
Why sends not the Bridegroom his promised gift?
Is his heart more cold, or his barb less swift?
Oh, false reproach! yon Tartar now
Has gained our nearest mountain's brow,
And warily the steep descends,

i. *His mother look'd from the lattice high,*
With throbbing heart and eager eye;
The browsing camel bells are tinkling,
And the last beam of twilight twinkling:
'Tis eve; his train should now be nigh.
She could not rest in her garden bower,
And gazed through the loop of her steepest tower.
"Why comes he not? his steeds are fleet,
And well are they train'd to the summer's heat."—[*MS.*]

Another copy began—

The browsing camel bells are tinkling,
And the first beam of evening twinkling;
His mother looked from her lattice high,
With throbbing breast and eager eye—
"'Tis twilight—sure his train is nigh."—[*MS. Aug.* 11, 1813.]

The browsing camel's bells are tinkling
The dews of eve the pasture sprinkling
And rising planets feebly twinkling:
His mother looked from the lattice high
With throbbing heart and eager eye.—[*Fourth Edition.*]

[These lines were erased, and lines 689–692 were substituted. They appeared first in the Fifth Edition.]

1. ["The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried through the lattice, Why is his chariot so long in coming? why tarry the wheels of his chariot?"—*Judges* v. 28.]

And now within the valley bends;[i.]
And he bears the gift at his saddle bow—
How could I deem his courser slow?[ii.]
Right well my largess shall repay
His welcome speed, and weary way."

The Tartar lighted at the gate,
But scarce upheld his fainting weight![iii.]
His swarthy visage spake distress,
But this might be from weariness;
His garb with sanguine spots was dyed,
But these might be from his courser's side;
He drew the token from his vest—
Angel of Death! 'tis Hassan's cloven crest!
His calpac[1] rent—his caftan red—
"Lady, a fearful bride thy Son hath wed:
Me, not from mercy, did they spare,
But this empurpled pledge to bear.
Peace to the brave! whose blood is spilt:
Woe to the Giaour! for his the guilt."

* * * * *

A Turban[2] carved in coarsest stone,
A Pillar with rank weeds o'ergrown,

i. *And now his courser's pace amends.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *I could not deem my son was slow.*—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. *The Tartar sped beneath the gate*
And flung to earth his fainting weight.—[*MS.*]

1. The calpac is the solid cap or centre part of the head-dress; the shawl is wound round it, and forms the turban.

2. The turban, pillar, and inscriptive verse, decorate the tombs of the Osmanlies, whether in the cemetery or the wilderness. In the mountains you frequently pass similar mementos; and on inquiry you are informed that they record some victim of rebellion, plunder, or revenge.

[The following is a "Koran verse:" "Every one that is upon it (the earth) perisheth; but the person of thy Lord abideth, the possessor of glory and honour" (Sur. lv. 26, 27). (See "Kufic

Whereon can now be scarcely read
The Koran verse that mourns the dead,
Point out the spot where Hassan fell
A victim in that lonely dell.
There sleeps as true an Osmanlie
As e'er at Mecca bent the knee;
As ever scorned forbidden wine,
Or prayed with face towards the shrine,
In orisons resumed anew
At solemn sound of "Alla Hu!"[1]
Yet died he by a stranger's hand,
And stranger in his native land;
Yet died he as in arms he stood,
And unavenged, at least in blood.
But him the maids of Paradise
Impatient to their halls invite,
And the dark heaven of Houris' eyes
On him shall glance for ever bright;
They come—their kerchiefs green they wave,[2]
And welcome with a kiss the brave!
Who falls in battle 'gainst a Giaour
Is worthiest an immortal bower.

* * * * *

Tombstones in the British Museum," by Professor Wright, *Proceedings of the Biblical Archæological Society*, 1887, ix. 337, *sq.*]

1. "Alla Hu!" the concluding words of the Muezzin's call to prayer from the highest gallery on the exterior of the Minaret. On a still evening, when the Muezzin has a fine voice, which is frequently the case, the effect is solemn and beautiful beyond all the bells in Christendom. [Valid, the son of Abdalmalek, was the first who erected a minaret or turret; and this he placed on the grand mosque at Damascus, for the muezzin or crier to announce from it the hour of prayer. (See D'Herbelot, *Bibliothèque Orientale*, 1783, vi. 473, art. "Valid." See, too, *Childe Harold*, Canto II. stanza lix. line 9, *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 136, *note* 1.)]

2. The following is part of a battle-song of the Turks:—"I see—I see a dark-eyed girl of Paradise, and she waves a handkerchief, a kerchief of green; and cries aloud, 'Come, kiss me, for I love thee,'" etc.

But thou, false Infidel! shall writhe
Beneath avenging Monkir's [1] scythe;
And from its torments 'scape alone
To wander round lost Eblis' [2] throne;
And fire unquenched, unquenchable,
Around, within, thy heart shall dwell;
Nor ear can hear nor tongue can tell
The tortures of that inward hell!
But first, on earth as Vampire [3] sent,

1. Monkir and Nekir are the inquisitors of the dead, before whom the corpse undergoes a slight noviciate and preparatory training for damnation. If the answers are none of the clearest, he is hauled up with a scythe and thumped down with a red-hot mace till properly seasoned, with a variety of subsidiary probations. The office of these angels is no sinecure; there are but two, and the number of orthodox deceased being in a small proportion to the remainder, their hands are always full.—See *Relig. Ceremon.*, v. 290; vii. 59, 68, 118, and Sale's *Preliminary Discourse to the Koran*, p. 101.

[Byron is again indebted to S. Henley (see *Vathek*, 1893, p. 236). According to Pococke (*Porta Mosis*, 1654, *Notæ Miscellaneæ*, p. 241), the angels Moncar and Nacir are black, ghastly, and of fearsome aspect. Their function is to hold inquisition on the corpse. If his replies are orthodox (*de Mohammede*), he is bidden to sleep sweetly and soundly in his tomb, but if his views are lax and unsound, he is cudgelled between the ears with iron rods. Loud are his groans, and audible to the whole wide world, save to those deaf animals, men and genii. Finally, the earth is enjoined to press him tight and keep him close till the crack of doom.]

2. Eblis, the Oriental Prince of Darkness.

3. The Vampire superstition is still general in the Levant. Honest Tournefort [*Relation d'un Voyage du Levant*, par Joseph Pitton de Tournefort, 1717, i. 131] tells a long story, which Mr. Southey, in the notes on *Thalaba* [book viii., *notes*, ed. 1838, iv. 297–300], quotes about these "Vroucolochas" ["Vroucolocasses"], as he calls them. The Romaic term is "Vardoulacha." I recollect a whole family being terrified by the scream of a child, which they imagined must proceed from such a visitation. The Greeks never mention the word without horror. I find that "Broucolokas" is an old legitimate Hellenic appellation—at least is so applied to Arsenius, who, according to the Greeks, was after his death animated by the Devil. The moderns, however, use the word I mention.

[Βουρκόλακας or βρυκόλακας (= the Bohemian and Slovak *Vrholak*) is modern Greek for a ghost or vampire. George Bentotes, in his Λεξικὸν Τρίγλωσσον, published in Vienna in 1790 (see *Childe Harold*,

Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent:
Then ghastly haunt thy native place,
And suck the blood of all thy race;
There from thy daughter, sister, wife,
At midnight drain the stream of life;
Yet loathe the banquet which perforce
Must feed thy livid living corse:
Thy victims ere they yet expire
Shall know the demon for their sire,
As cursing thee, thou cursing them,
Thy flowers are withered on the stem.
But one that for thy crime must fall,
The youngest, most beloved of all,
Shall bless thee with a *father's* name—
That word shall wrap thy heart in flame!
Yet must thou end thy task, and mark
Her cheek's last tinge, her eye's last spark,

Canto II. Notes, Papers, etc., No. III., *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 197), renders βρουκόλακας "lutin," and βρουκολιασμένος, "devenu un spectre."

Arsenius, Archbishop of Monembasia (circ. 1530), was famous for his scholarship. He prefaced his *Scholia in Septem Euripidis Tragœdias* (Basileæ, 1544) by a dedicatory epistle in Greek to his friend Pope Paul III. "He submitted to the Church of Rome, which made him so odious to the Greek schismatics that the Patriarch of Constantinople excommunicated him; and the Greeks reported that Arsenius, after his death, was *Broukolakas*, that is, that the Devil hovered about his corps and re-animated him" (Bayle, *Dictionary*, 1724, i. 508, art. "Arsenius"). Martinus Crusius, in his *Turco-Græcia*, lib. ii. (Basileæ, 1584, p. 151), records the death of Arsenius while under sentence of excommunication, and adds that "his miserable corpse turned black, and swelled to the size of a drum, so that all who beheld it were horror-stricken, and trembled exceedingly." Hence, no doubt, the legend which Bayle takes *verbatim* from Guillet, "Les Grecs disent qu' Arsenius, apres la mort fust *Broukolakas*," etc. (*Lacédémone, Ancienne et Nouvelle*, par Le Sieur de la Guilletiére, 1676, ii. 586. See, too, for "Arsenius," Fabricii *Script. Gr. Var.*, 1808, xi. 581, and Gesneri *Bibliotheca Univ.*, ed. 1545, fol. 96.) Byron, no doubt, got his information from Bayle. By "old legitimate Hellenic" he must mean literary as opposed to klephtic Greek.]

And the last glassy glance must view
Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue;
Then with unhallowed hand shalt tear
The tresses of her yellow hair,
Of which in life a lock when shorn
Affection's fondest pledge was worn,
But now is borne away by thee,
Memorial of thine agony!
Wet with thine own best blood shall drip
Thy gnashing tooth and haggard lip;[1]
Then stalking to thy sullen grave,
Go—and with Gouls and Afrits rave;
Till these in horror shrink away
From Spectre more accursed than they!

* * * * *

"How name ye yon lone Caloyer?[2]
His features I have scanned before

1. The freshness of the face [? "*The paleness of the face.*" *MS.*] and the wetness of the lip with blood, are the never-failing signs of a Vampire. The stories told in Hungary and Greece of these foul feeders are singular, and some of them most *incredibly* attested.

[Vampires were the reanimated corpses of persons newly buried, which were supposed to suck the blood and suck out the life of their selected victims. The marks by which a vampire corpse was recognized were the apparent non-putrefaction of the body and effusion of blood from the lips. A suspected vampire was exhumed, and if the marks were perceived or imagined to be present, a stake was driven through the heart, and the body was burned. This, if Southey's authorities (J. B. Boyer, Marquis d'Argens, in *Lettres Juives*) may be believed, "laid" the vampire, and the community might sleep in peace. (See, too, *Dissertations sur les Apparitions*, par Augustine Calmet, 1746, p. 395, *sq.*, and *Russian Folk-Tales*, by W. R. S. Ralston, 1873, pp. 318–324.)]

2. [For "Caloyer," see *Childe Harold*, Canto II. stanza xlix. line 6, and *note* 21, *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 130, 181. It is a hard matter to piece together the "fragments" which make up the rest of the poem. Apparently the question, "How name ye?" is put by the fisherman, the narrator of the first part of the *Fragment*, and answered by a monk of the fraternity, with whom the Giaour has been pleased to "abide" during the past six years, under conditions and after a fashion of which the monk disapproves. Hereupon

In mine own land: 'tis many a year,
  Since, dashing by the lonely shore,
I saw him urge as fleet a steed
As ever served a horseman's need.
But once I saw that face, yet then
It was so marked with inward pain,
I could not pass it by again;
It breathes the same dark spirit now,
As death were stamped upon his brow.[i]

"'Tis twice three years at summer tide
  Since first among our freres he came;
And here it soothes him to abide
  For some dark deed he will not name.
But never at our Vesper prayer,
Nor e'er before Confession chair
Kneels he, nor recks he when arise
Incense or anthem to the skies,
But broods within his cell alone,
His faith and race alike unknown.
The sea from Paynim land he crost,
And here ascended from the coast;
Yet seems he not of Othman race,
But only Christian in his face:
I'd judge him some stray renegade,
Repentant of the change he made,
Save that he shuns our holy shrine,
Nor tastes the sacred bread and wine.
Great largess to these walls he brought,
And thus our Abbot's favour bought;

i. *As Time were wasted on his brow.*—[*MS.*]

the fisherman disappears, and a kind of dialogue between the author and the protesting monk ensues. The poem concludes with the Giaour's confession, which is addressed to the monk, or perhaps to the interested and more tolerant Prior of the community.]

But were I Prior, not a day
Should brook such stranger's further stay,
Or pent within our penance cell
Should doom him there for aye to dwell.
Much in his visions mutters he
Of maiden whelmed beneath the sea;[i]
Of sabres clashing, foemen flying,
Wrongs avenged, and Moslem dying.
On cliff he hath been known to stand,
And rave as to some bloody hand
Fresh severed from its parent limb,
Invisible to all but him,
Which beckons onward to his grave,
And lures to leap into the wave."

* * * * *
* * * * *

Dark and unearthly is the scowl
That glares beneath his dusky cowl:
The flash of that dilating eye
Reveals too much of times gone by;
Though varying, indistinct its hue,
Oft with his glance the gazer rue,
For in it lurks that nameless spell,
Which speaks, itself unspeakable,
A spirit yet unquelled and high,
That claims and keeps ascendancy;
And like the bird whose pinions quake,
But cannot fly the gazing snake,
Will others quail beneath his look,
Nor 'scape the glance they scarce can brook.
From him the half-affrighted Friar
When met alone would fain retire,

i. *Of foreign maiden lost at sea.*—[*MS.*]

As if that eye and bitter smile
Transferred to others fear and guile:
Not oft to smile descendeth he,
And when he doth 'tis sad to see
That he but mocks at Misery.
How that pale lip will curl and quiver!
Then fix once more as if for ever;
As if his sorrow or disdain
Forbade him e'er to smile again.
Well were it so—such ghastly mirth
From joyaunce ne'er derived its birth.
But sadder still it were to trace
What once were feelings in that face:
Time hath not yet the features fixed,
But brighter traits with evil mixed;
And there are hues not always faded,
Which speak a mind not all degraded
Even by the crimes through which it waded:
The common crowd but see the gloom
Of wayward deeds, and fitting doom;
The close observer can espy
A noble soul, and lineage high:
Alas! though both bestowed in vain,
Which Grief could change, and Guilt could stain,
It was no vulgar tenement
To which such lofty gifts were lent,
And still with little less than dread
On such the sight is riveted.
The roofless cot, decayed and rent,
  Will scarce delay the passer-by;
The tower by war or tempest bent,
While yet may frown one battlement,
  Demands and daunts the stranger's eye;
Each ivied arch, and pillar lone,
Pleads haughtily for glories gone!

" His floating robe around him folding,
Slow sweeps he through the columned aisle;
With dread beheld, with gloom beholding
The rites that sanctify the pile.
But when the anthem shakes the choir,
And kneel the monks, his steps retire;
By yonder lone and wavering torch
His aspect glares within the porch;
There will he pause till all is done—
And hear the prayer, but utter none.
See—by the half-illumined wall [i.]
His hood fly back, his dark hair fall,
That pale brow wildly wreathing round,
As if the Gorgon there had bound
The sablest of the serpent-braid
That o'er her fearful forehead strayed:
For he declines the convent oath,
And leaves those locks unhallowed growth,
But wears our garb in all beside;
And, not from piety but pride,
Gives wealth to walls that never heard
Of his one holy vow nor word.
Lo!—mark ye, as the harmony [ii.]
Peals louder praises to the sky,
That livid cheek, that stony air
Of mixed defiance and despair!
Saint Francis, keep him from the shrine! [iii.]

i. *Behold—as turns he from the wall*
His cowl fly back, his dark hair fall.—[*MS.*]

[A variant of the copy sent for insertion in the Seventh Edition differs alike from the MS. and the text—]

Behold as turns him from the wall—
His Cowl flies back—his tresses fall—
That pallid aspect wreathing round.

ii. *Lo! mark him as the harmony.*—[*MS.*]

iii. *Thank heaven—he stands without the shrine.*—[*MS. erased.*]

Else may we dread the wrath divine
Made manifest by awful sign.
If ever evil angel bore
The form of mortal, such he wore;
By all my hope of sins forgiven,
Such looks are not of earth nor heaven!"

To Love the softest hearts are prone,
But such can ne'er be all his own;
Too timid in his woes to share,
Too meek to meet, or brave despair;
And sterner hearts alone may feel
The wound that Time can never heal.
The rugged metal of the mine
Must burn before its surface shine,[i. 1]
But plunged within the furnace-flame,
It bends and melts—though still the same;
Then tempered to thy want, or will,
'Twill serve thee to defend or kill—
A breast-plate for thine hour of need,
Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed;
But if a dagger's form it bear,
Let those who shape its edge, beware!
Thus Passion's fire, and Woman's art,

i. *Must burn before it smite or shine.*—[*MS.*]
Appears unfit to smite or shine.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [In defence of lines 922–927, which had been attacked by a critic in the *British Review*, October, 1813, vol. v. p. 139, who compared them with some lines in Crabbe's *Resentment* (lines 11–16, *Tales*, 1812, p. 309), Byron wrote to Murray, October 12, 1813, "I have . . . read the *British Review*. I really think the writer in most points very right. The only mortifying thing is the accusation of imitation. *Crabbe's* passage I never saw; and Scott I no further meant to follow than in his *lyric* measure, which is Gray's, Milton's, and any one's who like it." The lines, which Moore quotes (*Life*, p. 191), have only a formal and accidental resemblance to the passage in question.]

Can turn and tame the sterner heart;
From these its form and tone are ta'en,
And what they make it, must remain,
But break—before it bend again.

* * * * *
* * * * *

If solitude succeed to grief,
Release from pain is slight relief;
The vacant bosom's wilderness
Might thank the pang that made it less.[1]
We loathe what none are left to share:
Even bliss—'twere woe alone to bear;
The heart once left thus desolate
Must fly at last for ease—to hate.
It is as if the dead could feel [2]
The icy worm around them steal,
And shudder, as the reptiles creep
To revel o'er their rotting sleep,
Without the power to scare away
The cold consumers of their clay!

1. [Compare—

"To surfeit on the same [our pleasures]
And yawn our joys. Or thank a misery
For change, though sad?"

Night Thoughts, iii., by Edward Young; Anderson's *British Poets*, x. 72. Compare, too, *Childe Harold*, Canto I. stanza vi. line 8—

"With pleasure drugged, he almost longed for woe."]

2. [Byron was wont to let his imagination dwell on these details of the charnel-house. In a letter to Dallas, August 12, 1811, he writes, "I am already too familiar with the dead. It is strange that I look on the skulls which stand beside me (I have always had four in my study) without emotion, but I cannot strip the features of those I have known of their fleshy covering, even in idea, without a hideous sensation; but the worms are less ceremonious." See, too, his "Lines inscribed upon a Cup formed from a Skull," *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 276.]

It is as if the desert bird,[1]
  Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream
  To still her famished nestlings' scream,
Nor mourns a life to them transferred,
Should rend her rash devoted breast,
And find them flown her empty nest.
The keenest pangs the wretched find
  Are rapture to the dreary void,
The leafless desert of the mind,
  The waste of feelings unemployed.
Who would be doomed to gaze upon
A sky without a cloud or sun?
Less hideous far the tempest's roar,
Than ne'er to brave the billows more—[i.]
Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er,
A lonely wreck on Fortune's shore,
'Mid sullen calm, and silent bay,
Unseen to drop by dull decay;—
Better to sink beneath the shock
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock!

* * * * *

"Father! thy days have passed in peace,
  'Mid counted beads, and countless prayer;
To bid the sins of others cease,
  Thyself without a crime or care,
Save transient ills that all must bear,
Has been thy lot from youth to age;

i. *Than feeling we must feel no more.*—[*MS.*]

1. The pelican is, I believe, the bird so libelled, by the imputation of feeding her chickens with her blood. [It has been suggested that the curious bloody secretion ejected from the mouth of the flamingo may have given rise to the belief, through that bird having been mistaken for the "pelican of the wilderness."—*Encycl. Brit.*, art. "Pelican" (by Professor A. Newton), xviii. 474.]

And thou wilt bless thee from the rage
Of passions fierce and uncontrolled,
Such as thy penitents unfold,
Whose secret sins and sorrows rest
Within thy pure and pitying breast.
My days, though few, have passed below
In much of Joy, but more of Woe;
Yet still in hours of love or strife,
I've 'scaped the weariness of Life:
Now leagued with friends, now girt by foes,
I loathed the languor of repose.
Now nothing left to love or hate,
No more with hope or pride elate,
I'd rather be the thing that crawls
Most noxious o'er a dungeon's walls,[1]
Than pass my dull, unvarying days,
Condemned to meditate and gaze.
Yet, lurks a wish within my breast
For rest—but not to feel 'tis rest.
Soon shall my Fate that wish fulfil;
And I shall sleep without the dream
Of what I was, and would be still,
Dark as to thee my deeds may seem:[i]
My memory now is but the tomb
Of joys long dead; my hope, their doom:
Though better to have died with those
Than bear a life of lingering woes.
My spirit shrunk not to sustain
The searching throes of ceaseless pain;

i. *Though hope hath long withdrawn her beam.*—[*MS.*]
[This line was omitted in the Third and following Editions.]

1. [Compare—
"I'd rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapours of a dungeon."
Othello, act iii. sc. 3, lines 274, 275.]

Nor sought the self-accorded grave
Of ancient fool and modern knave:
Yet death I have not feared to meet;
And in the field it had been sweet,
Had Danger wooed me on to move
The slave of Glory, not of Love.
I've braved it—not for Honour's boast;
I smile at laurels won or lost;
To such let others carve their way,
For high renown, or hireling pay:
But place again before my eyes
Aught that I deem a worthy prize—
The maid I love, the man I hate—
And I will hunt the steps of fate,
To save or slay, as these require,
Through rending steel, and rolling fire:[i]
Nor needst thou doubt this speech from one
Who would but do—what he *hath* done.
Death is but what the haughty brave,
The weak must bear, the wretch must crave;
Then let life go to Him who gave:
I have not quailed to Danger's brow
When high and happy—need I *now?*

* * * * *

"I loved her, Friar! nay, adored—
But these are words that all can use—
I proved it more in deed than word;
There's blood upon that dinted sword,
A stain its steel can never lose:
'Twas shed for her, who died for me,

i. *Through ranks of steel and tracks of fire,*
And all she threatens in her ire:
And these are but the words of one
Who thus would do—who thus hath done.—[*MS. erased.*]

It warmed the heart of one abhorred:
Nay, start not—no—nor bend thy knee,
Nor midst my sin such act record;
Thou wilt absolve me from the deed,
For he was hostile to thy creed!
The very name of Nazarene
Was wormwood to his Paynim spleen.
Ungrateful fool! since but for brands
Well wielded in some hardy hands,
And wounds by Galileans given—
The surest pass to Turkish heaven—
For him his Houris still might wait
Impatient at the Prophet's gate.
I loved her—Love will find its way
Through paths where wolves would fear to prey;
And if it dares enough, 'twere hard
If Passion met not some reward—
No matter how, or where, or why,
I did not vainly seek, nor sigh:
Yet sometimes, with remorse, in vain
I wish she had not loved again.
She died—I dare not tell thee how;
But look—'tis written on my brow!
There read of Cain the curse and crime,
In characters unworn by Time:
Still, ere thou dost condemn me, pause;
Not mine the act, though I the cause.
Yet did he but what I had done
Had she been false to more than one.
Faithless to him—he gave the blow;
But true to me—I laid him low:
Howe'er deserved her doom might be,
Her treachery was truth to me;
To me she gave her heart, that all

Which Tyranny can ne'er enthrall;
And I, alas! too late to save! 1070
Yet all I then could give, I gave—
'Twas some relief—our foe a grave.[i]
His death sits lightly; but her fate
Has made me—what thou well mayst hate.
His doom was sealed—he knew it well,
Warned by the voice of stern Taheer,
Deep in whose darkly boding ear [1]

i. *My hope a tomb, our foe a grave.*—[*MS.*]

1. This superstition of a second-hearing (for I never met with downright second-sight in the East) fell once under my own observation. On my third journey to Cape Colonna, early in 1811, as we passed through the defile that leads from the hamlet between Keratia and Colonna, I observed Dervish Tahiri riding rather out of the path and leaning his head upon his hand, as if in pain. I rode up and inquired. "We are in peril," he answered. "What peril? We are not now in Albania, nor in the passes to Ephesus, Messalunghi, or Lepanto; there are plenty of us, well armed, and the Choriates have not courage to be thieves."—"True, Affendi, but nevertheless the shot is ringing in my ears."—"The shot. Not a tophaike has been fired this morning."—"I hear it notwithstanding—Bom—Bom—as plainly as I hear your voice."—"Psha!"—"As you please, Affendi; if it is written, so will it be."—I left this quick-eared predestinarian, and rode up to Basili, his Christian compatriot, whose ears, though not at all prophetic, by no means relished the intelligence. We all arrived at Colonna, remained some hours, and returned leisurely, saying a variety of brilliant things, in more languages than spoiled the building of Babel, upon the mistaken seer. Romaic, Arnaout, Turkish, Italian, and English were all exercised, in various conceits, upon the unfortunate Mussulman. While we were contemplating the beautiful prospect, Dervish was occupied about the columns. I thought he was deranged into an antiquarian, and asked him if he had become a "*Palaocastro*" man? "No," said he; "but these pillars will be useful in making a stand;" and added other remarks, which at least evinced his own belief in his troublesome faculty of *forehearing*. On our return to Athens we heard from Leoné (a prisoner set ashore some days after) of the intended attack of the Mainotes, mentioned, with the cause of its not taking place, in the notes to *Childe Harold*, Canto 2nd [*Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 169]. I was at some pains to question the man, and he described the dresses, arms, and marks of the horses of our party so accurately, that, with other circumstances, we could not doubt of *his* having been in "villanous company" [1 *Henry IV.*, act iii. sc. 3, line 11] and ourselves in a bad neighbourhood.

The deathshot pealed of murder near,
As filed the troop to where they fell!
He died too in the battle broil,
A time that heeds nor pain nor toil;
One cry to Mahomet for aid,
One prayer to Alla all he made:
He knew and crossed me in the fray—
I gazed upon him where he lay,
And watched his spirit ebb away:
Though pierced like pard by hunter's steel,
He felt not half that now I feel.
I searched, but vainly searched, to find
The workings of a wounded mind;
Each feature of that sullen corse
Betrayed his rage, but no remorse.[1]
Oh, what had Vengeance given to trace
Despair upon his dying face!
The late repentance of that hour
When Penitence hath lost her power
To tear one terror from the grave,[i]
And will not soothe, and cannot save.

* * * * *

i. *Her power to soothe—her skill to save—*
And doubly darken o'er the grave.—[*MS.*]

Dervish became a soothsayer for life, and I dare say is now hearing more musketry than ever will be fired, to the great refreshment of the Arnaouts of Berat, and his native mountains.—I shall mention one trait more of this singular race. In March, 1811, a remarkably stout and active Arnaout came (I believe the fiftieth on the same errand) to offer himself as an attendant, which was declined. "Well, Affendi," quoth he, "may you live!—you would have found me useful. I shall leave the town for the hills to-morrow; in the winter I return, perhaps you will then receive me."—Dervish, who was present, remarked as a thing of course, and of no consequence, "in the mean time he will join the Klephtes" (robbers), which was true to the letter. If not cut off, they come down in the winter, and pass it unmolested in some town, where they are often as well known as their exploits.

1. [*Vide ante*, p. 90, line 89, *note* 2, "In death from a stab the countenance preserves its traits of feeling or ferocity."]

"The cold in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name;
But mine was like the lava flood
That boils in Ætna's breast of flame.
I cannot prate in puling strain
Of Ladye-love, and Beauty's chain:
If changing cheek, and scorching vein,[i.]
Lips taught to writhe, but not complain,
If bursting heart, and maddening brain,
And daring deed, and vengeful steel,
And all that I have felt, and feel,
Betoken love—that love was mine,
And shown by many a bitter sign.
'Tis true, I could not whine nor sigh,
I knew but to obtain or die.
I die—but first I have possessed,
And come what may, I *have been* blessed.
Shall I the doom I sought upbraid?
No—reft of all, yet undismayed[ii.]
But for the thought of Leila slain,
Give me the pleasure with the pain,
So would I live and love again.
I grieve, but not, my holy Guide!
For him who dies, but her who died:
She sleeps beneath the wandering wave—
Ah! had she but an earthly grave,
This breaking heart and throbbing head
Should seek and share her narrow bed.
She was a form of Life and Light,[1]

i. *Of Ladye-love—and dart—and chain—*
And fire that raged in every vein.—[*MS.*]
ii. *Even now alone, yet undismayed,—*
I know no friend, and ask no aid.—[*MS.*]

1. [Lines 1127–1130 were inserted in the Seventh Edition. They recall the first line of Plato's epitaph, Ἀστὴρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐνὶ

That, seen, became a part of sight;
And rose, where'er I turned mine eye,
The Morning-star of Memory!

"Yes, Love indeed is light from heaven;[1.1]
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Alla given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
Devotion wafts the mind above,
But Heaven itself descends in Love;
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought;
A ray of Him who formed the whole;
A Glory circling round the soul!

1. *Yes / If* } *Love indeed* { *doth spring / descend / be born* } *from heaven:*
A spark of that { *immortal / eternal / celestial* } *fire,*
To human hearts in mercy given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self { *each / our* } *sordid thought:*
Devotion sends the soul above,
But Heaven itself descends to love.
Yet marvel not, if they who love
This present joy, this future hope
Which taught them with all ill to cope,
No more with anguish bravely cope.—[*MS.*]

ζωοῖσιν ἔφος, which Byron prefixed to his "Epitaph on a Beloved Friend" (*Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 18), and which, long afterwards, Shelley chose as the motto to his *Adonais*.]

1. [The hundred and twenty-six lines which follow, down to "Tell me no more of Fancy's gleam," first appeared in the Fifth Edition. In returning the proof to Murray, Byron writes, August 26, 1813, "The last lines Hodgson likes—it is not often he does—and when he don't, he tells me with great energy, and I fret and alter. I have thrown them in to soften the ferocity of our Infidel, and, for a dying man, have given him a good deal to say for himself."—*Letters*, 1898, ii. 252.]

I grant *my* love imperfect, all
That mortals by the name miscall;
Then deem it evil, what thou wilt;
But say, oh say, *hers* was not Guilt!
She was my Life's unerring Light:
That quenched—what beam shall break my night?[i]
Oh! would it shone to lead me still,
Although to death or deadliest ill!
Why marvel ye, if they who lose
This present joy, this future hope,
No more with Sorrow meekly cope;
In phrensy then their fate accuse;
In madness do those fearful deeds
That seem to add but Guilt to Woe?
Alas! the breast that inly bleeds
Hath nought to dread from outward blow:
Who falls from all he knows of bliss,
Cares little into what abyss.[ii]
Fierce as the gloomy vulture's now
To thee, old man, my deeds appear:
I read abhorrence on thy brow,
And this too was I born to bear!
'Tis true, that, like that bird of prey,
With havock have I marked my way:
But this was taught me by the dove,
To die—and know no second love.
This lesson yet hath man to learn,
Taught by the thing he dares to spurn:
The bird that sings within the brake,
The swan that swims upon the lake,
One mate, and one alone, will take.

i. *That quenched, I wandered far in night.*
or, *'Tis quenched, and I am lost in night.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *Must plunge into a dark abyss.*—[*MS.*]

And let the fool still prone to range,[i.]
And sneer on all who cannot change,
Partake his jest with boasting boys;
I envy not his varied joys,
But deem such feeble, heartless man,
Less than yon solitary swan;
Far, far beneath the shallow maid[ii.]
He left believing and betrayed.
Such shame at least was never mine—
Leila! each thought was only thine!
My good, my guilt, my weal, my woe,
My hope on high—my all below.
Each holds no other like to thee,
Or, if it doth, in vain for me:
For worlds I dare not view the dame
Resembling thee, yet not the same.
The very crimes that mar my youth,
This bed of death—attest my truth!
'Tis all too late—thou wert, thou art
The cherished madness of my heart![iii.]

"And she was lost—and yet I breathed,
But not the breath of human life:
A serpent round my heart was wreathed,
And stung my every thought to strife.
Alike all time, abhorred all place,[iv.]
Shuddering I shrank from Nature's face,

i. *And let the light, inconstant fool*
That sneers his coxcomb ridicule.—[*MS.*]
ii. *Less than the soft and shallow maid.*—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. *The joy—the madness of my heart.*—[*MS.*]
iv. *To me alike all time and place—*
Scarce could I gaze on Nature's face
For every hue ——.—[*MS.*]
or, *All, all was changed on Nature's face*
To me alike all time and place.—[*MS. erased.*]

Where every hue that charmed before
The blackness of my bosom wore.
The rest thou dost already know,
And all my sins, and half my woe.
But talk no more of penitence;
Thou seest I soon shall part from hence:
And if thy holy tale were true,
The deed that's done canst *thou* undo?
Think me not thankless—but this grief
Looks not to priesthood for relief.[i.] [1]
My soul's estate in secret guess:
But wouldst thou pity more, say less.
When thou canst bid my Leila live,
Then will I sue thee to forgive;
Then plead my cause in that high place
Where purchased masses proffer grace.[ii.]
Go, when the hunter's hand hath wrung
From forest-cave her shrieking young,
And calm the lonely lioness:
But soothe not—mock not *my* distress!

"In earlier days, and calmer hours,
When heart with heart delights to blend,
Where bloom my native valley's bowers,[iii.]
I had—Ah! have I now?—a friend![iv.]

i. —— *but this grief*
In truth is not for thy relief.
My state thy thought can never guess.—[*MS.*]
ii. *Where thou, it seems, canst offer grace.*—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. *Where rise my native city's towers.*—[*MS.*]
iv. *I had, and though but one—a friend!*—[*MS.*]

1. The monk's sermon is omitted. It seems to have had so little effect upon the patient, that it could have no hopes from the reader. It may be sufficient to say that it was of a customary length (as may be perceived from the interruptions and uneasiness of the patient), and was delivered in the usual tone of all orthodox preachers.

To him this pledge I charge thee send,[i.]
Memorial of a youthful vow;
I would remind him of my end:
Though souls absorbed like mine allow
Brief thought to distant Friendship's claim,
Yet dear to him my blighted name.
'Tis strange—he prophesied my doom,
And I have smiled—I then could smile—
When Prudence would his voice assume,
And warn—I recked not what—the while:
But now Remembrance whispers o'er[ii.]
Those accents scarcely marked before.
Say—that his bodings came to pass,
And he will start to hear their truth,
And wish his words had not been sooth:
Tell him—unheeding as I was,
Through many a busy bitter scene
Of all our golden youth had been,
In pain, my faltering tongue had tried
To bless his memory—ere I died;

i. *I have no heart to love him now*
And 'tis but to declare my end.—[*MS.*]

ii. *But now Remembrance murmurs o'er*
Of all our early youth had been—
In pain, I now had turned aside
To bless his memory ere I died,
But Heaven would mark the vain essay,
If Guilt should for the guiltless pray—
I do not ask him not to blame—
Too gentle he to wound my name—
I do not ask him not to mourn,
For such request might sound like scorn—
And what like Friendship's manly tear
So well can grace a brother's bier?
But bear this ring he gave of old,
And tell him—what thou didst behold—
The withered frame—the ruined mind,
The wreck that Passion leaves behind—
The shrivelled and discoloured leaf
Seared by the Autumn blast of Grief.—[*MS., First Copy.*]

But Heaven in wrath would turn away,
If Guilt should for the guiltless pray.
I do not ask him not to blame,
Too gentle he to wound my name;
And what have I to do with Fame?
I do not ask him not to mourn,
Such cold request might sound like scorn;
And what than Friendship's manly tear
May better grace a brother's bier?
But bear this ring, his own of old,
And tell him—what thou dost behold!
The withered frame, the ruined mind,
The wrack by passion left behind,
A shrivelled scroll, a scattered leaf,
Seared by the autumn blast of Grief!

* * * * *

"Tell me no more of Fancy's gleam,
No, father, no, 'twas not a dream;
Alas! the dreamer first must sleep,
I only watched, and wished to weep;
But could not, for my burning brow
Throbbed to the very brain as now:
I wished but for a single tear,
As something welcome, new, and dear:
I wished it then, I wish it still;
Despair is stronger than my will.
Waste not thine orison, despair[i]
Is mightier than thy pious prayer:
I would not, if I might, be blest;
I want no Paradise, but rest.
'Twas then—I tell thee—father! then
I saw her; yes, she lived again;

i. *Nay—kneel not, father, rise—despair.*—[*MS.*]

And shining in her white symar[1]
As through yon pale gray cloud the star
Which now I gaze on, as on her,
Who looked and looks far lovelier;
Dimly I view its trembling spark;[i]
To-morrow's night shall be more dark;
And I, before its rays appear,
That lifeless thing the living fear.
I wander—father! for my soul
Is fleeting towards the final goal.
I saw her—friar! and I rose
Forgetful of our former woes;
And rushing from my couch, I dart,
And clasp her to my desperate heart;
I clasp—what is it that I clasp?
No breathing form within my grasp,
No heart that beats reply to mine—
Yet, Leila! yet the form is thine!
And art thou, dearest, changed so much
As meet my eye, yet mock my touch?
Ah! were thy beauties e'er so cold,
I care not—so my arms enfold
The all they ever wished to hold.
Alas! around a shadow prest
They shrink upon my lonely breast;
Yet still 'tis there! In silence stands,
And beckons with beseeching hands!
With braided hair, and bright-black eye—
I knew 'twas false—she could not die!

i. *Which now I view with trembling spark.*—[*MS.*]

1. "Symar," a shroud. [Cymar, or simar, is a long loose robe worn by women. It is, perhaps, the same word as the Spanish *zamarra* (Arabic *çamârra*), a sheep-skin cloak. It is equivalent to "shroud" only in the primary sense of a "covering."]

But *he* is dead! within the dell
I saw him buried where he fell;
He comes not—for he cannot break
From earth;—why then art *thou* awake?
They told me wild waves rolled above
The face I view—the form I love;
They told me—'twas a hideous tale!—
I'd tell it, but my tongue would fail:
If true, and from thine ocean-cave
Thou com'st to claim a calmer grave,
Oh! pass thy dewy fingers o'er
This brow that then will burn no more;
Or place them on my hopeless heart:
But, Shape or Shade! whate'er thou art,
In mercy ne'er again depart!
Or farther with thee bear my soul
Than winds can waft or waters roll!

* * * * *

"Such is my name, and such my tale.
Confessor! to thy secret ear
I breathe the sorrows I bewail,
And thank thee for the generous tear
This glazing eye could never shed.
Then lay me with the humblest dead,[i.]
And, save the cross above my head,
Be neither name nor emblem spread,
By prying stranger to be read,
Or stay the passing pilgrim's tread."[1]

i. *Then lay me with the nameless dead.*—[*MS.*]

1. The circumstance to which the above story relates was not very uncommon in Turkey. A few years ago the wife of Muchtar Pacha complained to his father of his son's supposed infidelity; he asked

He passed—nor of his name and race
He left a token or a trace,

with whom, and she had the barbarity to give in a list of the twelve handsomest women in Yanina. They were seized, fastened up in sacks, and drowned in the lake the same night! One of the guards who was present informed me that not one of the victims uttered a cry, or showed a symptom of terror at so sudden a "wrench from all we know, from all we love." The fate of Phrosine, the fairest of this sacrifice, is the subject of many a Romaic and Arnaout ditty. The story in the text is one told of a young Venetian many years ago, and now nearly forgotten. I heard it by accident recited by one of the coffee-house story-tellers who abound in the Levant, and sing or recite their narratives. The additions and interpolations by the translator will be easily distinguished from the rest, by the want of Eastern imagery; and I regret that my memory has retained so few fragments of the original. For the contents of some of the notes I am indebted partly to D'Herbelot, and partly to that most Eastern, and, as Mr. Weber justly entitles it, "sublime tale," the "Caliph Vathek." I do not know from what source the author of that singular volume may have drawn his materials; some of his incidents are to be found in the *Bibliothèque Orientale;* but for correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination, it far surpasses all European imitations, and bears such marks of originality that those who have visited the East will find some difficulty in believing it to be more than a translation. As an Eastern tale, even Rasselas must bow before it; his "Happy Valley" will not bear a comparison with the "Hall of Eblis." [See *Childe Harold*, Canto II. stanza xxii. line 6, *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 37, *note* 1.

"Mansour Effendi tells the story (*vide supra*, line 6) thus: Frosini was niece of the Archbishop of Joannina. Mouctar Pasha ordered her to come to his harem, and her father advised her to go; she did so. Mouctar, among other presents, gave her a ring of great value, which she wished to sell, and gave it for that purpose to a merchant, who offered it to the wife of Mouctar. That lady recognized the jewel as her own, and, discovering the intrigue, complained to Ali Pasha, who, the next night, seized her himself in his own house, and ordered her to be drowned. Mansour Effendi says he had the story from the brother and son of Frosini. This son was a child of six years old, and was in bed in his mother's chamber when Ali came to carry away his mother to death. He had a confused recollection of the horrid scene."—*Travels in Albania*, 1858, i. 111, *note* 6.

The concluding note, like the poem, was built up sentence by sentence. Lines 1–12, "forgotten," are in the MS. Line 12, "I heard," to line 17, "original," were added in the Second Edition. The next sentence, "For the contents" to "Vathek," was inserted in the Third; and the concluding paragraph, "I do not know" to the end, in the Fourth Editions.]

Save what the Father must not say
Who shrived him on his dying day:
This broken tale was all we knew [i.]
Of her he loved, or him he slew.

i. *Nor whether most he mourned none knew,*
For her he loved—or him he slew.—[*MS.*]

THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

A TURKISH TALE.

"Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."—
BURNS [*Farewell to Nancy*].

INTRODUCTION TO *THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS.*

MANY poets—Wordsworth, for instance—have been conscious in their old age that an interest attaches to the circumstances of the composition of their poems, and have furnished their friends and admirers with explanatory notes. Byron recorded the *motif* and occasion of the *Bride of Abydos* while the poem was still in the press. It was written, he says, to divert his mind, "to wring his thoughts from reality to imagination—from selfish regrets to vivid recollections" (*Diary*, December 5, 1813, *Letters*, ii. 361), "to distract his dreams from . . ." (*Diary*, November 16) "for the sake of *employment*" (Letter to Moore, November 30, 1813). He had been staying during part of October and November at Aston Hall, Rotherham, with his friend James Wedderburn Webster, and had fallen in love with his friend's wife, Lady Frances. From a brief note to his sister, dated November 5, we learn that he was in a scrape, but in "no immediate peril," and from the lines, "Remember him, whom Passion's power" (*vide ante*, p. 67), we may infer that he had sought safety in flight. The *Bride of Abydos*, or *Zuleika*, as it was first entitled, was written early in November, "in four nights" (*Diary*, November 16), or in a week (Letter to Gifford, November 12)—the reckoning goes for little—as a counter-irritant to the pain and distress of *amour interrompu*.

The confession or apology is eminently characteristic. Whilst the *Giaour* was still in process of evolution, still "lengthening its rattles," another Turkish poem is offered to the public, and the natural explanation, that the author is in vein, and can score another trick, is felt to be inadequate

and dishonouring—"To withdraw *myself* from *myself*," he confides to his *Diary* (November 27), "has ever been my sole, my entire, my sincere motive for scribbling at all."

It is more than probable that in his twenty-sixth year Byron had not attained to perfect self-knowledge, but there is no reason to question his sincerity. That Byron loved to surround himself with mystery, and to dissociate himself from "the general," is true enough; but it does not follow that at all times and under all circumstances he was insincere. "Once a *poseur* always a *poseur*," is a rough-and-ready formula not invariably applicable even to a poet.

But the *Bride of Abydos* was a tonic as well as a styptic. Like the *Giaour*, it embodied a personal experience, and recalled "a country replete with the *darkest* and *brightest*, but always the most *lively* colours of my memory" (*Diary*, December 5, 1813).

In a letter to Galt (December 11, 1813, *Letters*, 1898, ii. 304, reprinted from *Life of Byron*, pp. 181, 182) Byron maintains that the first part of the *Bride* was drawn from "observations" of his own, "from existence." He had, it would appear, intended to make the story turn on the guilty love of a brother for a sister, a tragic incident of life in a Harem, which had come under his notice during his travels in the East, but "on second thoughts" had reflected that he lived "two centuries at least too late for the subject," and that not even the authority of the "finest works of the Greeks," or of Schiller (in the *Bride of Messina*), or of Alfieri (in *Mirra*), "in modern times," would sanction the intrusion of the μισητὸν into English literature. The early drafts and variants of the MS. do not afford any evidence of this alteration of the plot which, as Byron thought, was detrimental to the poem as a work of art, but the undoubted fact that the *Bride of Abydos*, as well as the *Giaour*, embody recollections of actual scenes and incidents which had burnt themselves into the memory of an eye-witness, accounts not only for the fervent heat at which these Turkish tales were written, but for the extraordinary glamour which they threw over contemporary readers, to whom the local colouring was new and attractive, and who were not out of conceit with "good Monsieur Melancholy."

Byron was less dissatisfied with his second Turkish tale than he had been with the *Giaour*. He apologizes for the rapidity with which it had been composed—*stans pede in uno*—but he announced to Murray (November 20) that "he was doing his best to beat the *Giaour*," and (November 29) he appraises the *Bride* as "my first entire composition of any length."

Moreover, he records (November 15), with evident gratification, the approval of his friend Hodgson, "a very sincere and by no means (at times) a flattering critic of mine," and modestly accepts the praise of such masters of letters as "Mr. Canning," Hookham Frere, Heber, Lord Holland, and of the traveller Edward Daniel Clarke.

The *Bride of Abydos* was advertised in the *Morning Chronicle*, among "Books published this day," on November 29, 1813. It was reviewed by George Agar Ellis in the *Quarterly Review* of January, 1814 (vol. x. p. 331), and, together with the *Corsair*, by Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review* of April, 1814 (vol. xxiii. p. 198).

NOTE TO THE MSS. OF *THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS.*

THE MSS. of the *Bride of Abydos* are contained in a bound volume, and in two packets of loose sheets, numbering thirty-two in all, of which eighteen represent additions, etc., to the First Canto; and fourteen additions, etc., to the Second Canto.

The bound volume consists of a rough copy and a fair copy of the first draft of the *Bride;* the fair copy beginning with the sixth stanza of Canto I.

The "additions" in the bound volume consist of—

1. Stanza xxviii. of Canto II.—here called "Conclusion" (fifty-eight lines). And note on "Sir Orford's Letters."

2. Eight lines beginning, "Eve saw it placed," at the end of stanza xxviii.

3. An emendation of six lines to stanza v. of Canto II., with reference to the comboloio, the Turkish rosary.

4. Forty additional lines to stanza xx. of Canto II., beginning, "For thee in those bright isles," and being the first draft of the addition as printed in the Revises of November 13, etc.

5. Stanza xxvii. of Canto II., twenty-eight lines.

6. Ten additional lines to stanza xxvii., "Ah! happy!"—"depart."

7. Affixed to the rough Copy in stanza xxviii., fifty-eight lines, here called "Continuation." This is the rough Copy of No. 1.

The eighteen loose sheets of additions to Canto I. consist of—

1. The Dedication.

2. Two revisions of "Know ye the land."

3. Seven sheets, Canto I. stanzas i.–v., being the commencement of the Fair Copy in the bound volume.

4. Two sheets of the additional twelve lines to Canto I. stanza vi., "Who hath not proved,"—"Soul."

5. Four sheets of notes to Canto I. stanza vi., dated November 20, November 22, 1813.

6. Two sheets of notes to stanza xvi.

7. Sixteen additional lines to stanza xiii.

The fourteen additional sheets to Canto II. consist of—

1. Ten lines of stanza iv., and four lines of stanza xvii.

2. Two lines and note of stanza v.

3. Sheets of additions, etc., to stanza xx. (eight sheets).

(α) Eight lines, "Or, since that hope,"—"thy command."

(β) "For thee in those bright isles" (twenty-four lines).

(γ) "For thee," etc. (thirty-six lines).

(δ) "Blest as the call" (three variants).

(ε) "For thee in those bright isles" (seven lines).

(ζ) Fourteen lines, "There ev'n thy soul,"—"Zuleika's name," "Aye—let the loud winds,"—"bars escape," additional to stanza xx.

4. Two sheets of five variants of "Ah! wherefore did he turn to look?" being six additional lines to stanza xxv.

5. Thirty-five lines of stanza xxvi.

6. Ten lines, "Ah! happy! but,"—"depart." And eleven

lines, "Woe to thee, rash,"—"hast shed," being a continuous addition to stanza xxvii.

REVISES.

Endorsed—

i. November 13, 1813.
ii. November 15, 1813.
iii. November 16, 1813.
iv. November 18, 1813.
v. November 19, 1813.
vi. November 21, 1813.
vii. November 23, 1813.
viii. November 24, 1813. A wrong date.
ix. November 25, 1813.
x. An imperfect revise = Nos. i.–v.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD HOLLAND,

THIS TALE

IS INSCRIBED, WITH

EVERY SENTIMENT OF REGARD

AND RESPECT,

BY HIS GRATEFULLY OBLIGED

AND SINCERE FRIEND,

BYRON.[i]

i. *To the Right Hon^ble.*
Henry Richard Vassal
Lord Holland
This Tale
Is inscribed with
Every sentiment of the
Most affectionate respect
by his gratefully obliged servt.
And sincere Friend
Byron.

[*Proof and Revise.*—See *Letters to Murray*, November 13, 17, 1813.]

THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS.[1]

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle[2]
  Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime?
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
  Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gúl[3] in her bloom;

1. ["Murray tells me that Croker asked him why the thing was called the *Bride* of Abydos? It is a cursed awkward question, being unanswerable. *She* is not a *bride*, only about to become one. I don't wonder at his finding out the *Bull;* but the detection . . . is too late to do any good. I was a great fool to make it, and am ashamed of not being an Irishman."—*Journal*, December 6, 1813; *Letters*, 1898, ii. 365.

Byron need not have been dismayed. "The term is particularly applied on the day of marriage and during the 'honeymoon,' but is frequently used from the proclamation of the banns. . . . In the debate on Prince Leopold's allowance, Mr. Gladstone, being criticized for speaking of the Princess Helena as the 'bride,' said he believed that colloquially a lady when engaged was often called a 'bride.' This was met with 'Hear! Hear!' from some, and 'No! No!' from others."—*N. Engl. Dict.*, art. "Bride."]

2. [The opening lines were probably suggested by Goethe's—

"Kennst du das Land wo die citronen blühn?"]

3. "Gúl," the rose.

Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;[1]
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of Ocean is deepest in dye;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine—
'Tis the clime of the East—'tis the land of the Sun—
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?[2]
Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell[i.]
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.

II.[ii.]

Begirt with many a gallant slave,
Apparelled as becomes the brave,
Awaiting each his Lord's behest
To guide his steps, or guard his rest,
Old Giaffir sate in his Divan:
Deep thought was in his agéd eye;
And though the face of Mussulman
Not oft betrays to standers by

i. *For wild as the moment of lovers' farewell.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *Canto* 1st. *The Bride of Abydos. Nov.* 1st. 1813.—[*MS.*]

1. ["'Where the Citron,' etc. These lines are in the MS., and *omitted* by the *Printer*, whom I *again* request to look over it, and see that no others are *omitted*.—B." (Revise No. 1, November 13, 1813.)
"I ought and do apologise to Mr. — the Printer for charging him with an omission of the lines which I find was my own—but I also wish *he* would not print such a stupid word as *finest* for fairest." (Revise, November 15, 1813.)
The lines, "Where the Citron," etc., are absent from a fair copy dated November 11, but are inserted as an addition in an earlier draft.]

2. "Souls made of fire, and children of the Sun,
With whom revenge is virtue."
YOUNG'S *Revenge*, act v. sc. 2 (*British Theatre*, 1792, p. 84).

The mind within, well skilled to hide
All but unconquerable pride,
His pensive cheek and pondering brow[i.]
Did more than he was wont avow.

III.

"Let the chamber be cleared."—The train disappeared—
"Now call me the chief of the Haram guard"—
With Giaffir is none but his only son,
And the Nubian awaiting the sire's award.
"Haroun—when all the crowd that wait
Are passed beyond the outer gate,
(Woe to the head whose eye beheld
My child Zuleika's face unveiled!)
Hence, lead my daughter from her tower—[ii.]
Her fate is fixed this very hour;
Yet not to her repeat my thought—
By me alone be duty taught!"

"Pacha! to hear is to obey."—
No more must slave to despot say—
Then to the tower had ta'en his way:
But here young Selim silence brake,
First lowly rendering reverence meet;
And downcast looked, and gently spake,
Still standing at the Pacha's feet:
For son of Moslem must expire,
Ere dare to sit before his sire!

i. *The changing cheek and knitting brow.*—[*MS.* i.]

ii. *Hence—bid my daughter hither come*
This hour decides her future doom—
Yet not to her these words express
But lead her from the tower's recess.—[*MSS.* i., ii.]

[These lines must have been altered in proof, for all the revises accord with the text.]

"Father! for fear that thou shouldst chide
My sister, or her sable guide—
Know—for the fault, if fault there be,
Was mine—then fall thy frowns on me!
So lovelily the morning shone,
That—let the old and weary sleep—
I could not; and to view alone
The fairest scenes of land and deep,
With none to listen and reply
To thoughts with which my heart beat high
Were irksome—for whate'er my mood,
In sooth I love not solitude;
I on Zuleika's slumber broke,
And, as thou knowest that for me
Soon turns the Haram's grating key,
Before the guardian slaves awoke
We to the cypress groves had flown,
And made earth, main, and heaven our own!
There lingered we, beguiled too long
With Mejnoun's tale, or Sadi's song;[i. 1]
Till I, who heard the deep tambour [2]
Beat thy Divan's approaching hour,
To thee, and to my duty true,
Warned by the sound, to greet thee flew:
But there Zuleika wanders yet—
Nay, Father, rage not—nor forget

i. *With many a tale and mutual song.*—[*MS.*]

1. Mejnoun and Leila, the Romeo and Juliet of the East. Sadi, the moral poet of Persia. [For the "story of Leila and Mujnoon," see *The Gulistan, or Rose Garden* of . . . Saadi, translated by Francis Gladwin, Boston, 1865, Tale xix. pp. 288, 289; and Gulistan . . . du Cheikh Sa'di . . . Traduit par W. Semelet, Paris, 1834, Notes on Chapitre V. p. 304. Sa'di "moralizes" the tale, to the effect that love dwells in the eye of the beholder. See, too, Jāmī's *Medjnoun et Leila*, translated by A. L. Chezy, Paris, 1807.]

2. Tambour. Turkish drum, which sounds at sunrise, noon, and twilight. [The "tambour" is a kind of mandoline. It is the large kettle-drum (*nagaré*) which sounds the hours.]

That none can pierce that secret bower
But those who watch the women's tower."

IV.

"Son of a slave"—the Pacha said—
"From unbelieving mother bred,
Vain were a father's hope to see
Aught that beseems a man in thee.
Thou, when thine arm should bend the bow,
And hurl the dart, and curb the steed,
Thou, Greek in soul if not in creed,
Must pore where babbling waters flow,[i.]
And watch unfolding roses blow.
Would that yon Orb, whose matin glow
Thy listless eyes so much admire,
Would lend thee something of his fire!
Thou, who would's't see this battlement
By Christian cannon piecemeal rent;
Nay, tamely view old Stambol's wall
Before the dogs of Moscow fall,
Nor strike one stroke for life and death
Against the curs of Nazareth!
Go—let thy less than woman's hand
Assume the distaff—not the brand.
But, Haroun!—to my daughter speed:
And hark—of thine own head take heed—
If thus Zuleika oft takes wing—
Thou see'st yon bow—it hath a string!"

V.

No sound from Selim's lip was heard,
At least that met old Giaffir's ear,
But every frown and every word

i. *Must walk forsooth where waters flow*
And pore on every flower below.—[*MS. erased.*]

Pierced keener than a Christian's sword.
"Son of a slave!—reproached with fear!
Those gibes had cost another dear.
Son of a slave!—and *who* my Sire?"
Thus held his thoughts their dark career;
And glances ev'n of more than ire[i]
Flash forth, then faintly disappear.
Old Giaffir gazed upon his son
And started; for within his eye
He read how much his wrath had done;
He saw rebellion there begun:
"Come hither, boy—what, no reply?
I mark thee—and I know thee too;
But there be deeds thou dar'st not do:
But if thy beard had manlier length,
And if thy hand had skill and strength,
I'd joy to see thee break a lance,
Albeit against my own perchance."
As sneeringly these accents fell,
On Selim's eye he fiercely gazed:
That eye returned him glance for glance,
And proudly to his Sire's was raised,[ii]
Till Giaffir's quailed and shrunk askance—
And why—he felt, but durst not tell.
"Much I misdoubt this wayward boy
Will one day work me more annoy:
I never loved him from his birth,
And—but his arm is little worth,
And scarcely in the chase could cope
With timid fawn or antelope,
Far less would venture into strife
Where man contends for fame and life—

i. *For looks of peace and hearts of ire.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *And calmly to his Sire's was raised.*—[*MS.*]

I would not trust that look or tone:
No—nor the blood so near my own.[i.]
That blood—he hath not heard—no more—
I'll watch him closer than before.
He is an Arab [1] to my sight,
Or Christian crouching in the fight—[ii.]
But hark!—I hear Zuleika's voice;
Like Houris' hymn it meets mine ear:
She is the offspring of my choice;
Oh! more than ev'n her mother dear,
With all to hope, and nought to fear—
My Peri! ever welcome here![iii.]
Sweet, as the desert fountain's wave
To lips just cooled in time to save—
Such to my longing sight art thou;
Nor can they waft to Mecca's shrine
More thanks for life, than I for thine,
Who blest thy birth and bless thee now." [iv.]

VI.

Fair, as the first that fell of womankind,
When on that dread yet lovely serpent smiling,
Whose Image then was stamped upon her mind—
But once beguiled—and ever more beguiling;
Dazzling, as that, oh! too transcendent vision
To Sorrow's phantom-peopled slumber given,
When heart meets heart again in dreams Elysian,
And paints the lost on Earth revived in Heaven;
Soft, as the memory of buried love;

i. *No—nor the blood I call my own.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *Or Christian flying from the fight.*—[*MS.*]
iii. *Zuleika! ever welcome here.*—[*MS.*]
iv. *Who never was more blest than now.*—[*MS.*]

1. The Turks abhor the Arabs (who return the compliment a hundredfold) even more than they hate the Christians.

Pure, as the prayer which Childhood wafts above;
Was she—the daughter of that rude old Chief,
Who met the maid with tears—but not of grief.

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay [1]
To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?
Who doth not feel, until his failing sight[i.]
Faints into dimness with its own delight,
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
The might—the majesty of Loveliness?
Such was Zuleika—such around her shone
The nameless charms unmarked by her alone—
The light of Love, the purity of Grace,[ii.]
The mind, the Music [2] breathing from her face,

i. *Who hath not felt his very power of sight*
Faint with the languid dimness of delight?—[*MS.*]

ii. *The light of life—the purity of grace*
The mind of Music breathing in her face.
or, *Mind on her lip and music in her face.*
A heart where softness harmonized the whole
And oh! her eye was in itself a Soul!—[*MS.*]

1. [Lines 170–181 were added in the course of printing. They were received by the publisher on November 22, 1813.]

2. This expression has met with objections. I will not refer to "Him who hath not Music in his soul," but merely request the reader to recollect, for ten seconds, the features of the woman whom he believes to be the most beautiful; and, if he then does not comprehend fully what is feebly expressed in the above line, I shall be sorry for us both. For an eloquent passage in the latest work of the first female writer of this, perhaps of any, age, on the analogy (and the immediate comparison excited by that analogy) between "painting and music," see vol. iii. cap. 10, DE L'ALLEMAGNE. And is not this connection still stronger with the original than the copy? with the colouring of Nature than of Art? After all, this is rather to be felt than described; still I think there are some who will understand it, at least they would have done had they beheld the countenance whose speaking harmony suggested the idea; for this passage is not drawn from imagination but memory,[iii.] that mirror

iii. *In this line I have not drawn from fiction but memory—that mirror of regret memory—the too faithful mirror of affliction the long vista through which we gaze. Someone has said that the perfection of Architecture is frozen music—the perfection of Beauty to my mind always presented the idea of living Music.*—[*MS. erased.*]

The heart whose softness harmonized the whole,
And oh! that eye was in itself a Soul!

Her graceful arms in meekness bending
Across her gently-budding breast;
At one kind word those arms extending
To clasp the neck of him who blest
His child caressing and carest,
Zuleika came—and Giaffir felt
His purpose half within him melt:
Not that against her fancied weal
His heart though stern could ever feel;
Affection chained her to that heart;
Ambition tore the links apart.

VII.

"Zuleika! child of Gentleness!
How dear this very day must tell,
When I forget my own distress,
In losing what I love so well,

which Affliction dashes to the earth, and looking down upon the fragments, only beholds the reflection multiplied!

[For the simile of the broken mirror, compare *Childe Harold*, Canto III. stanza xxxiii. line 1 (*Poetical Works*, ii. 236, *note* 2); and for "the expression," "music breathing from her face," compare Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici*, Part II. sect. ix., *Works*, 1835, ii. 106, "And sure there is musick, even in the beauty and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of any instrument;" and Lovelace's "Song," *Orpheus to Beasts*—

"Oh could you view the melody
Of ev'ry grace,
And music of her face!"

The effect of the appeal to Madame de Staël is thus recorded in Byron's *Journal* of December 7, 1813 (*Letters*, 1898, ii. 369): "This morning, a very pretty billet from the Staël," (for passage in *De L'Allemagne*, Part III. chap. x., and the "billet," see *Letters*, ii. 354, *note* 1) . . . "She has been pleased to be pleased with my slight eulogy in the note annexed to *The Bride*."]

To bid thee with another dwell:
Another! and a braver man
Was never seen in battle's van.
We Moslem reck not much of blood:
But yet the line of Carasman[1]
Unchanged, unchangeable hath stood
First of the bold Timariot bands
That won and well can keep their lands.[i.]
Enough that he who comes to woo[ii.]
Is kinsman of the Bey Oglou:[2]
His years need scarce a thought employ;
I would not have thee wed a boy.
And thou shalt have a noble dower:
And his and my united power
Will laugh to scorn the death-firman,
Which others tremble but to scan,

i. *Who won of yore paternal lands.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *Enough if that thy bridesman true.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. Carasman Oglou, or Kara Osman Oglou, is the principal landholder in Turkey; he governs Magnesia: those who, by a kind of feudal tenure, possess land on condition of service, are called Timariots: they serve as Spahis, according to the extent of territory, and bring a certain number into the field, generally cavalry.

[The "line of Carasman" dates back to Kara Youlouk, the founder of the dynasty of the "White Sheep," at the close of the fourteenth century. Hammer-Purgstall (*Hist. de l'Emp. Ottoman*, iii. 151) gives *sang-sue*, "blood-sucker," as the equivalent of Youlouk, which should, however, be interpreted "smooth-face." Of the Magnesian Kara Osman Oglou ("Black Osman-son"), Dallaway (*Constantinople Ancient and Modern*, 1797, p. 190) writes, "He is the most powerful and opulent derè bey ('lord of the valley'), or feudal tenant, in the empire, and, though inferior to the pasha's in rank, possesses more wealth and influence, and offers them an example of administration and patriotic government which they have rarely the virtue to follow." For the Timariots, who formed the third class of the feudal cavalry of the Ottoman Empire, see Finlay's *Greece under Othoman . . . Domination*, 1856, pp. 50, 51.]

2. [The Bey Oglou (= Begzāde) is "the nobleman," "the high-born chief."]

And teach the messenger[1] what fate
The bearer of such boon may wait.
And now thou know'st thy father's will;
All that thy sex hath need to know:
'Twas mine to teach obedience still—
The way to love, thy Lord may show."

VIII.

In silence bowed the virgin's head;
And if her eye was filled with tears
That stifled feeling dare not shed,
And changed her cheek from pale to red,
And red to pale, as through her ears
Those wingéd words like arrows sped,
What could such be but maiden fears?
So bright the tear in Beauty's eye,
Love half regrets to kiss it dry;
So sweet the blush of Bashfulness,
Even Pity scarce can wish it less!

Whate'er it was the sire forgot:
Or if remembered, marked it not;
Thrice clapped his hands, and called his steed,[2]
Resigned his gem-adorned chibouque,[3]

1. When a Pacha is sufficiently strong to resist, the single messenger, who is always the first bearer of the order for his death, is strangled instead, and sometimes five or six, one after the other, on the same errand, by command of the refractory patient; if, on the contrary, he is weak or loyal, he bows, kisses the Sultan's respectable signature, and is bowstrung with great complacency. In 1810, several of these presents were exhibited in the niche of the Seraglio gate; among others, the head of the Pacha of Bagdat, a brave young man, cut off by treachery, after a desperate resistance.

2. Clapping of the hands calls the servants. The Turks hate a superfluous expenditure of voice, and they have no bells.

3. "Chibouque," the Turkish pipe, of which the amber mouthpiece, and sometimes the ball which contains the leaf, is adorned with precious stones, if in possession of the wealthier orders.

And mounting featly for the mead,
With Maugrabee [1] and Mamaluke,
His way amid his Delis took,[2]
To witness many an active deed
With sabre keen, or blunt jerreed.
The Kislar only and his Moors [3]
Watch well the Haram's massy doors.

IX.

His head was leant upon his hand,
His eye looked o'er the dark blue water
That swiftly glides and gently swells
Between the winding Dardanelles;
But yet he saw nor sea nor strand,
Nor even his Pacha's turbaned band
Mix in the game of mimic slaughter,
Careering cleave the folded felt [4]
With sabre stroke right sharply dealt;
Nor marked the javelin-darting crowd,
Nor heard their Ollahs [5] wild and loud—
He thought but of old Giaffir's daughter!

1. "Maugrabee" [*Maghrabī*, Moors], Moorish mercenaries.
2. "Delis," bravos who form the forlorn hope of the cavalry, and always begin the action. [See *Childe Harold*, Canto II., *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 149, *note* 1.]
3. [The Kizlar aghasi was the head of the black eunuchs; kislar, by itself, is Turkish for "girls," "virgins."]
4. A twisted fold of *felt* is used for scimitar practice by the Turks, and few but Mussulman arms can cut through it at a single stroke: sometimes a tough turban is used for the same purpose. The jerreed [jarīd] is a game of blunt javelins, animated and graceful.
5. "Ollahs," Alla il Allah [La Ilāh illā 'llāh], the "Leilies," as the Spanish poets call them, the sound is Ollah; a cry of which the Turks, for a silent people, are somewhat profuse, particularly during the jerreed [jarīd], or in the chase, but mostly in battle. Their animation in the field, and gravity in the chamber, with their pipes and comboloios [*vide post*, p. 181, *note* 4], form an amusing contrast.

X.

No word from Selim's bosom broke;
One sigh Zuleika's thought bespoke:
Still gazed he through the lattice grate,
Pale, mute, and mournfully sedate.
To him Zuleika's eye was turned,
But little from his aspect learned:
Equal her grief, yet not the same;
Her heart confessed a gentler flame:[i.]
But yet that heart, alarmed or weak,
She knew not why, forbade to speak.
Yet speak she must—but when essay?
"How strange he thus should turn away!
Not thus we e'er before have met;
Not thus shall be our parting yet."
Thrice paced she slowly through the room,
And watched his eye—it still was fixed:
She snatched the urn wherein was mixed
The Persian Atar-gul's perfume,[1]
And sprinkled all its odours o'er
The pictured roof[2] and marble floor:
The drops, that through his glittering vest[ii.]
The playful girl's appeal addressed,
Unheeded o'er his bosom flew,
As if that breast were marble too.
"What, sullen yet? it must not be—
Oh! gentle Selim, this from thee!"

i. *Her heart confessed no cause of shame.*—[*MS.*]

ii. *The drops that flow upon his vest*
Unheeded fell upon his breast.—[*MS.*]

1. "Atar-gul," ottar of roses. The Persian is the finest.

2. The ceiling and wainscots, or rather walls, of the Mussulman apartments are generally painted, in great houses, with one eternal and highly-coloured view of Constantinople, wherein the principal feature is a noble contempt of perspective; below, arms, scimitars, etc., are, in general, fancifully and not inelegantly disposed.

She saw in curious order set
The fairest flowers of Eastern land—
"He loved them once; may touch them yet,
If offered by Zuleika's hand."
The childish thought was hardly breathed
Before the rose was plucked and wreathed;
The next fond moment saw her seat
Her fairy form at Selim's feet:
"This rose to calm my brother's cares
A message from the Bulbul[1] bears;
It says to-night he will prolong
For Selim's ear his sweetest song;
And though his note is somewhat sad,
He'll try for once a strain more glad,
With some faint hope his altered lay
May sing these gloomy thoughts away.

XI.

"What! not receive my foolish flower?
Nay then I am indeed unblest:
On me can thus thy forehead lower?
And know'st thou not who loves thee best?[i]

i. *Would I had never seen this hour*
What knowest thou not who loves thee best.—[*MS.*]

1. It has been much doubted whether the notes of this "Lover of the rose" are sad or merry; and Mr. Fox's remarks on the subject have provoked some learned controversy as to the opinions of the ancients on the subject. I dare not venture a conjecture on the point, though a little inclined to the "errare mallem," etc., *if* Mr. Fox *was* mistaken.

[Fox, writing to Grey (see Lord Holland's Preface (p. xii.) to the *History . . . of James the Second*, by . . . C. J. Fox, London, 1808), remarks, "In defence of my opinion about the nightingale, I find Chaucer, who of all poets seems to have been the fondest of the singing of birds, calls it a 'merry note,'" etc. Fox's contention was attacked and disproved by Martin Davy (1763–1839, physician and Master of Caius College, Cambridge), in an interesting and scholarly pamphlet entitled, *Observations upon Mr. Fox's Letter to Mr. Grey*, 1809.]

Oh, Selim dear! oh, more than dearest!
Say, is it me thou hat'st or fearest?
Come, lay thy head upon my breast,
And I will kiss thee into rest,
Since words of mine, and songs must fail,
Ev'n from my fabled nightingale.
I knew our sire at times was stern,
But this from thee had yet to learn:
Too well I know he loves thee not;
But is Zuleika's love forgot?
Ah! deem I right? the Pacha's plan—
This kinsman Bey of Carasman
Perhaps may prove some foe of thine.
If so, I swear by Mecca's shrine,—[i.]
If shrines that ne'er approach allow
To woman's step admit her vow,—
Without thy free consent—command—
The Sultan should not have my hand!
Think'st thou that I could bear to part
With thee, and learn to halve my heart?
Ah! were I severed from thy side,
Where were thy friend—and who my guide?
Years have not seen, Time shall not see,
The hour that tears my soul from thee:[ii.]
Ev'n Azrael,[1] from his deadly quiver
When flies that shaft, and fly it must,[iii.]
That parts all else, shall doom for ever
Our hearts to undivided dust!"

i. *If so by Mecca's hidden shrine.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *The day that teareth thee from me.*—[*MS.*]
iii. *When comes that hour and come it must.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. "Azrael," the angel of death.

XII.

He lived—he breathed—he moved—he felt;
He raised the maid from where she knelt;
His trance was gone, his keen eye shone
With thoughts that long in darkness dwelt;
With thoughts that burn—in rays that melt.
As the stream late concealed
By the fringe of its willows,
When it rushes reveal'd
In the light of its billows;
As the bolt bursts on high
From the black cloud that bound it,
Flashed the soul of that eye
Through the long lashes round it.
A war-horse at the trumpet's sound,
A lion roused by heedless hound,
A tyrant waked to sudden strife
By graze of ill-directed knife,[i.]
Starts not to more convulsive life
Than he, who heard that vow, displayed,
And all, before repressed, betrayed:
"Now thou art mine, for ever mine,
With life to keep, and scarce with life resign;[ii.]
Now thou art mine, that sacred oath,
Though sworn by one, hath bound us both.
Yes, fondly, wisely hast thou done;
That vow hath saved more heads than one:
But blench not thou—thy simplest tress
Claims more from me than tenderness;
I would not wrong the slenderest hair

i. *Which thanks to terror and the dark*
Hath missed a trifle of its mark.—[*MS.*]
[The couplet was expunged in a revise dated November 19.]
ii. *With life to keep but not with life resign.*—[*MS.*]

That clusters round thy forehead fair,[1]
For all the treasures buried far
Within the caves of Istakar.[1]
This morning clouds upon me lowered,
Reproaches on my head were showered,
And Giaffir almost called me coward!
Now I have motive to be brave;
The son of his neglected slave,
Nay, start not, 'twas the term he gave,
May show, though little apt to vaunt,
A heart his words nor deeds can daunt.
His son, indeed!—yet, thanks to thee,
Perchance I am, at least shall be;
But let our plighted secret vow
Be only known to us as now.
I know the wretch who dares demand
From Giaffir thy reluctant hand;
More ill-got wealth, a meaner soul
Holds not a Musselim's [2] control;
Was he not bred in Egripo? [3]
A viler race let Israel show!
But let that pass—to none be told

1. *That strays along that head so fair.*—[*MS.*]
or, *That strays along that neck so fair.*—[*MS.*]

1. The treasures of the Pre-Adamite Sultans. See D'Herbelot [1781, ii. 405], article *Istakar* [Estekhar *ou* Istekhar].

2. "Musselim," a governor, the next in rank after a Pacha; a Waywode is the third; and then come the Agas.

[This table of precedence applies to Ottoman officials in Greece and other dependencies. The Musselim [Mutaselline] is the governor or commander of a city (*e.g.* Hobhouse, *Travels in Albania*, ii. 41, speaks of the "Musselim of Smyrna"); Aghas, *i.e.* heads of departments in the army or civil service, or the Sultan's household, here denote mayors of small towns, or local magnates.]

3. "Egripo," the Negropont. According to the proverb, the Turks of Egripo, the Jews of Salonica, and the Greeks of Athens, are the worst of their respective races.

[See Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, 1855, viii. 386.]

Our oath; the rest shall time unfold.
To me and mine leave Osman Bey!
I've partisans for Peril's day:
Think not I am what I appear;
I've arms—and friends—and vengeance near."

XIII.

"Think not thou art what thou appearest!
My Selim, thou art sadly changed:
This morn I saw thee gentlest—dearest—
But now thou'rt from thyself estranged.
My love thou surely knew'st before,
It ne'er was less—nor can be more.
To see thee—hear thee—near thee stay—
And hate the night—I know not why,
Save that we meet not but by day;
With thee to live, with thee to die,
I dare not to my hope deny:
Thy cheek—thine eyes—thy lips to kiss—
Like this—and this—no more than this;[i]
For, Allah! sure thy lips are flame:
What fever in thy veins is flushing?
My own have nearly caught the same,
At least I feel my cheek, too, blushing.
To soothe thy sickness, watch thy health,
Partake, but never waste thy wealth,
Or stand with smiles unmurmuring by,
And lighten half thy poverty;
Do all but close thy dying eye,
For that I could not live to try;
To these alone my thoughts aspire:
More can I do? or thou require?

i. *Like this—and more than this.*—[*MS.*]

But, Selim, thou must answer why[i.]
We need so much of mystery?
The cause I cannot dream nor tell,
But be it, since thou say'st 'tis well;
Yet what thou mean'st by 'arms' and 'friends,'
Beyond my weaker sense extends.
I meant that Giaffir should have heard
The very vow I plighted thee;
His wrath would not revoke my word:
But surely he would leave me free.
Can this fond wish seem strange in me,
To be what I have ever been?
What other hath Zuleika seen
From simple childhood's earliest hour?
What other can she seek to see
Than thee, companion of her bower,
The partner of her infancy?
These cherished thoughts with life begun,
Say, why must I no more avow?
What change is wrought to make me shun
The truth—my pride, and thine till now?
To meet the gaze of stranger's eyes
Our law—our creed—our God denies;
Nor shall one wandering thought of mine
At such, our Prophet's will, repine:
No! happier made by that decree,
He left me all in leaving thee.
Deep were my anguish, thus compelled[ii.]
To wed with one I ne'er beheld:

i. *But—Selim why my heart's reply*
Should need so much of mystery
Is more than I can guess or tell,
But since thou say'st 'tis so—'tis well.—[*MS.*]
[The fourth line erased.]

ii. *He blest me more in leaving thee.*
Much should I suffer thus compelled.—[*MS.*]

This wherefore should I not reveal?
Why wilt thou urge me to conceal?[i.]
I know the Pacha's haughty mood
To thee hath never boded good;
And he so often storms at nought,
Allah! forbid that e'er he ought!
And why I know not, but within
My heart concealment weighs like sin.[ii.]
If then such secrecy be crime,
And such it feels while lurking here;
Oh, Selim! tell me yet in time,
Nor leave me thus to thoughts of fear.
Ah! yonder see the Tchocadar,[1]
My father leaves the mimic war;
I tremble now to meet his eye—
Say, Selim, canst thou tell me why?"

XIV.

"Zuleika—to thy tower's retreat
Betake thee—Giaffir I can greet:
And now with him I fain must prate
Of firmans, imposts, levies, state.
There's fearful news from Danube's banks,
Our Vizier nobly thins his ranks

i. *This vow I should no more conceal*
And wherefore should I not reveal?—[*MS.*]
ii. *My breast is consciousness of sin*
But when and where and what the crime
I almost feel is lurking here.—[*MS.*]

1. "Tchocadar"—one of the attendants who precedes a man of authority.

[See D'Ohsson's *Tableau Générale, etc.*, 1787, ii. 159, and *Plates* 87, 88. The Turks seem to have used the Persian word *chawki-dār*, an officer of the guard-house, a policeman (whence our slang word "chokey"), for a "valet de pied," or, in the case of the Sultan, for an apparitor. The French spelling points to D'Ohsson as Byron's authority.]

For which the Giaour may give him thanks!
Our Sultan hath a shorter way
Such costly triumph to repay.
But, mark me, when the twilight drum
  Hath warned the troops to food and sleep,
Unto thy cell with Selim come;
  Then softly from the Haram creep
  Where we may wander by the deep:
  Our garden battlements are steep;
Nor these will rash intruder climb
To list our words, or stint our time;
And if he doth, I want not steel
Which some have felt, and more may feel.
Then shalt thou learn of Selim more
Than thou hast heard or thought before:
Trust me, Zuleika—fear not me!
Thou know'st I hold a Haram key."

"Fear thee, my Selim! ne'er till now
Did words like this——"
"Delay not thou;[i]
I keep the key—and Haroun's guard
Have *some*, and hope of *more* reward.
To-night, Zuleika, thou shalt hear
My tale, my purpose, and my fear:
I am not, love! what I appear."

i. *Be silent thou.*—[*MS.*]

CANTO THE SECOND.[i.]

I.

THE winds are high on Helle's wave,
As on that night of stormy water
When Love, who sent, forgot to save
The young—the beautiful—the brave—
The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.
Oh! when alone along the sky
Her turret-torch was blazing high,
Though rising gale, and breaking foam,
And shrieking sea-birds warned him home;
And clouds aloft and tides below,
With signs and sounds, forbade to go,
He could not see, he would not hear,
Or sound or sign foreboding fear;
His eye but saw that light of Love,
The only star it hailed above;
His ear but rang with Hero's song,
"Ye waves, divide not lovers long!"—
That tale is old, but Love anew[1]
May nerve young hearts to prove as true.

i. *Nov.* 9th 1813.—[*MS.*]

1. [*Vide* Ovid, *Heroïdes*, Ep. xix.; and the *De Herone atque Leandro* of Musæus.]

II.

The winds are high and Helle's tide
  Rolls darkly heaving to the main;
And Night's descending shadows hide
  That field with blood bedewed in vain,
The desert of old Priam's pride;
  The tombs, sole relics of his reign,
All—save immortal dreams that could beguile
The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle!

III.

Oh! yet—for there my steps have been;
  These feet have pressed the sacred shore,
These limbs that buoyant wave hath borne—
Minstrel! with thee to muse, to mourn,
  To trace again those fields of yore,
Believing every hillock green
  Contains no fabled hero's ashes,
And that around the undoubted scene
  Thine own "broad Hellespont"[1] still dashes,
Be long my lot! and cold were he
Who there could gaze denying thee!

1. The wrangling about this epithet, "the broad Hellespont" or the "boundless Hellespont," whether it means one or the other, or what it means at all, has been beyond all possibility of detail. I have even heard it disputed on the spot; and not foreseeing a speedy conclusion to the controversy, amused myself with swimming across it in the mean time; and probably may again, before the point is settled. Indeed, the question as to the truth of "the tale of Troy divine" still continues, much of it resting upon the talismanic word "ἄπειρος:" probably Homer had the same notion of distance that a coquette has of time; and when he talks of boundless, means half a mile; as the latter, by a like figure, when she says *eternal* attachment, simply specifies three weeks.

[For a defence of the Homeric ἀπείρων, and for a *résumé* of the "wrangling" of the topographers, Jean Baptiste Le Chevalier (1752–1836) and Jacob Bryant (1715–1804), etc., see *Travels in Albania*, 1858, ii. 179–185.]

IV.

The Night hath closed on Helle's stream,
Nor yet hath risen on Ida's hill
That Moon, which shone on his high theme:
No warrior chides her peaceful beam,
But conscious shepherds bless it still.
Their flocks are grazing on the Mound
Of him who felt the Dardan's arrow:
That mighty heap of gathered ground
Which Ammon's son ran proudly round,[1]
By nations raised, by monarchs crowned,
Is now a lone and nameless barrow!
Within—thy dwelling-place how narrow![2]
Without—can only strangers breathe
The name of him that *was* beneath:
Dust long outlasts the storied stone;
But Thou—thy very dust is gone!

V.

Late, late to-night will Dian cheer
The swain, and chase the boatman's fear;
Till then—no beacon on the cliff
May shape the course of struggling skiff;

1. Before his Persian invasion, and crowned the altar with laurel, etc. He was afterwards imitated by Caracalla in his race. It is believed that the last also poisoned a friend, named Festus, for the sake of new Patroclan games. I have seen the sheep feeding on the tombs of Æyietes and Antilochus: the first is in the centre of the plain.

[Alexander placed a garland on the tomb of Achilles, and "went through the ceremony of anointing himself with oil, and running naked up to it."—Plut. *Vitæ*, "Alexander M.," cap. xv. line 25, Lipsiæ, 1814, vi. 187. For the tombs of Æsyetes, etc., see *Travels in Albania*, ii. 149–151.]

2. [Compare—

"Or narrow if needs must be,
Outside are the storms and the strangers."

Never the Time, etc., lines 19, 20, by Robert Browning.]

The scattered lights that skirt the bay,
All, one by one, have died away;
The only lamp of this lone hour
Is glimmering in Zuleika's tower.
Yes! there is light in that lone chamber,
And o'er her silken ottoman
Are thrown the fragrant beads of amber,
O'er which her fairy fingers ran;[1]
Near these, with emerald rays beset,[2]
(How could she thus that gem forget?)
Her mother's sainted amulet,[3]
Whereon engraved the Koorsee text,
Could smooth this life, and win the next;
And by her Comboloio[4] lies

1. When rubbed, the amber is susceptible of a perfume, which is slight, but *not* disagreeable. [Letter to Murray, December 6, 1813, *Letters*, 1898, ii. 300.]

2. ["Cœterum castitatis hieroglyphicum gemma est."—Hoffmann, *Lexic. Univ.*, art. "Smaragdus." Compare, too, *Lalla Rookh* ("Chandos Classics," p. 406), "The emerald's virgin blaze."]

3. The belief in amulets engraved on gems, or enclosed in gold boxes, containing scraps from the Koran, worn round the neck, wrist, or arm, is still universal in the East. The Koorsee (throne) verse in the second cap. of the Koran describes the attributes of the Most High, and is engraved in this manner, and worn by the pious, as the most esteemed and sublime of all sentences.

[The *âyatu 'l kursîy*, or verse of the throne (Sura II. "Chapter of the Heifer," v. 257), runs thus: "God, there is no God but He, the living and self-subsistent. Slumber takes Him not, nor sleep. His is what is in the heavens and what is in the earth. Who is it that intercedes with Him, save by His permission? He knows what is before them, and what behind them, and they comprehend not aught of His knowledge but of what He pleases. His throne extends over the heavens and the earth, and it tires Him not to guard them both, for He is high and grand."—The *Qur'ân*, translated by E. H. Palmer, 1880, Part I., *Sacred Books of the East*, vi. 40.]

4. "Comboloio"—a Turkish rosary. The MSS., particularly those of the Persians, are richly adorned and illuminated. The Greek females are kept in utter ignorance; but many of the Turkish girls are highly accomplished, though not actually qualified for a Christian coterie. Perhaps some of our own "*blues*" might not be the worse for *bleaching*.

[The comboloio consists of ninety-nine beads. Compare *Lalla*

A Koran of illumined dyes;
And many a bright emblazoned rhyme
By Persian scribes redeemed from Time;
And o'er those scrolls, not oft so mute,
Reclines her now neglected lute;
And round her lamp of fretted gold
Bloom flowers in urns of China's mould;
The richest work of Iran's loom,
And Sheeraz' [1] tribute of perfume;
All that can eye or sense delight
Are gathered in that gorgeous room:
But yet it hath an air of gloom.
She, of this Peri cell the sprite,
What doth she hence, and on so rude a night?

VI.

Wrapt in the darkest sable vest,
Which none save noblest Moslem wear,
To guard from winds of Heaven the breast
As Heaven itself to Selim dear,
With cautious steps the thicket threading,
And starting oft, as through the glade
The gust its hollow moanings made,
Till on the smoother pathway treading,
More free her timid bosom beat,
The maid pursued her silent guide;
And though her terror urged retreat,
How could she quit her Selim's side?
How teach her tender lips to chide?

Rookh ("Chandos Classics," p. 420), "Her ruby rosary," etc., and *note* on "Le Tespih." *Lord Byron's Comboloio* is the title of a metrical *jeu d'esprit*, a rhymed catalogue of the *Poetical Works*, beginning with *Hours of Idleness*, and ending with *Cain, a Mystery*. —*Blackwood's Magazine*, 1822, xi. 162–165.]

1. [Shiraz, capital of the Persian province of Fars, is celebrated for the attar-gûl, or attar of roses.]

VII.

They reached at length a grotto, hewn
By nature, but enlarged by art,
Where oft her lute she wont to tune,
And oft her Koran conned apart;
And oft in youthful reverie
She dreamed what Paradise might be:
Where Woman's parted soul shall go
Her Prophet had disdained to show;[i. 1]
But Selim's mansion was secure,
Nor deemed she, could he long endure
His bower in other worlds of bliss
Without *her*, most beloved in this!
Oh! who so dear with him could dwell?
What Houri soothe him half so well?

VIII.

Since last she visited the spot
Some change seemed wrought within the grot:
It might be only that the night
Disguised things seen by better light:
That brazen lamp but dimly threw
A ray of no celestial hue;
But in a nook within the cell
Her eye on stranger objects fell.
There arms were piled, not such as wield
The turbaned Delis in the field;
But brands of foreign blade and hilt,
And one was red—perchance with guilt![ii.]
Ah! how without can blood be spilt?

i. *Her Prophet did not clearly show*
But Selim's place was quite secure.—[*MS.*]
ii. *And one seemed red with recent guilt.*—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare *The Giaour*, line 490, *note* 1, *vide ante*, p. 110.]

A cup too on the board was set
That did not seem to hold sherbet.
What may this mean? she turned to see
Her Selim—"Oh! can this be he?" i.

IX.

His robe of pride was thrown aside,
His brow no high-crowned turban bore,
But in its stead a shawl of red,
Wreathed lightly round, his temples wore:
That dagger, on whose hilt the gem
Were worthy of a diadem,
No longer glittered at his waist,
Where pistols unadorned were braced;
And from his belt a sabre swung,
And from his shoulder loosely hung
The cloak of white, the thin capote
That decks the wandering Candiote;
Beneath—his golden plated vest
Clung like a cuirass to his breast;
The greaves below his knee that wound
With silvery scales were sheathed and bound.
But were it not that high command
Spake in his eye, and tone, and hand,
All that a careless eye could see
In him was some young Galiongée.[1]

i. *Her Selim—"Alla—is it he?"*—[*MS.*]

1. "Galiongée"—or Galiongi [*i.e.* a Galleon-er], a sailor, that is, a Turkish sailor; the Greeks navigate, the Turks work the guns. Their dress is picturesque; and I have seen the Capitan Pacha, more than once, wearing it as a kind of *incog.* Their legs, however, are generally naked. The buskins described in the text as sheathed behind with silver are those of an Arnaut robber, who was my host (he had quitted the profession) at his Pyrgo, near Gastouni in the Morea; they were plated in scales one over the other, like the back of an armadillo.

[Gastuni lies some eight miles S.W. of Palæopolis, the site of the

X.

"I said I was not what I seemed;
And now thou see'st my words were true:
I have a tale thou hast not dreamed,
If sooth—its truth must others rue.
My story now 'twere vain to hide,
I must not see thee Osman's bride:
But had not thine own lips declared
How much of that young heart I shared,
I could not, must not, yet have shown
The darker secret of my own.
In this I speak not now of love;
That—let Time—Truth—and Peril prove:
But first—Oh! never wed another—
Zuleika! I am not thy brother!"

XI.

"Oh! not my brother!—yet unsay—
God! am I left alone on earth
To mourn—I dare not curse—the day [i.]
That saw my solitary birth?
Oh! thou wilt love me now no more!
My sinking heart foreboded ill;
But know *me* all I was before,
Thy sister—friend—Zuleika still.
Thou led'st me here perchance to kill;
If thou hast cause for vengeance, see!
My breast is offered—take thy fill!
Far better with the dead to be
Than live thus nothing now to thee:

i. *What—have I lived to curse the day?*—[*MS. M.*]
To curse—if I could curse—the day.—[*MS.*, ed. 1892.]

ancient Elis. The "Pyrgo" must be the Castle of Chlemutzi (Castel Tornese), built by Geoffrey II. of Villehouardin, circ. A.D. 1218.]

Perhaps far worse, for now I know
Why Giaffir always seemed thy foe;
And I, alas! am Giaffir's child,
For whom thou wert contemned, reviled.
If not thy sister—would'st thou save
My life—Oh! bid me be thy slave!"

XII.

"My slave, Zuleika!—nay, I'm thine:
But, gentle love, this transport calm,
Thy lot shall yet be linked with mine;
I swear it by our Prophet's shrine,[i.]
And be that thought thy sorrow's balm.
So may the Koran [1] verse displayed
Upon its steel direct my blade,
In danger's hour to guard us both,
As I preserve that awful oath!
The name in which thy heart hath prided
Must change; but, my Zuleika, know,
That tie is widened, not divided,
Although thy Sire's my deadliest foe.
My father was to Giaffir all
That Selim late was deemed to thee;

i. *I swear it by Medina's shrine.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. The characters on all Turkish scimitars contain sometimes the name of the place of their manufacture, but more generally a text from the Koran, in letters of gold. Amongst those in my possession is one with a blade of singular construction: it is very broad, and the edge notched into serpentine curves like the ripple of water, or the wavering of flame. I asked the Armenian who sold it, what possible use such a figure could add: he said, in Italian, that he did not know; but the Mussulmans had an idea that those of this form gave a severer wound; and liked it because it was "piu feroce." I did not much admire the reason, but bought it for its peculiarity.

[Compare *Lalla Rookh* ("Chandos Classics," p. 373)—

"The flashing of their swords' rich marquetry."]

That brother wrought a brother's fall,
But spared, at least, my infancy!
And lulled me with a vain deceit
That yet a like return may meet.
He reared me, not with tender help,
But like the nephew of a Cain;[1]
He watched me like a lion's whelp,
That gnaws and yet may break his chain.
My father's blood in every vein
Is boiling! but for thy dear sake
No present vengeance will I take;
Though here I must no more remain.
But first, beloved Zuleika! hear
How Giaffir wrought this deed of fear.

XIII.

"How first their strife to rancour grew,
If Love or Envy made them foes,
It matters little if I knew;

1. It is to be observed, that every allusion to any thing or personage in the Old Testament, such as the Ark, or Cain, is equally the privilege of Mussulman and Jew: indeed, the former profess to be much better acquainted with the lives, true and fabulous, of the patriarchs, than is warranted by our own sacred writ; and not content with Adam, they have a biography of Pre-Adamites. Solomon is the monarch of all necromancy, and Moses a prophet inferior only to Christ and Mahomet. Zuleika is the Persian name of Potiphar's wife; and her amour with Joseph constitutes one of the finest poems in their language. It is, therefore, no violation of costume to put the names of Cain, or Noah, into the mouth of a Moslem.

[*À propos* of this note "for the ignorant," Byron writes to Murray (November 13, 1813), "Do you suppose that no one but the Galileans are acquainted with Adam, and Eve, and Cain, and Noah? —*Zuleika* is the Persian *poetical name* for *Potiphar's* wife;" and, again, November 14, "I don't care one lump of sugar for my *poetry;* but for my *costume*, and my correctness on these points . . . I will combat lustily."—*Letters*, 1898, ii. 282, 283.]

In fiery spirits, slights, though few
And thoughtless, will disturb repose.
In war Abdallah's arm was strong,
Remembered yet in Bosniac song,[1]
And Paswan's [2] rebel hordes attest
How little love they bore such guest:
His death is all I need relate,
The stern effect of Giaffir's hate;
And how my birth disclosed to me,[i]
Whate'er beside it makes, hath made me free.

i. *And how that death made known to me*
Hath made me what thou now shalt see.—[*MS.*]

1. [Karajić (Vuk Stefanović, born 1787), secretary to Kara George, published *Narodne Srpske Pjesme*, at Vienna, 1814, 1815. See, too, *Languages and Literature of the Slavic Nations*, by Talvi, New York, 1850, pp. 366–382; *Volkslieder der Serben*, von Talvi, Leipzig, 1835, ii. 245, etc., and *Chants Populaires des Servics*, Recueillis par Wuk Stephanowitsch, et Traduits d'après Talvy, par Madame Élise Voïart, Paris, 1834, ii. 183, etc.]

2. Paswan Oglou, the rebel of Widdin; who, for the last years of his life, set the whole power of the Porte at defiance.

[Passwan Oglou (1758–1807) [Passewend's, or the Watchman's son, according to Hobhouse] was born and died at Widdin. He first came into notice in 1788, in alliance with certain disbanded Turkish levies, named *Krdschalies*. "It was their pride to ride along on stately horses, with trappings of gold and silver, and bearing costly arms. In their train were female slaves, Giuvendi, in male attire, who not only served to amuse them in their hours of ease with singing and dancing, but also followed them to battle (as Kaled followed Lara, see *Lara*, Canto II. stanza xv., etc.), for the purpose of holding their horses when they fought." On one occasion he is reported to have addressed these "rebel hordes" much in the spirit of the "Corsair," "The booty be yours, and mine the glory." "After having for some time suffered a Pacha to be associated with him, he at length expelled his superior, and demanded 'the three horse-tails'" (*i.e.* made him commander-in-chief of the Janissaries at Widdin). (See *History of Servia*, by Leopold von Ranke, Bohn, 1853, pp. 68–71. See, too, *Voyage dans l'Empire Othoman*, par G. A. Olivier, an. 9 (1801), i. 108–125; and Madame Voïart's "Abrégé de l'histoire du royaume de Servie," prefixed to *Chants Populaires, etc.*, Paris, 1834.)]

XIV.

"When Paswan, after years of strife,
At last for power, but first for life,
In Widdin's walls too proudly sate,
Our Pachas rallied round the state;
Not last nor least in high command,
Each brother led a separate band;
They gave their Horse-tails[1] to the wind,
And mustering in Sophia's plain
Their tents were pitched, their post assigned;
To one, alas! assigned in vain!
What need of words? the deadly bowl,
By Giaffir's order drugged and given,
With venom subtle as his soul,[i.]
Dismissed Abdallah's hence to heaven.
Reclined and feverish in the bath,
He, when the hunter's sport was up,
But little deemed a brother's wrath
To quench his thirst had such a cup:
The bowl a bribed attendant bore;
He drank one draught,[2] nor needed more!
If thou my tale, Zuleika, doubt,
Call Haroun—he can tell it out.

XV.

"The deed once done, and Paswan's feud
In part suppressed, though ne'er subdued,

i. *With venom blacker than his soul.*—[*MS.*]

1. "Horse-tail,"—the standard of a Pacha.

2. Giaffir, Pacha of Argyro Castro, or Scutari, I am not sure which, was actually taken off by the Albanian Ali, in the manner described in the text. Ali Pacha, while I was in the country, married the daughter of his victim, some years after the event had taken place at a bath in Sophia or Adrianople. The poison was mixed in the cup of coffee, which is presented before the sherbet by the bath keeper, after dressing.

Abdallah's Pachalick was gained:—
Thou know'st not what in our Divan
Can wealth procure for worse than man—
Abdallah's honours were obtained
By him a brother's murder stained;
'Tis true, the purchase nearly drained
His ill-got treasure, soon replaced.
Would'st question whence? Survey the waste,
And ask the squalid peasant how
His gains repay his broiling brow!—
Why me the stern Usurper spared,
Why thus with me his palace shared,
I know not. Shame—regret—remorse—
And little fear from infant's force—
Besides, adoption as a son
By him whom Heaven accorded none,
Or some unknown cabal, caprice,
Preserved me thus:—but not in peace:
He cannot curb his haughty mood,[i]
Nor I forgive a father's blood.

XVI.

"Within thy Father's house are foes;
Not all who break his bread are true:
To these should I my birth disclose,
His days—his very hours were few:
They only want a heart to lead,
A hand to point them to the deed.
But Haroun only knows, or knew
This tale, whose close is almost nigh:

i. *Nor, if his sullen spirit could,*
Can I forgive a parent's blood.—[*MS.*]

He in Abdallah's palace grew,
And held that post in his Serai
Which holds he here—he saw him die;
But what could single slavery do?
Avenge his lord? alas! too late;
Or save his son from such a fate?
He chose the last, and when elate
With foes subdued, or friends betrayed,
Proud Giaffir in high triumph sate,
He led me helpless to his gate,
And not in vain it seems essayed
To save the life for which he prayed.
The knowledge of my birth secured
From all and each, but most from me;
Thus Giaffir's safety was ensured.
Removed he too from Roumelie
To this our Asiatic side,
Far from our seats by Danube's tide,
With none but Haroun, who retains
Such knowledge—and that Nubian feels
A Tyrant's secrets are but chains,
From which the captive gladly steals,
And this and more to me reveals:
Such still to guilt just Allah sends—
Slaves, tools, accomplices—no friends!

XVII.

"All this, Zuleika, harshly sounds;
But harsher still my tale must be:
Howe'er my tongue thy softness wounds,
Yet I must prove all truth to thee.[i]
I saw thee start this garb to see,

i. *Yet I must be all truth to thee.*—[*MS.*]

Yet is it one I oft have worn,
And long must wear: this Galiongée,
To whom thy plighted vow is sworn,
Is leader of those pirate hordes,
Whose laws and lives are on their swords;
To hear whose desolating tale
Would make thy waning cheek more pale:
Those arms thou see'st my band have brought,
The hands that wield are not remote;
This cup too for the rugged knaves
Is filled—once quaffed, they ne'er repine:
Our Prophet might forgive the slaves;
They're only infidels in wine.

XVIII.

"What could I be? Proscribed at home,
And taunted to a wish to roam;
And listless left—for Giaffir's fear
Denied the courser and the spear—
Though oft—Oh, Mahomet! how oft!—
In full Divan the despot scoffed,
As if *my* weak unwilling hand
Refused the bridle or the brand:
He ever went to war alone,
And pent me here untried—unknown;
To Haroun's care with women left,[i.]
By hope unblest, of fame bereft,
While thou—whose softness long endeared,
Though it unmanned me, still had cheered—
To Brusa's walls for safety sent,
Awaited'st there the field's event.

i. *To Haroun's care in idlesse left,*
In spirit bound, of fame bereft.—[*MS. erased.*]

Haroun who saw my spirit pining[i.]
Beneath inaction's sluggish yoke,
His captive, though with dread resigning,
My thraldom for a season broke,
On promise to return before
The day when Giaffir's charge was o'er.
'Tis vain—my tongue can not impart[ii.]
My almost drunkenness of heart,[1]
When first this liberated eye
Surveyed Earth—Ocean—Sun—and Sky—
As if my Spirit pierced them through,
And all their inmost wonders knew!
One word alone can paint to thee
That more than feeling—I was Free!
E'en for thy presence ceased to pine;
The World—nay, Heaven itself was mine!

XIX.

"The shallop of a trusty Moor
Conveyed me from this idle shore;
I longed to see the isles that gem
Old Ocean's purple diadem:
I sought by turns, and saw them all;[2]
But when and where I joined the crew,

i. *That slave who saw my spirit pining*
Beneath Inaction's heavy yoke,
Compassionate his charge resigning.—[*MS.*]

ii. *Oh could my tongue to thee impart*
That liberation of my heart.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. I must here shelter myself with the Psalmist—is it not David that makes the "Earth reel to and fro like a Drunkard"? If the Globe can be thus lively on seeing its Creator, a liberated captive can hardly feel less on a first view of his work.—[*Note, MS. erased.*]

2. The Turkish notions of almost all islands are confined to the Archipelago, the sea alluded to.

With whom I'm pledged to rise or fall,
When all that we design to do
Is done, 'twill then be time more meet
To tell thee, when the tale's complete.

XX.

"'Tis true, they are a lawless brood,
But rough in form, nor mild in mood;
And every creed, and every race,
With them hath found—may find a place:
But open speech, and ready hand,
Obedience to their Chief's command;
A soul for every enterprise,
That never sees with Terror's eyes;
Friendship for each, and faith to all,
And vengeance vowed for those who fall,
Have made them fitting instruments
For more than e'en my own intents.
And some—and I have studied all
Distinguished from the vulgar rank,
But chiefly to my council call
The wisdom of the cautious Frank:—
And some to higher thoughts aspire.
The last of Lambro's [1] patriots there
Anticipated freedom share;
And oft around the cavern fire
On visionary schemes debate,

1. Lambro Canzani, a Greek, famous for his efforts, in 1789–90, for the independence of his country. Abandoned by the Russians, he became a pirate, and the Archipelago was the scene of his enterprises. He is said to be still alive at Petersburgh. He and Riga are the two most celebrated of the Greek revolutionists.

[For Lambros Katzones (Hobhouse, *Travels in Albania*, ii. 5, calls him Canziani), see Finlay's *Greece under Othoman . . . Domination*, 1856, pp. 330–334. Finlay dwells on his piracies rather than his patriotism.]

To snatch the Rayahs [1] from their fate.
So let them ease their hearts with prate
Of equal rights, which man ne'er knew;
I have a love for freedom too.
Aye! let me like the ocean-Patriarch [2] roam,
Or only know on land the Tartar's home! [3]
My tent on shore, my galley on the sea,
Are more than cities and Serais to me: [4]
Borne by my steed, or wafted by my sail,
Across the desert, or before the gale,
Bound where thou wilt, my barb! or glide, my prow!
But be the Star that guides the wanderer, Thou!
Thou, my Zuleika, share and bless my bark;
The Dove of peace and promise to mine ark! [5]
Or, since that hope denied in worlds of strife,
Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray! [6]

1. "Rayahs,"—all who pay the capitation tax, called the "Haratch."

["This tax was levied on the whole male unbelieving population," except children under ten, old men, Christian and Jewish priests.—Finlay, *Greece under Othoman . . . Domination*, 1856, p. 26. See, too, the *Qur'ân*, cap. ix., "The Declaration of Immunity."]

2. This first of voyages is one of the few with which the Mussulmans profess much acquaintance.

3. The wandering life of the Arabs, Tartars, and Turkomans, will be found well detailed in any book of Eastern travels. That it possesses a charm peculiar to itself, cannot be denied. A young French renegado confessed to Châteaubriand, that he never found himself alone, galloping in the desert, without a sensation approaching to rapture which was indescribable.

4. [Inns, caravanserais. From *sarāy*, a palace or inn.]

5. [The remaining seventy lines of stanza xx. were not included in the original MS., but were sent to the publisher in successive instalments while the poem was passing through the press.]

6. [In the first draft of a supplementary fragment, line 883 ran thus—

"*And tints tomorrow with* { *a fancied* / *an airy* } *ray.*"

A note was appended—

"Mr. M^y. Choose which of the 2 epithets 'fancied' or 'airy'

Blest—as the Muezzin's strain from Mecca's wall
To pilgrims pure and prostrate at his call;
Soft—as the melody of youthful days,
That steals the trembling tear of speechless praise;
Dear—as his native song to Exile's ears,[i.]

i. Of lines 886–889, two, if not three, variants were sent to the publisher—

(1) *Dear as the Melody of better days*
That steals the trembling tear of speechless praise—
Sweet as his native song to Exile's ears
Shall sound each tone thy long-loved voice endears.—
[*December* 2, 1813.]

(2) { *Dear* / *Soft* } *as the melody of* { *better* / *youthful* } *days*
That steals { *a silent* / *the trembling* } *tear of speechless praise—*

---

may be best—or if neither will do—tell me and I will dream another—

"Yours,
"B."

The epithet ("prophetic") which stands in the text was inserted in a revise dated December 3, 1813. Two other versions were also sent, that Gifford might select that which was "best, or rather *not worst*"—

"*And* { *gilds* / *tints* } *the hope of morning with its ray.*"

"*And gilds to-morrow's hope with heavenly ray.*"

(*Letters*, 1898, ii. 282.)

On the same date, December 3rd, two additional lines were affixed to the quatrain (lines 886–889)—

"*Soft as the Mecca Muezzin's strains invite*
Him who hath journeyed far to join the rite."

And in a later revise, as "a last alteration"—

"*Blest as the call which from Medina's dome*
Invites devotion to her Prophet's tomb."

An erased version of this "last alteration" ran thus—

"*Blest as the Muezzin's strain from Mecca's dome*
Which welcomes Faith to view her Prophet's tomb." †]

† [It is probable that Byron, who did not trouble himself to distinguish between "lie" and "lay," and who, as the MS. of *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers* (see line 732, *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 355) reveals, pronounced "petit maître" *anglicé* in four syllables, regarded "dome" (*vide supra*) as a true and exact rhyme to "tomb," but, with his wonted compliance, was persuaded to make yet another alteration.]

Shall sound each tone thy long-loved voice endears.
For thee in those bright isles is built a bower
Blooming as Aden[1] in its earliest hour.
A thousand swords, with Selim's heart and hand,
Wait—wave—defend—destroy—at thy command![i.]
Girt by my band, Zuleika at my side,
The spoil of nations shall bedeck my bride.
The Haram's languid years of listless ease
Are well resigned for cares—for joys like these:
Not blind to Fate, I see, where'er I rove,
Unnumbered perils,—but one only love!
Yet well my toils shall that fond breast repay,
Though Fortune frown, or falser friends betray.
How dear the dream in darkest hours of ill,
Should all be changed, to find thee faithful still!
Be but thy soul, like Selim's firmly shown;
To thee be Selim's tender as thine own;
To soothe each sorrow, share in each delight,[ii.]
Blend every thought, do all—but disunite!
Once free, 'tis mine our horde again to guide;
Friends to each other, foes to aught beside:[2]
Yet there we follow but the bent assigned
By fatal Nature to man's warring kind:[iii.]

i. *Wait on thy voice and bow at thy command.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *Oh turn and mingle every thought with his,*
And all our future days unite in this.—[*MS.*]
iii. *Man I may lead but trust not—I may fall*
By those now friends to me, yet foes to all—
In this they follow but the bent assigned,
By fatal Nature to our warring kind.—[*MS.*]

1. "Jannat-al-Aden," the perpetual abode, the Mussulman paradise. [See Sale's *Koran*, "Preliminary Discourse," sect. i.; and *Journal*, November 17, 1813, *Letters*, 1898, ii. 326.]

2. ["You wanted some reflections, and I send you *per Selim*, eighteen lines in decent couplets, of a pensive, if not an *ethical* tendency. . . . Mr. Canning's approbation (*if* he did approve) I need not say makes me proud."—Letter to Murray, November 23, 1813, *Letters*, 1898, ii. 286.]

Mark! where his carnage and his conquests cease!
He makes a solitude, and calls it—peace![i. 1]
I like the rest must use my skill or strength,
But ask no land beyond my sabre's length:
Power sways but by division—her resource[ii.]
The blest alternative of fraud or force!
Ours be the last; in time Deceit may come
When cities cage us in a social home:
There ev'n thy soul might err—how oft the heart
Corruption shakes which Peril could not part!
And Woman, more than Man, when Death or Woe,
Or even Disgrace, would lay her lover low,
Sunk in the lap of Luxury will shame—
Away suspicion!—*not* Zuleika's name!
But life is hazard at the best; and here
No more remains to win, and much to fear:
Yes, fear!—the doubt, the dread of losing thee,
By Osman's power, and Giaffir's stern decree.
That dread shall vanish with the favouring gale,
Which Love to-night hath promised to my sail:[iii.]
No danger daunts the pair his smile hath blest,
Their steps still roving, but their hearts at rest.
With thee all toils are sweet, each clime hath charms;
Earth—sea alike—our world within our arms!

i. *Behold a wilderness and call it peace.*—[*MS. erased.*]
Look round our earth and lo! where battles cease,
"*Behold a Solitude and call it*" *peace.*—[*MS.*]
or, *Mark even where Conquest's deeds of carnage cease*
She leaves a solitude and calls it peace.—[*November* 21, 1813.]
[For the final alteration to the present text, see letter to Murray of November 24, 1813.]

ii. *Power sways but by distrust—her sole source.*—[*MS. erased.*]

iii. *Which Love to-night hath lent by swelling sail.*—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare Tacitus, *Agricola*, cap. 30—

"Solitudinem faciunt—pacem appellant."

See letter to Murray, November 24, 1813, *Letters*, 1898, ii. 287.]

Aye—let the loud winds whistle o'er the deck,[1]
So that those arms cling closer round my neck:
The deepest murmur of this lip shall be,[i. 2]
No sigh for safety, but a prayer for thee!
The war of elements no fears impart
To Love, whose deadliest bane is human Art:
There lie the only rocks our course can check;
Here moments menace—*there* are years of wreck!
But hence ye thoughts that rise in Horror's shape!
This hour bestows, or ever bars escape.[ii.]
Few words remain of mine my tale to close;
Of thine but *one* to waft us from our foes;
Yea—foes—to me will Giaffir's hate decline?
And is not Osman, who would part us, thine?

XXI.

"His head and faith from doubt and death
Returned in time my guard to save;
Few heard, none told, that o'er the wave
From isle to isle I roved the while:
And since, though parted from my band
Too seldom now I leave the land,

i. *Then if my lip once murmurs, it must be.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *This hour decides my doom or thy escape.*—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare—

"Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem,
Et dominam tenero detinuisse sinu."
Tibullus, *Eleg.*, Lib. I. i. 45, 46.]

2. [The omission of lines 938, 939 drew from Byron an admission (Letter to Murray, November 29, 1813) that "the passage is an imitation altogether from Medea in Ovid" (*Metamorph.*, vii. 66-69)—

"My love possest, in Jason's bosom laid,
Let seas swell high;—I cannot be dismay'd
While I infold my husband in my arms:
Or should I fear, I should but fear his harms."
Englished by Sandys, 1632.]

No deed they've done, nor deed shall do,
Ere I have heard and doomed it too:
I form the plan—decree the spoil—
'Tis fit I oftener share the toil.
But now too long I've held thine ear;
Time presses—floats my bark—and here
We leave behind but hate and fear.
To-morrow Osman with his train
Arrives—to-night must break thy chain:
And would'st thou save that haughty Bey,—
Perchance *his* life who gave thee thine,—
With me this hour away—away!
But yet, though thou art plighted mine,
Would'st thou recall thy willing vow,
Appalled by truths imparted now,
Here rest I—not to see thee wed:
But be that peril on *my* head!"

XXII.

Zuleika, mute and motionless,
Stood like that Statue of Distress,
When, her last hope for ever gone,
The Mother hardened into stone;
All in the maid that eye could see
Was but a younger Niobé.
But ere her lip, or even her eye,
Essayed to speak, or look reply,
Beneath the garden's wicket porch
Far flashed on high a blazing torch!
Another—and another—and another—[1]

1. [Compare—

"That thought has more of hell than had the former.
Another, and another, and another!"

The Revenge, by Edward Young, act iv.
(*Modern British Drama*, 1811, ii. 17).]

"Oh! fly—no more—yet now my more than brother!"
Far, wide, through every thicket spread
The fearful lights are gleaming red;
Nor these alone—for each right hand
Is ready with a sheathless brand.
They part—pursue—return, and wheel
With searching flambeau, shining steel;
And last of all, his sabre waving,
Stern Giaffir in his fury raving:
And now almost they touch the cave—
Oh! must that grot be Selim's grave?

XXIII.

Dauntless he stood—"'Tis come—soon past—
One kiss, Zuleika—'tis my last:
But yet my band not far from shore
May hear this signal, see the flash;
Yet now too few—the attempt were rash:
No matter—yet one effort more."
Forth to the cavern mouth he stept;
His pistol's echo rang on high,
Zuleika started not, nor wept,
Despair benumbed her breast and eye!—
"They hear me not, or if they ply
Their oars, 'tis but to see me die;
That sound hath drawn my foes more nigh.
Then forth my father's scimitar,
Thou ne'er hast seen less equal war!
Farewell, Zuleika!—Sweet! retire:
Yet stay within—here linger safe,
At thee his rage will only chafe.
Stir not—lest even to thee perchance
Some erring blade or ball should glance.

Fear'st thou for him?—may I expire
If in this strife I seek thy sire!
No—though by him that poison poured;
No—though again he call me coward!
But tamely shall I meet their steel?
No—as each crest save *his* may feel!"

XXIV.

One bound he made, and gained the sand:
Already at his feet hath sunk
The foremost of the prying band,
A gasping head, a quivering trunk:
Another falls—but round him close
A swarming circle of his foes;
From right to left his path he cleft,
And almost met the meeting wave:
His boat appears—not five oars' length—
His comrades strain with desperate strength—
Oh! are they yet in time to save?
His feet the foremost breakers lave;
His band are plunging in the bay,
Their sabres glitter through the spray;
Wet—wild—unwearied to the strand
They struggle—now they touch the land!
They come—'tis but to add to slaughter—
His heart's best blood is on the water.

XXV.

Escaped from shot, unharmed by steel,
Or scarcely grazed its force to feel,[i.]
Had Selim won, betrayed, beset,
To where the strand and billows met;

i. *Or grazed by wounds he scorned to feel.*—[*MS.*]

There as his last step left the land,
And the last death-blow dealt his hand—
Ah! wherefore did he turn to look [i.]
For her his eye but sought in vain?
That pause, that fatal gaze he took,
Hath doomed his death, or fixed his chain.
Sad proof, in peril and in pain,
How late will Lover's hope remain!
His back was to the dashing spray;
Behind, but close, his comrades lay,
When, at the instant, hissed the ball—
"So may the foes of Giaffir fall!"
Whose voice is heard? whose carbine rang?
Whose bullet through the night-air sang,
Too nearly, deadly aimed to err?
'Tis thine—Abdallah's Murderer!

i. Three MS. variants of these lines were rejected in turn before the text was finally adopted—

(1) *Ah! wherefore did he turn to look*
I know not why he turned to look
Since fatal was the gaze he took?
So far escaped from death or chain,
To search for her and search in vain:
Sad proof in peril and in pain
How late will Lover's hope remain.

(2) *Thus far escaped from death or chain*
Ah! wherefore did he turn to look?
For her his eye must seek in vain,
Since fatal was the gaze he took.
Sad proof, etc.—

(3) *Ah! wherefore did he turn to look*
So far escaped from death or chain?
Since fatal was the gaze he took
For her his eye but sought in vain,
Sad proof, etc.—

A fourth variant of lines 1046, 1047 was inserted in a revise dated November 16—

That glance he paused to send again
To her for whom he dies in vain.

The father slowly rued thy hate,
The son hath found a quicker fate:
Fast from his breast the blood is bubbling,
The whiteness of the sea-foam troubling—
If aught his lips essayed to groan,
The rushing billows choked the tone!

XXVI.

Morn slowly rolls the clouds away;
Few trophies of the fight are there:
The shouts that shook the midnight-bay
Are silent; but some signs of fray
That strand of strife may bear,
And fragments of each shivered brand;
Steps stamped; and dashed into the sand
The print of many a struggling hand
May there be marked; nor far remote
A broken torch, an oarless boat;
And tangled on the weeds that heap
The beach where shelving to the deep
There lies a white capote!
'Tis rent in twain—one dark-red stain
The wave yet ripples o'er in vain:
But where is he who wore?
Ye! who would o'er his relics weep,
Go, seek them where the surges sweep
Their burthen round Sigæum's steep
And cast on Lemnos' shore:
The sea-birds shriek above the prey,
O'er which their hungry beaks delay,[i.]
As shaken on his restless pillow,
His head heaves with the heaving billow;

i. *O'er which their talons yet delay.*—[*MS. erased.*]

That hand, whose motion is not life,[1]
Yet feebly seems to menace strife,
Flung by the tossing tide on high,
Then levelled with the wave—[1]
What recks it, though that corse shall lie
Within a living grave?
The bird that tears that prostrate form
Hath only robbed the meaner worm;
The only heart, the only eye
Had bled or wept to see him die,
Had seen those scattered limbs composed,
And mourned above his turban-stone,[2]
That heart hath burst—that eye was closed—
Yea—closed before his own!

XXVII.

By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail!
And Woman's eye is wet—Man's cheek is pale:
Zuleika! last of Giaffir's race,
Thy destined lord is come too late:
He sees not—ne'er shall see thy face!
Can he not hear
The loud Wul-wulleh[3] warn his distant ear?
Thy handmaids weeping at the gate,

i. *And that changed hand whose only life*
Is motion—seems to menace strife.—[*MS.*]

1. ["While the *Salsette* lay off the Dardanelles, Lord Byron saw the body of a man who had been executed by being cast into the sea,' floating on the stream, moving to and fro with the tumbling of the water, which gave to his arms the effect of scaring away several sea-fowl that were hovering to devour. This incident he has strikingly depicted in the *Bride of Abydos*."—*Life of Lord Byron*, by John Galt, 1830, p. 144.]

2. A turban is carved in stone above the graves of *men* only.

3. The death-song of the Turkish women. The "silent slaves" are the men, whose notions of decorum forbid complaint in *public*.

The Koran-chanters of the Hymn of Fate,[i. 1]
The silent slaves with folded arms that wait,
Sighs in the hall, and shrieks upon the gale,
Tell him thy tale!
Thou didst not view thy Selim fall!
That fearful moment when he left the cave
Thy heart grew chill:
He was thy hope—thy joy—thy love—thine all,
And that last thought on him thou could'st not save
Sufficed to kill;
Burst forth in one wild cry—and all was still.
Peace to thy broken heart—and virgin grave!
Ah! happy! but of life to lose the worst!
That grief—though deep—though fatal—was thy first!
Thrice happy! ne'er to feel nor fear the force
Of absence—shame—pride—hate—revenge—remorse!
And, oh! that pang where more than Madness lies
The Worm that will not sleep—and never dies;
Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly night,
That dreads the darkness, and yet loathes the light,
That winds around, and tears the quivering heart!
Ah! wherefore not consume it—and depart!

i. *The Koran-chapter chaunts thy fate.*—[*MS.*]

1. [At a Turkish funeral, after the interment has taken place, the Imâm "assis sur les genoux à côté de la tombe," offers the prayer *Telkin*, and at the conclusion of the prayer recites the *Fathah*, or "opening chapter" of the Korân. ("In the name of the merciful and compassionate God. Praise belongs to God, the Lord of the worlds, the Merciful, the Compassionate, the Ruler of the day of judgment. Thee we serve, and Thee we ask for aid. Guide us in the right path, the path of those Thou art gracious to; not of those Thou art wroth with; nor of those who err."—*The Qur'ân*, p. 1, translated by E. H. Palmer, Oxford, 1880): *Tableau Générale de l'Empire Ottoman*, par Mouradja D'Ohsson, Paris, 1787, i. 235–248. Writing to Murray, November 14, 1813, Byron instances the funeral (in the *Bride of Abydos*) as proof of his correctness with regard to local colouring.—*Letters*, 1898, ii. 283.]

Woe to thee, rash and unrelenting Chief!
Vainly thou heap'st the dust upon thy head,
Vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs dost spread:[1]
By that same hand Abdallah—Selim bled.
Now let it tear thy beard in idle grief:
Thy pride of heart, thy bride for Osman's bed,
She, whom thy Sultan had but seen to wed,[i.]
Thy Daughter's dead!
Hope of thine age, thy twilight's lonely beam,
The Star hath set that shone on Helle's stream.
What quenched its ray?—the blood that thou hast shed!
Hark! to the hurried question of Despair:[2]
"Where is my child?"—an Echo answers—"Where?"[3]

XXVIII.

Within the place of thousand tombs
That shine beneath, while dark above
The sad but living cypress glooms[ii.]
And withers not, though branch and leaf
Are stamped with an eternal grief,
Like early unrequited Love,

i. *She whom thy Sultan had been fain to wed.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *There the sad cypress ever glooms.*—[*MS.*]

1. ["I one evening witnessed a funeral in the vast cemetery of Scutari. An old man, with a venerable beard, threw himself by the side of the narrow grave, and strewing the earth on his head, cried aloud, 'He was my son! my only son!'"—*Constantinople in* 1828, by Charles Macfarlane, 1829, p. 233, *note.*]

2. ["The body of a Moslemin is ordered to be carried to the grave in haste, with hurried steps."—*Ibid.*, p. 233, *note.*]

3. "I came to the place of my birth, and cried, 'The friends of my Youth, where are they?' and an Echo answered, 'Where are they?'"—*From an Arabic MS.* The above quotation (from which the idea in the text is taken) must be already familiar to every reader: it is given in the second annotation, p. 67, of *The Pleasures of Memory* [note to Part I. line 103]; a poem so well known as to render a reference almost superfluous: but to whose pages all will be delighted to recur [*Poems*, by Samuel Rogers, 1852, i. 48].

One spot exists, which ever blooms,
  Ev'n in that deadly grove—
A single rose is shedding there
  Its lonely lustre, meek and pale:
It looks as planted by Despair—
  So white—so faint—the slightest gale
Might whirl the leaves on high;
  And yet, though storms and blight assail,
And hands more rude than wintry sky
  May wring it from the stem—in vain—
  To-morrow sees it bloom again!
The stalk some Spirit gently rears,
And waters with celestial tears;
  For well may maids of Helle deem
That this can be no earthly flower,
Which mocks the tempest's withering hour,
And buds unsheltered by a bower;
Nor droops, though Spring refuse her shower,
  Nor woos the Summer beam:
To it the livelong night there sings
  A Bird unseen—but not remote:
Invisible his airy wings,
But soft as harp that Houri strings
  His long entrancing note!
It were the Bulbul; but his throat,
  Though mournful, pours not such a strain:
For they who listen cannot leave
The spot, but linger there and grieve,
  As if they loved in vain!
And yet so sweet the tears they shed,
'Tis sorrow so unmixed with dread,
They scarce can bear the morn to break
  That melancholy spell,
And longer yet would weep and wake,

He sings so wild and well!
But when the day-blush bursts from high [i.]
Expires that magic melody.
And some have been who could believe,[ii.]
(So fondly youthful dreams deceive,
Yet harsh be they that blame,)
That note so piercing and profound
Will shape and syllable [1] its sound
Into Zuleika's name.
'Tis from her cypress summit heard,
That melts in air the liquid word:
'Tis from her lowly virgin earth
That white rose takes its tender birth.

i. *But with the day blush of the sky.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *And some there be who could believe.*—[*MS.*]

1. "And airy tongues that *syllable* men's names."
MILTON, *Comus*, line 208.

For a belief that the souls of the dead inhabit the form of birds, we need not travel to the East. Lord Lyttleton's ghost story, the belief of the Duchess of Kendal, that George I. flew into her window in the shape of a raven (see *Orford's Reminiscences*, *Lord Orford's Works*, 1798, iv. 283), and many other instances, bring this superstition nearer home. The most singular was the whim of a Worcester lady, who, believing her daughter to exist in the shape of a singing bird, literally furnished her pew in the cathedral with cages full of the kind; and as she was rich, and a benefactress in beautifying the church, no objection was made to her harmless folly. For this anecdote, see *Orford's Letters*.

["But here (at Gloucester) is a *modernity*, which beats all antiquities for curiosity. Just by the high altar is a small pew hung with green damask, with curtains of the same; a small corner-cupboard, painted, carved, and gilt, for books, in one corner, and two troughs of a bird-cage, with seeds and water. If any mayoress on earth was small enough to inclose herself in this tabernacle, or abstemious enough to feed on rape and canary, I should have sworn that it was the shrine of the queen of the aldermen. It belongs to a Mrs. Cotton, who, having lost a favourite daughter, is convinced her soul is transmigrated into a robin redbreast, for which reason she passes her life in making an aviary of the cathedral of Gloucester."—Letter to Richard Bentley, September, 1753 (*Lord Orford's Works*, 1798, v. 279).]

There late was laid a marble stone;
Eve saw it placed—the Morrow gone!
It was no mortal arm that bore
That deep fixed pillar to the shore;
For there, as Helle's legends tell,
Next morn 'twas found where Selim fell;
Lashed by the tumbling tide, whose wave
Denied his bones a holier grave:
And there by night, reclined, 'tis said,
Is seen a ghastly turbaned head:[1]
And hence extended by the billow,
'Tis named the "Pirate-phantom's pillow!"
Where first it lay that mourning flower
Hath flourished; flourisheth this hour,
Alone and dewy—coldly pure and pale;
As weeping Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's tale![1,2]

1. *And in its stead that mourning flower*
Hath flourished—flourisheth this hour,
Alone and coldly pure and pale
As the young cheek that saddens to the tale.
And withers not, though branch and leaf
Are stamped with an eternal grief.—[*MS.*]

An earlier version of the final text reads—

As weeping Childhood's cheek at Sorrow's tale!

1. [According to J. B. Le Chevalier (*Voyage de La Propontide, etc.*, an. viii. (1800), p. 17), the Turkish name for a small bay which formed the ancient port of Sestos, is *Ak-Bachi-Liman* (Port de la Tête blanche).]

2. ["*The Bride*, such as it is, is my first *entire* composition of any length (except the Satire, and be damned to it), for *The Giaour* is but a string of passages, and *Childe Harold* is, and I rather think always will be, unconcluded" (Letter to Murray, November 29, 1813). It (the *Bride*) "was published on Thursday the second of December; but how it is liked or disliked, I know not. Whether it succeeds or not is no fault of the public, against whom I can have no complaint. But I am much more indebted to the tale than I can ever be to the most partial reader; as it wrung my thoughts from reality to imagination—from selfish regrets to vivid recollections—and recalled me to a country replete with the *brightest* and *darkest*, but always most *lively* colours of my memory" (*Journal*, December 5, 1813, *Letters*, 1898, ii. 291, 361).]

NOTE TO *THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS.*

CANTO II. STANZA XX.

AFTER the completion of the fair copy of the MS. of the *Bride of Abydos*, seventy lines were added to stanza XX. of Canto II. In both MSS. the rough and fair copies, the stanza ends with the line, "The Dove of peace and promise to mine ark!"

Seven MS. sheets are extant, which make up the greater portion of these additional lines.

The *First Addition* amounts to eight lines, and takes the narrative from line 880 to line 893, "Wait—wave—defend—destroy—at thy command!"

Lines 884–889 do not appear in the first MS. Fragment, but are given in three variants on separate sheets. Two of these are dated December 2 and December 3, 1813.

The *Second Fragment* begins with line 890, "For thee in those bright isles is built a bower," and, numbering twenty-two lines, ends with a variant of line 907, "Blend every thought, do all—but disunite!" Two lines of this addition, "With thee all toils are sweet," find a place in the text as lines 934, 935.

The *Third Fragment* amounts to thirty-six lines, and may be taken as the first draft of the whole additions—lines 880–949.

Lines 908–925 and 936–945 of the text are still later additions, but a fourth MS. fragment supplies lines 920–925 and lines 936–945. (A fair copy of this fragment gives text for Revise of November 13.) Between November 13 and November 25 no less than ten revises of the *Bride* were

submitted to Lord Byron. In the earliest of these, dated November 13, the thirty-six lines of the Third Fragment have been expanded into forty lines—four lines of the MS. being omitted, and twelve lines, 908–919, "Once free,"—"social home," being inserted. The text passed through five revises and remained unaltered till November 21, when eighteen lines were added to the forty, viz.: (4) "Mark! where his carnage,"—"sabre's length;" (6) "There ev'n thy soul,"—"Zuleika's name;" and (8) "Aye—let the loud winds,"—"bars escape." Of these the two latter additions belong to the *Fourth Fragment*. The text in this state passed through three more revises, but before the first edition was issued two more lines were added—lines 938, 939,

> "The deepest murmur of this lip shall be,
> No sigh for safety, but a prayer for thee!"

Even then the six lines, "Blest—as the Muezzin's,"—"endears," are wanting in the text; but the four lines, "Soft—as the melody,"—"endears," are inserted in MS. in the margin. The text as it stands first appears in the Seventh Edition.

[*First* Draft of 880, *sq.*, of Canto II. Stanza xx. of the *Bride of Abydos*.]

For thee in those bright isles is built a bower
Aden, in its earliest hour
Blooming as ~~Eden—guarded like a tower~~
A thousand swords—thy Selim's soul and hand
Wait on thy voice, and bow to thy command
pair
No Danger daunts—the ~~souls~~ that Love hath blest
steps still roving
With ~~feet long wandering~~—but with hearts at rest.
~~For thee my blade shall shine—my hand shall toil~~
With thee all toils were sweet—each clime hath charms } = Lines
Earth—sea—alike—one World within our arms } 934, 935
Girt by my hand—Zuleika at my side—
The Spoil of nations shall bedeck my bride

slumbring
The Haram's sluggish life of listless ease
Is well exchanged for cares and joys like these
~~Mine be the lot to know where'er I rove~~
~~A thousand perils wait where-er I rove,~~
Not blind to fate I view where-er I rove
A thousand perils—but one only love—
Yet well my labor shall fond breast repay
When Fortune frowns or falser friends betray
How dear the thought in darkest hours of ill
Should all be changed to find thee faithful still
Be but thy soul like Selim's firmly shown
~~mine in firmness~~
~~Firm as my own I deem thy tender heart~~
To thee be Selim's tender as thine own
Exchange, or mingle every thought with his
And all our future days unite in this.

Man I may lead—but trust not—I may fall
By those now friends to me—yet foes to all—
In this they follow but the bent assigned
fatal Nature
By ~~savage Nature~~ to our warning kind
But there—oh, far be every thought of fear
Life is but peril at the best—and here
No more remains to win and much to fear
Yes fear—the doubt the dread of losing thee—
That dread must vanish.

THE CORSAIR:

A TALE.

——"I suoi pensieri in lui dormir non ponno."
TASSO, *Gerusalemme Liberata*, Canto X. [stanza lxxviii. line 8].

INTRODUCTION TO *THE CORSAIR.*

A SEVENTH edition of the *Giaour*, including the final additions, and the first edition of the *Bride of Abydos*, were published on the twenty-ninth of November, 1813. In less than three weeks (December 18) Byron began the *Corsair*, and completed the fair copy of the first draft by the last day of the year. The *Corsair* in all but its final shape, together with the sixth edition of the *Bride of Abydos*, the seventh of *Childe Harold*, and the ninth of the *Giaour*, was issued on the first of February, 1814.

A letter from John Murray to Lord Byron, dated February 3, 1814 (*Memoir of John Murray*, 1891, i. 223), presents a vivid picture of a great literary triumph—

"MY LORD,—I have been unwilling to write until I had something to say. . . . I am most happy to tell you that your last poem *is*—what Mr. Southey's is *called*—a *Carmen Triumphale*. Never in my recollection has any work . . . excited such a ferment . . . I sold on the day of publication —a thing perfectly unprecedented—10,000 copies. . . . Mr. Moore says it is masterly—a wonderful performance. Mr. Hammond, Mr. Heber, D'Israeli, every one who comes . . . declare their unlimited approbation. Mr. Ward was here with Mr. Gifford yesterday, and mingled his admiration with the rest . . . and Gifford did, what I never knew him do before—he repeated several stanzas from memory, particularly the closing stanza—

"'His death yet dubious, deeds too widely known.'

"I have the highest encomiums in letters from Croker and Mr. Hay; but I rest most upon the warm feeling it has created in Gifford's critic heart. . . . You have no notion of

the sensation which the publication has occasioned; and my only regret is that you were not present to witness it."

For some time before and after the poem appeared, Byron was, as he told Leigh Hunt (February 9, 1814; *Letters*, 1899, iii. 27), "snow-bound and thaw-swamped in 'the valley of the shadow' of Newstead Abbey," and it was not till he had returned to town that he resumed his journal, and bethought him of placing on record some dark sayings with regard to the story of the *Corsair* and the personality of Conrad. Under date February 18, 1814, he writes—

"The *Corsair* has been conceived, written, published, etc., since I last took up this journal [? last day but one]. They tell me it has great success; it was written *con amore* [*i.e.* during the reign of Lady Frances Wedderburn Webster], and much from *existence*."

And again, *Journal*, March 10 (*Letters*, 1898, ii. 399), "He [Hobhouse] told me an odd report,—that *I* am the actual Conrad, the veritable Corsair, and that part of my travels are supposed to have passed in privacy [*sic*; ? piracy]. Um! people sometimes hit near the truth; but never the whole truth. H. don't know what I was about the year after he left the Levant; nor does any one—nor—nor—nor —however, it is a lie—but, 'I doubt the equivocation of the fiend that lies like truth.'"

Very little weight can be attached to these "I could an I would" pronouncements, deliberately framed to provoke curiosity, and destined, no doubt, sooner or later to see the light; but the fact remains that Conrad is not a mere presentation of Byron in a fresh disguise, or "The Pirate's Tale" altogether a "painting of the imagination."

That the *Corsair* is founded upon fact is argued at some length by the author (an "English Gentleman in the Greek Military Service") of the *Life, Writings, Opinions, and Times of the R. H. George Gordon Noel Byron*, which was published in 1825. The point of the story (i. 197–201), which need not be repeated at length, is that Byron, on leaving Constantinople and reaching the island of Zea (July, 1810), visited ["strolled about"] the islands of the Archipelago, in company with a Venetian gentleman who had turned buccaneer *malgré lui*, and whose history and adventures,

amatory and piratical, prefigured and inspired the "gestes" of Conrad. The tale must be taken for what it is worth; but it is to be remarked that it affords a clue to Byron's mysterious entries in a journal which did not see the light till 1830, five years after the "English Gentleman" published his volumes of gossiping anecdote. It may, too, be noted that, although, in his correspondence of 1810, 1811, there is no mention of any tour among the "Isles of Greece," in a letter to Moore dated February 2, 1815 (*Letters*, 1899, iii. 176), Byron recalls "the interesting white squalls and short seas of Archipelago memory."

How far Byron may have drawn on personal experience for his picture of a pirate *chez lui*, it is impossible to say; but during the year 1809–11, when he was travelling in Greece, the exploits of Lambros Katzones and other Greek pirates sailing under the Russian flag must have been within the remembrance and on the lips of the islanders and the "patriots" of the mainland. The "Pirate's Island," from which "Ariadne's isle" (line 444) was visible, may be intended for Paros or Anti-Paros.

For the inception of Conrad (see Canto I. stanza ii.), the paradoxical hero, an assortment rather than an amalgam of incongruous characteristics, Byron may, perhaps, have been in some measure indebted to the description of Malefort, junior, in Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*, act i. sc. 2, line 20, *sq.*—

> "I have sat with him in his cabin a day together,
> . . . . . .
> Sigh he did often, as if inward grief
> And melancholy at that instant would
> Choke up his vital spirits. . . .
> When from the maintop
> A sail's descried, all thoughts that do concern
> Himself laid by, no lion pinched with hunger
> Rouses himself more fiercely from his den,
> Then he comes on the deck; and then how wisely
> He gives directions," etc.

The *Corsair*, together with the *Bride of Abydos*, was reviewed by Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review* of April, 1814, vol. xxiii. p. 198; and together with *Lara*, by George Agar Ellis in the *Quarterly Review* of July, 1814, vol. ii. p. 428.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE ON *THE CORSAIR.*

In comparison with the *Giaour*, the additions made to the *Corsair* whilst it was passing through the press were inconsiderable. The original MS., which numbers 1737 lines, is probably the fair copy of a number of loose sheets which have not been preserved. The erasures are few and far between, and the variations between the copy and the text are neither numerous nor important.

In one of the latest revises stanza x. was added to the First Canto. The last four lines of stanza xi. first appeared in the Seventh Edition.

The Second Canto suffered no alteration except the substitution of lines 1131–1133 for two lines which were expunged.

Larger additions were made to the Third Canto. Lines 1299–1375, or stanza v. (included in a revise dated January 6, 1814), stanzas xvii. and xxiii., numbering respectively 77, 32, and 16 lines, and the two last lines of stanza x., 127 lines in all, represent the difference between the text as it now stands and the original MS.

In a note to Byron's *Poetical Works*, 1832, ix. 257, it is stated that the *Corsair* was begun on the 18th and finished on the 31st of December, 1813. In the Introduction to the *Corsair* prefixed to the Library Edition, the poem is said to have been composed in ten days, "at the rate of 200 lines a day." The first page of the MS. is dated "27th of December, 1813," and the last page "December 31, 1813, January 1, 1814." It is probable that the composition of the first draft was begun on the 18th and finished on the 27th of December, and that the work of transcription occupied the last five days

of the month. Stanza v. of Canto III. reached the publisher on the 6th, and stanzas xvii. and xxiii. on the 11th and 12th of January, 1814.

The First Edition amounted to 1859 lines (the numeration, owing to the inclusion of broken lines, is given as 1863), and falls short of the existing text by the last four lines of stanza xi. It contains the first dedication to Moore, and numbers 100 pages. To the Second Edition, which numbers 108 pages, the following poems were appended :—

To a Lady Weeping.

From the Turkish.

Sonnet to Genevra ("Thine eyes' blue tenderness," etc.).

Sonnet to Genevra ("Thy cheek is pale with thought," etc.).

Inscription on the Monument of a Newfoundland Dog.

Farewell.

These occasional poems were not appended to the Third Edition, which only numbered 100 pages; but they reappeared in the Fourth and subsequent editions.

The Seventh Edition contained four additional lines (the last four of stanza xi.), and a note (unnumbered) to line 226, in defence of the *vraisemblance* of the *Corsair's* misanthropy. The Ninth Edition numbered 112 pages. The additional matter consists of a long note to the last line of the poem ("Linked with one virtue, and a thousand crimes") on the pirates of Barataria.

Twenty-five thousand copies of the *Corsair* were sold between January and March, 1814. An Eighth Edition of fifteen hundred copies was printed in March, and sold before the end of the year. A Ninth Edition of three thousand copies was printed in the beginning of 1815.

TO THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

MY DEAR MOORE,

I DEDICATE to you the last production with which I shall trespass on public patience, and your indulgence, for some years; and I own that I feel anxious to avail myself of this latest and only opportunity of adorning my pages with a name, consecrated by unshaken public principle, and the most undoubted and various talents. While Ireland ranks you among the firmest of her patriots; while you stand alone the first of her bards in her estimation, and Britain repeats and ratifies the decree, permit one, whose only regret, since our first acquaintance, has been the years he had lost before it commenced, to add the humble but sincere suffrage of friendship, to the voice of more than one nation. It will at least prove to you, that I have neither forgotten the gratification derived from your society, nor abandoned the prospect of its renewal, whenever your leisure or inclination allows you to atone to your friends for too long an absence. It is said among those friends, I trust truly, that you are engaged in the composition of a poem whose scene will be laid in the East; none can do those scenes so much justice. The wrongs of your own country,[1] the magnificent and fiery spirit

1. [This political allusion having been objected to by a friend, Byron composed a second dedication, which he sent to Moore, with a request that he would "take his choice." Moore chose the original dedication, which was accordingly prefixed to the First Edition. The alternative ran as follows:—

"*January* 7th, 1814.

"MY DEAR MOORE,

"I had written to you a long letter of dedication, which I suppress, because, though it contained something relating to you,

of her sons, the beauty and feeling of her daughters, may there be found; and Collins, when he denominated his Oriental his Irish Eclogues, was not aware how true, at least, was a part of his parallel. Your imagination will create a warmer sun, and less clouded sky; but wildness, tenderness, and originality, are part of your national claim of oriental descent, to which you have already thus far proved your title more clearly than the most zealous of your country's antiquarians.

May I add a few words on a subject on which all men are supposed to be fluent, and none agreeable?—Self. I have written much, and published more than enough to demand a longer silence than I now meditate; but, for some years to come, it is my intention to tempt no further the award of "Gods, men, nor columns." In the present composition I have attempted not the most difficult, but, perhaps, the best adapted measure to our language, the good old and now neglected heroic couplet. The stanza of Spenser is perhaps too slow and dignified for narrative; though, I confess, it is the measure most after my own heart; Scott alone,[1] of the present generation, has hitherto completely triumphed over the fatal facility of the octosyllabic verse; and this is not the least victory of his fertile and mighty genius: in blank verse, Milton, Thomson, and our dramatists, are the beacons that shine along the deep, but warn us from the rough and barren rock on which they are kindled. The heroic couplet is not

which every one had been glad to hear, yet there was too much about politics and poesy, and all things whatsoever, ending with that topic on which most men are fluent, and none very amusing,—*one's self*. It might have been re-written; but to what purpose? My praise could add nothing to your well-earned and firmly established fame; and with my most hearty admiration of your talents, and delight in your conversation, you are already acquainted. In availing myself of your friendly permission to inscribe this poem to you, I can only wish the offering were as worthy your acceptance, as your regard is dear to

"Yours, most affectionately and faithfully,
"BYRON."]

1. [After the words, "Scott alone," Byron had inserted, in a parenthesis, "He will excuse the '*Mr.*'—we do not say *Mr.* Cæsar."]

the most popular measure certainly; but as I did not deviate into the other from a wish to flatter what is called public opinion, I shall quit it without further apology, and take my chance once more with that versification, in which I have hitherto published nothing but compositions whose former circulation is part of my present, and will be of my future regret.

With regard to my story, and stories in general, I should have been glad to have rendered my personages more perfect and amiable, if possible, inasmuch as I have been sometimes criticised, and considered no less responsible for their deeds and qualities than if all had been personal. Be it so —if I have deviated into the gloomy vanity of "drawing from self," the pictures are probably like, since they are unfavourable: and if not, those who know me are undeceived, and those who do not, I have little interest in undeceiving. I have no particular desire that any but my acquaintance should think the author better than the beings of his imagining; but I cannot help a little surprise, and perhaps amusement, at some odd critical exceptions in the present instance, when I see several bards (far more deserving, I allow) in very reputable plight, and quite exempted from all participation in the faults of those heroes, who, nevertheless, might be found with little more morality than *The Giaour*, and perhaps—but no—I must admit Childe Harold to be a very repulsive personage; and as to his identity, those who like it must give him whatever "alias" they please.[1]

1. ["It is difficult to say whether we are to receive this passage as an admission or a denial of the opinion to which it refers; but Lord Byron certainly did the public injustice, if he supposed it imputed to him the criminal actions with which many of his heroes were stained. Men no more expected to meet in Lord Byron the Corsair, who 'knew himself a villain,' than they looked for the hypocrisy of Kehama on the shores of the Derwent Water; yet even in the features of Conrad, those who had looked on Lord Byron will recognize the likeness—

"'To the sight
No giant frame sets forth his common height;
. . . . .
Sun-burnt his cheek, his forehead high and pale
The sable curls in wild profusion veil. . . .'"

Canto I. stanza ix.

—Sir Walter Scott, *Quart. Rev.*, No. xxxi. October, 1816.]

If, however, it were worth while to remove the impression, it might be of some service to me, that the man who is alike the delight of his readers and his friends, the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own, permits me here and elsewhere to subscribe myself,

Most truly,
And affectionately,
His obedient servant,
BYRON.

January 2, 1814.

Thos. Phillips R.A. pinxt. Walker & Boutall ph.sc

Lord. Byron
in an Albanian dress,
from a picture in the possession of Mr. John Murray.

THE CORSAIR.[1]

CANTO THE FIRST.

"——— nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria, ———"

DANTE, *Inferno*, v. 121.

I.

"O'ER the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home![2]
These are our realms, no limits to their sway—
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.
Oh, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave!
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave;

1. The time in this poem may seem too short for the occurrences, but the whole of the Ægean isles are within a few hours' sail of the continent, and the reader must be kind enough to take the *wind* as I have often found it.

2. [Compare—

"Survey the region, and confess her home."

Windsor Forest, by A. Pope, line 256.]

Not thou, vain lord of Wantonness and Ease!
Whom Slumber soothes not—Pleasure cannot please—
Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play,
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?
That for itself can woo the approaching fight,
And turn what some deem danger to delight;
That seeks what cravens shun with more than zeal,
And where the feebler faint can only feel—
Feel—to the rising bosom's inmost core,
Its hope awaken and its spirit soar?
No dread of Death—if with us die our foes—
Save that it seems even duller than repose;
Come when it will—we snatch the life of Life—
When lost—what recks it by disease or strife?
Let him who crawls, enamoured of decay,
Cling to his couch, and sicken years away;[i]
Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied head;
Ours the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed,—
While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,
Ours with one pang—one bound—escapes control.
His corse may boast its urn and narrow cave,
And they who loathed his life may gild his grave:
Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,
When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.
For us, even banquets fond regret supply
In the red cup that crowns our memory;
And the brief epitaph in Danger's day,
When those who win at length divide the prey,
And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er each brow,
How had the brave who fell exulted *now!*"

i. *Protract to age his painful doting day.*—[*MS. erased.*]

II.

Such were the notes that from the Pirate's isle
Around the kindling watch-fire rang the while:
Such were the sounds that thrilled the rocks along,
And unto ears as rugged seemed a song!
In scattered groups upon the golden sand,
They game—carouse—converse—or whet the brand;
Select the arms—to each his blade assign,
And careless eye the blood that dims its shine;
Repair the boat, replace the helm or oar,
While others straggling muse along the shore;
For the wild bird the busy springes set,
Or spread beneath the sun the dripping net:
Gaze where some distant sail a speck supplies,
With all the thirsting eye of Enterprise;
Tell o'er the tales of many a night of toil,
And marvel where they next shall seize a spoil:
No matter where—their chief's allotment this;
Theirs to believe no prey nor plan amiss.
But who that CHIEF? his name on every shore
Is famed and feared—they ask and know no more.
With these he mingles not but to command;
Few are his words, but keen his eye and hand.
Ne'er seasons he with mirth their jovial mess,
But they forgive his silence for success.
Ne'er for his lip the purpling cup they fill,
That goblet passes him untasted still—
And for his fare—the rudest of his crew
Would that, in turn, have passed untasted too;
Earth's coarsest bread, the garden's homeliest roots,
And scarce the summer luxury of fruits,
His short repast in humbleness supply
With all a hermit's board would scarce deny.

But while he shuns the grosser joys of sense,
His mind seems nourished by that abstinence.
"Steer to that shore!"—they sail. "Do this!"—'tis done:
"Now form and follow me!"—the spoil is won.
Thus prompt his accents and his actions still,
And all obey and few inquire his will;
To such, brief answer and contemptuous eye
Convey reproof, nor further deign reply.

III.

"A sail!—a sail!"—a promised prize to Hope!
Her nation—flag—how speaks the telescope?[i]
No prize, alas! but yet a welcome sail:
The blood-red signal glitters in the gale.
Yes—she is ours—a home-returning bark—
Blow fair, thou breeze!—she anchors ere the dark.
Already doubled is the cape—our bay
Receives that prow which proudly spurns the spray.
How gloriously her gallant course she goes!
Her white wings flying—never from her foes—
She walks the waters like a thing of Life,[1]
And seems to dare the elements to strife.
Who would not brave the battle-fire, the wreck,
To move the monarch of her peopled deck!

IV.

Hoarse o'er her side the rustling cable rings:
The sails are furled; and anchoring round she swings;

i. *Her nation—flag—how tells the telescope.*—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare *The Isle of Palms*, by John Wilson, Canto I. (1812, p. 8)—

"She sailed amid the loveliness
Like a thing with heart and mind."]

And gathering loiterers on the land discern
Her boat descending from the latticed stern.
'Tis manned—the oars keep concert to the strand,
Till grates her keel upon the shallow sand.[i]
Hail to the welcome shout!—the friendly speech!
When hand grasps hand uniting on the beach;
The smile, the question, and the quick reply,
And the Heart's promise of festivity!

V.

The tidings spread, and gathering grows the crowd:
The hum of voices, and the laughter loud,
And Woman's gentler anxious tone is heard—
Friends'—husbands'—lovers' names in each dear word:
"Oh! are they safe? we ask not of success—
But shall we see them? will their accents bless?
From where the battle roars, the billows chafe,
They doubtless boldly did—but who are safe?
Here let them haste to gladden and surprise,
And kiss the doubt from these delighted eyes!"

VI.

"Where is our Chief? for him we bear report—
And doubt that joy—which hails our coming—short;
Yet thus sincere—'tis cheering, though so brief;
But, Juan! instant guide us to our Chief:
Our greeting paid, we'll feast on our return,
And all shall hear what each may wish to learn."
Ascending slowly by the rock-hewn way,
To where his watch-tower beetles o'er the bay,
By bushy brake, the wild flowers blossoming,
And freshness breathing from each silver spring,
Whose scattered streams from granite basins burst,

i. *Till creaks her keel upon the shallow sand.*—[*MS.*]

Leap into life, and sparkling woo your thirst;
From crag to cliff they mount—Near yonder cave,
What lonely straggler looks along the wave?
In pensive posture leaning on the brand,
Not oft a resting-staff to that red hand?
"'Tis he—'tis Conrad—here—as wont—alone;
On—Juan!—on—and make our purpose known.
The bark he views—and tell him we would greet
His ear with tidings he must quickly meet:
We dare not yet approach—thou know'st his mood,
When strange or uninvited steps intrude."

VII.

Him Juan sought, and told of their intent;—
He spake not, but a sign expressed assent,
These Juan calls—they come—to their salute
He bends him slightly, but his lips are mute.
"These letters, Chief, are from the Greek—the spy,
Who still proclaims our spoil or peril nigh:
Whate'er his tidings, we can well report,
Much that"—"Peace, peace!"—he cuts their prating short.
Wondering they turn, abashed, while each to each
Conjecture whispers in his muttering speech:
They watch his glance with many a stealing look,
To gather how that eye the tidings took;
But, this as if he guessed, with head aside,
Perchance from some emotion, doubt, or pride,
He read the scroll—"My tablets, Juan, hark—
Where is Gonsalvo?"
"In the anchored bark."
"There let him stay—to him this order bear—
Back to your duty—for my course prepare:
Myself this enterprise to-night will share."

"To-night, Lord Conrad?"

"Aye! at set of sun:
The breeze will freshen when the day is done.
My corslet—cloak—one hour and we are gone.
Sling on thy bugle—see that free from rust
My carbine-lock springs worthy of my trust;
Be the edge sharpened of my boarding-brand,
And give its guard more room to fit my hand.
This let the Armourer with speed dispose;
Last time, it more fatigued my arm than foes;
Mark that the signal-gun be duly fired,
To tell us when the hour of stay's expired."

VIII.

They make obeisance, and retire in haste,
Too soon to seek again the watery waste:
Yet they repine not—so that Conrad guides;
And who dare question aught that he decides?
That man of loneliness and mystery,
Scarce seen to smile, and seldom heard to sigh;
Whose name appals the fiercest of his crew,
And tints each swarthy cheek with sallower hue;
Still sways their souls with that commanding art
That dazzles, leads, yet chills the vulgar heart.
What is that spell, that thus his lawless train
Confess and envy—yet oppose in vain?
What should it be, that thus their faith can bind?
The power of Thought—the magic of the Mind!
Linked with success, assumed and kept with skill,
That moulds another's weakness to its will;
Wields with their hands, but, still to these unknown,
Makes even their mightiest deeds appear his own.
Such hath it been—shall be—beneath the Sun
The many still must labour for the one!

'Tis Nature's doom—but let the wretch who toils,
Accuse not—hate not—*him* who wears the spoils.
Oh! if he knew the weight of splendid chains,
How light the balance of his humbler pains!

IX.

Unlike the heroes of each ancient race,
Demons in act, but Gods at least in face,
In Conrad's form seems little to admire,
Though his dark eyebrow shades a glance of fire:
Robust but not Herculean—to the sight
No giant frame sets forth his common height;
Yet, in the whole, who paused to look again,
Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men;
They gaze and marvel how—and still confess
That thus it is, but why they cannot guess.
Sun-burnt his cheek, his forehead high and pale
The sable curls in wild profusion veil;
And oft perforce his rising lip reveals
The haughtier thought it curbs, but scarce conceals.[i.]
Though smooth his voice, and calm his general mien,
Still seems there something he would not have seen:
His features' deepening lines and varying hue
At times attracted, yet perplexed the view,
As if within that murkiness of mind
Worked feelings fearful, and yet undefined;
Such might it be—that none could truly tell—
Too close inquiry his stern glance would quell.
There breathe but few whose aspect might defy
The full encounter of his searching eye;
He had the skill, when Cunning's gaze would seek [ii.]

i. *The haughtier thought his bosom ill conceals.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *He had the skill when prying souls would seek,*
To watch his words and trace his pensive cheek.—[*MS.*]
His was the skill when prying, etc.—[*Revise.*]

To probe his heart and watch his changing cheek,
At once the observer's purpose to espy,
And on himself roll back his scrutiny,
Lest he to Conrad rather should betray
Some secret thought, than drag that Chief's to day.
There was a laughing Devil in his sneer,
That raised emotions both of rage and fear;
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope withering fled—and Mercy sighed farewell![1]

X.[2]

Slight are the outward signs of evil thought,
Within—within—'twas there the spirit wrought!
Love shows all changes—Hate, Ambition, Guile,
Betray no further than the bitter smile;
The lip's least curl, the lightest paleness thrown
Along the governed aspect, speak alone

1. That Conrad is a character not altogether out of nature, I shall attempt to prove by some historical coincidences which I have met with since writing *The Corsair*.

"Eccelin, prisonnier," dit Rolandini, "s'enfermoit dans un silence menaçant; il fixoit sur la terre son visage féroce, et ne donnoit point d'essor à sa profonde indignation. De toutes partes cependant les soldats et les peuples accouroient; ils vouloient voir cet homme, jadis si puissant . . . et la joie universelle éclatoit de toutes partes. . . . Eccelino étoit d'une petite taille; mais tout l'aspect de sa personne, tous ses mouvemens, indiquoient un soldat. Son langage étoit amer, son déportement superbe, et par son seul regard, il faisoit trembler les plus hardis."—Simonde de Sismondi, *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes du Moyen Age*, 1809, iii. 219.

Again, "Gizericus [Genseric, king of the Vandals, the conqueror of both Carthage and Rome] . . . staturâ mediocris, et equi casu claudicans, animo profundus, sermone ratus, luxuriæ contemptor, irâ turbidus, habendi cupidus, ad sollicitandas gentes providentissimus," etc., etc.—Jornandes, *De Getarum Origine* ("De Rebus Geticis"), cap. 33, *ed.* 1597, p. 92.

I beg leave to quote those gloomy realities to keep in countenance my Giaour and Corsair.—[Added to the Ninth Edition.]

2. [Stanza x. was an after-thought. It is included in a sixth revise, in which lines 244–246 have been erased, and the present reading superscribed. A seventh revise gives the text as above.]

Of deeper passions; and to judge their mien,
He, who would see, must be himself unseen.
Then—with the hurried tread, the upward eye,
The clenchéd hand, the pause of agony,
That listens, starting, lest the step too near
Approach intrusive on that mood of fear:
Then—with each feature working from the heart,
With feelings, loosed to strengthen—not depart,
That rise—convulse—contend—that freeze or glow,[i.]
Flush in the cheek, or damp upon the brow;
Then—Stranger! if thou canst, and tremblest not,
Behold his soul—the rest that soothes his lot![ii.]
Mark how that lone and blighted bosom sears
The scathing thought of execrated years!
Behold—but who hath seen, or e'er shall see,
Man as himself—the secret spirit free?

XI.

Yet was not Conrad thus by Nature sent
To lead the guilty—Guilt's worse instrument—
His soul was changed, before his deeds had driven
Him forth to war with Man and forfeit Heaven.
Warped by the world in Disappointment's school,
In words too wise—in conduct *there* a fool;
Too firm to yield, and far too proud to stoop,
Doomed by his very virtues for a dupe,
He cursed those virtues as the cause of ill,
And not the traitors who betrayed him still;
Nor deemed that gifts bestowed on better men
Had left him joy, and means to give again.

i. *Released but to convulse or freeze or glow!*
Fire in the veins, or damps upon the brow.—[*MS.*]
ii. *Behold his soul once seen not soon forgot!*
All that there burns its hour away—but sears
The scathed Remembrance of long coming years.—[*MS.*]

Feared—shunned—belied—ere Youth had lost her force,
He hated Man too much to feel remorse,
And thought the voice of Wrath a sacred call,
To pay the injuries of some on all.
He knew himself a villain—but he deemed
The rest no better than the thing he seemed;
And scorned the best as hypocrites who hid
Those deeds the bolder spirit plainly did.
He knew himself detested, but he knew
The hearts that loathed him, crouched and dreaded too.
Lone, wild, and strange, he stood alike exempt
From all affection and from all contempt:
His name could sadden, and his acts surprise;
But they that feared him dared not to despise:
Man spurns the worm, but pauses ere he wake
The slumbering venom of the folded snake:
The first may turn, but not avenge the blow;
The last expires, but leaves no living foe;
Fast to the doomed offender's form it clings,
And he may crush—not conquer—still it stings![1]

XII.

None are all evil—quickening round his heart,
One softer feeling would not yet depart;
Oft could he sneer at others as beguiled
By passions worthy of a fool or child;
Yet 'gainst that passion vainly still he strove,
And even in him it asks the name of Love!
Yes, it was love—unchangeable—unchanged,
Felt but for one from whom he never ranged;

1. [Lines 277–280 are not in the MS. They were inserted on a detached printed sheet, with a view to publication in the Seventh Edition.]

Though fairest captives daily met his eye,
He shunned, nor sought, but coldly passed them by;
Though many a beauty drooped in prisoned bower,
None ever soothed his most unguarded hour.
Yes—it was Love—if thoughts of tenderness,
Tried in temptation, strengthened by distress,
Unmoved by absence, firm in every clime,
And yet—Oh more than all!—untired by Time;
Which nor defeated hope, nor baffled wile,
Could render sullen were She near to smile,
Nor rage could fire, nor sickness fret to vent
On her one murmur of his discontent;
Which still would meet with joy, with calmness part,
Lest that his look of grief should reach her heart;
Which nought removed, nor menaced to remove—
If there be Love in mortals—this was Love!
He was a villain—aye, reproaches shower
On him—but not the Passion, nor its power,
Which only proved—all other virtues gone—
Not Guilt itself could quench this loveliest one![i]

XIII.

He paused a moment—till his hastening men
Passed the first winding downward to the glen.
"Strange tidings!—many a peril have I passed,
Nor know I why this next appears the last!
Yet so my heart forebodes, but must not fear,
Nor shall my followers find me falter here.
'Tis rash to meet—but surer death to wait
Till here they hunt us to undoubted fate;
And, if my plan but hold, and Fortune smile,
We'll furnish mourners for our funeral pile.

i. *Not Guilt itself could quench this earliest one.*—[*MS. erased.*]

Aye, let them slumber—peaceful be their dreams!
Morn ne'er awoke them with such brilliant beams
As kindle high to-night (but blow, thou breeze!)
To warm these slow avengers of the seas.
Now to Medora—Oh! my sinking heart,[i]
Long may her own be lighter than thou art!
Yet was I brave—mean boast where all are brave!
Ev'n insects sting for aught they seek to save.
This common courage which with brutes we share,
That owes its deadliest efforts to Despair,
Small merit claims—but 'twas my nobler hope
To teach my few with numbers still to cope;
Long have I led them—not to vainly bleed:
No medium now—we perish or succeed!
So let it be—it irks not me to die;
But thus to urge them whence they cannot fly.
My lot hath long had little of my care,
But chafes my pride thus baffled in the snare:
Is this my skill? my craft? to set at last
Hope, Power and Life upon a single cast?
Oh, Fate!—accuse thy folly—not thy fate;
She may redeem thee still—nor yet too late."

XIV.

Thus with himself communion held he, till
He reached the summit of his tower-crowned hill:
There at the portal paused—for wild and soft
He heard those accents never heard too oft!
Through the high lattice far yet sweet they rung,
And these the notes his Bird of Beauty sung:

i. *Now to Francesca.*—[*MS.*]
Now to Ginevra.—[*Revise of January* 6, 1814.]
Now to Medora.—[*Revise of January* 15, 1814.]

I.

"Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells,
Lonely and lost to light for evermore,
Save when to thine my heart responsive swells,
Then trembles into silence as before.

2.

"There, in its centre, a sepulchral lamp
Burns the slow flame, eternal—but unseen;
Which not the darkness of Despair can damp,
Though vain its ray as it had never been.

3.

"Remember me—Oh! pass not thou my grave
Without one thought whose relics there recline:
The only pang my bosom dare not brave
Must be to find forgetfulness in thine.

4.

"My fondest—faintest—latest accents hear—[1]
Grief for the dead not Virtue can reprove;
Then give me all I ever asked—a tear,[1]
The first—last—sole reward of so much love!"

He passed the portal, crossed the corridor,
And reached the chamber as the strain gave o'er:
"My own Medora! sure thy song is sad—"

"In Conrad's absence would'st thou have it glad?
Without thine ear to listen to my lay,
Still must my song my thoughts, my soul betray:

1. *Yet heed my prayer—my latest accents hear.*—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare—

"He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend."

Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*]

Still must each accent to my bosom suit,
My heart unhushed—although my lips were mute!
Oh! many a night on this lone couch reclined,
My dreaming fear with storms hath winged the wind,
And deemed the breath that faintly fanned thy sail
The murmuring prelude of the ruder gale;
Though soft—it seemed the low prophetic dirge,
That mourned thee floating on the savage surge:
Still would I rise to rouse the beacon fire,
Lest spies less true should let the blaze expire;
And many a restless hour outwatched each star,
And morning came—and still thou wert afar.
Oh! how the chill blast on my bosom blew,
And day broke dreary on my troubled view,
And still I gazed and gazed—and not a prow
Was granted to my tears—my truth—my vow!
At length—'twas noon—I hailed and blest the mast
That met my sight—it neared—Alas! it passed!
Another came—Oh God! 'twas thine at last!
Would that those days were over! wilt thou ne'er,
My Conrad! learn the joys of peace to share?
Sure thou hast more than wealth, and many a home
As bright as this invites us not to roam:
Thou know'st it is not peril that I fear,
I only tremble when thou art not here;
Then not for mine, but that far dearer life,
Which flies from love and languishes for strife—
How strange that heart, to me so tender still,
Should war with Nature and its better will!"

"Yea, strange indeed—that heart hath long been changed;
Worm-like 'twas trampled—adder-like avenged—
Without one hope on earth beyond thy love,
And scarce a glimpse of mercy from above.

Yet the same feeling which thou dost condemn,
My very love to thee is hate to them,
So closely mingling here, that disentwined,
I cease to love thee when I love Mankind:
Yet dread not this—the proof of all the past
Assures the future that my love will last;
But—Oh, Medora! nerve thy gentler heart;
This hour again—but not for long—we part."

"This hour we part!—my heart foreboded this:
Thus ever fade my fairy dreams of bliss.
This hour—it cannot be—this hour away!
Yon bark hath hardly anchored in the bay:
Her consort still is absent, and her crew
Have need of rest before they toil anew;
My Love! thou mock'st my weakness; and wouldst steel
My breast before the time when it must feel;
But trifle now no more with my distress,
Such mirth hath less of play than bitterness.
Be silent, Conrad!—dearest! come and share
The feast these hands delighted to prepare;
Light toil! to cull and dress thy frugal fare!
See, I have plucked the fruit that promised best,
And where not sure, perplexed, but pleased, I guessed
At such as seemed the fairest; thrice the hill
My steps have wound to try the coolest rill;
Yes! thy Sherbet to-night will sweetly flow,
See how it sparkles in its vase of snow!
The grapes' gay juice thy bosom never cheers;
Thou more than Moslem when the cup appears:
Think not I mean to chide—for I rejoice
What others deem a penance is thy choice.
But come, the board is spread; our silver lamp
Is trimmed, and heeds not the Sirocco's damp:

Then shall my handmaids while the time along,
And join with me the dance, or wake the song;
Or my guitar, which still thou lov'st to hear,
Shall soothe or lull—or, should it vex thine ear,
We'll turn the tale, by Ariosto told,
Of fair Olympia loved and left of old.[1]
Why, thou wert worse than he who broke his vow
To that lost damsel, should thou leave me *now*—
Or even that traitor chief—I've seen thee smile,
When the clear sky showed Ariadne's Isle,
Which I have pointed from these cliffs the while:
And thus half sportive—half in fear—I said,
Lest Time should raise that doubt to more than dread,
Thus Conrad, too, will quit me for the main:
And he deceived me—for—he came again!"

"Again, again—and oft again—my Love!
If there be life below, and hope above,
He will return—but now, the moments bring
The time of parting with redoubled wing:
The why, the where—what boots it now to tell?
Since all must end in that wild word—Farewell!
Yet would I fain—did time allow—disclose—
Fear not—these are no formidable foes!
And here shall watch a more than wonted guard,
For sudden siege and long defence prepared:
Nor be thou lonely, though thy Lord's away,
Our matrons and thy handmaids with thee stay;
And this thy comfort—that, when next we meet,
Security shall make repose more sweet.
List!—'tis the bugle!"—Juan shrilly blew—
"One kiss—one more—another—Oh! Adieu!"

1. [For Bireno's desertion of Olympia, see] *Orlando Furioso*, Canto X. [stanzas 1–27].

She rose—she sprung—she clung to his embrace,
Till his heart heaved beneath her hidden face:
He dared not raise to his that deep-blue eye,
Which downcast drooped in tearless agony.
Her long fair hair lay floating o'er his arms,
In all the wildness of dishevelled charms;
Scarce beat that bosom where his image dwelt
So full—*that* feeling seem'd almost unfelt!
Hark—peals the thunder of the signal-gun!
It told 'twas sunset, and he cursed that sun.
Again—again—that form he madly pressed,
Which mutely clasped, imploringly caressed![i]
And tottering to the couch his bride he bore,
One moment gazed—as if to gaze no more;
Felt that for him Earth held but her alone,
Kissed her cold forehead—turned—is Conrad gone?

XV.

"And is he gone?"—on sudden solitude
How oft that fearful question will intrude!
"'Twas but an instant past, and here he stood!
And now"—without the portal's porch she rushed,
And then at length her tears in freedom gushed;
Big, bright, and fast, unknown to her they fell;
But still her lips refused to send—"Farewell!"
For in that word—that fatal word—howe'er
We promise—hope—believe—there breathes Despair.
O'er every feature of that still, pale face,
Had Sorrow fixed what Time can ne'er erase:
The tender blue of that large loving eye
Grew frozen with its gaze on vacancy,

i. *Oh! he could bear no more—but madly grasped*
Her form—and trembling there his own unclasped.—[*MS.*]

Till—Oh, how far!—it caught a glimpse of him,
And then it flowed, and phrensied seemed to swim
Through those long, dark, and glistening lashes dewed
With drops of sadness oft to be renewed.
"He's gone!"—against her heart that hand is driven,
Convulsed and quick—then gently raised to Heaven:
She looked and saw the heaving of the main;
The white sail set—she dared not look again;
But turned with sickening soul within the gate—
"It is no dream—and I am desolate!"

XVI.

From crag to crag descending, swiftly sped
Stern Conrad down, nor once he turned his head;
But shrunk whene'er the windings of his way
Forced on his eye what he would not survey,
His lone, but lovely dwelling on the steep,
That hailed him first when homeward from the deep:
And she—the dim and melancholy Star,
Whose ray of Beauty reached him from afar,
On her he must not gaze, he must not think—
There he might rest—but on Destruction's brink:
Yet once almost he stopped—and nearly gave
His fate to chance, his projects to the wave:
But no—it must not be—a worthy chief
May melt, but not betray to Woman's grief.
He sees his bark, he notes how fair the wind,
And sternly gathers all his might of mind:
Again he hurries on—and as he hears
The clang of tumult vibrate on his ears,
The busy sounds, the bustle of the shore,
The shout, the signal, and the dashing oar;
As marks his eye the seaboy on the mast,

The anchors rise, the sails unfurling fast,
The waving kerchiefs of the crowd that urge
That mute Adieu to those who stem the surge;
And more than all, his blood-red flag aloft,
He marvelled how his heart could seem so soft.
Fire in his glance, and wildness in his breast,
He feels of all his former self possest;
He bounds—he flies—until his footsteps reach
The verge where ends the cliff, begins the beach,
There checks his speed; but pauses less to breathe
The breezy freshness of the deep beneath,
Than there his wonted statelier step renew;
Nor rush, disturbed by haste, to vulgar view:
For well had Conrad learned to curb the crowd,
By arts that veil, and oft preserve the proud;
His was the lofty port, the distant mien,
That seems to shun the sight—and awes if seen:
The solemn aspect, and the high-born eye,
That checks low mirth, but lacks not courtesy;
All these he wielded to command assent:
But where he wished to win, so well unbent,
That Kindness cancelled fear in those who heard,
And others' gifts showed mean beside his word,
When echoed to the heart as from his own
His deep yet tender melody of tone:
But such was foreign to his wonted mood,
He cared not what he softened, but subdued;
The evil passions of his youth had made
Him value less who loved—than what obeyed.

XVII.

Around him mustering ranged his ready guard.
Before him Juan stands—"Are all prepared?"

"They are—nay more—embarked: the latest boat
Waits but my chief——"
"My sword, and my capote."
Soon firmly girded on, and lightly slung,
His belt and cloak were o'er his shoulders flung:
"Call Pedro here!" He comes—and Conrad bends,
With all the courtesy he deigned his friends;
"Receive these tablets, and peruse with care,
Words of high trust and truth are graven there;
Double the guard, and when Anselmo's bark
Arrives, let him alike these orders mark:
In three days (serve the breeze) the sun shall shine
On our return—till then all peace be thine!"
This said, his brother Pirate's hand he wrung,
Then to his boat with haughty gesture sprung.
Flashed the dipt oars, and sparkling with the stroke,
Around the waves' phosphoric[1] brightness broke;
They gain the vessel—on the deck he stands,—
Shrieks the shrill whistle, ply the busy hands—
He marks how well the ship her helm obeys,
How gallant all her crew, and deigns to praise.
His eyes of pride to young Gonsalvo turn—
Why doth he start, and inly seem to mourn?
Alas! those eyes beheld his rocky tower,
And live a moment o'er the parting hour;
She—his Medora—did she mark the prow?
Ah! never loved he half so much as now!
But much must yet be done ere dawn of day—
Again he mans himself and turns away;
Down to the cabin with Gonsalvo bends,
And there unfolds his plan—his means, and ends;

1. By night, particularly in a warm latitude, every stroke of the oar, every motion of the boat or ship, is followed by a slight flash like sheet lightning from the water.

Before them burns the lamp, and spreads the chart,
And all that speaks and aids the naval art;
They to the midnight watch protract debate;
To anxious eyes what hour is ever late?
Meantime, the steady breeze serenely blew,
And fast and falcon-like the vessel flew;
Passed the high headlands of each clustering isle,
To gain their port—long—long ere morning smile:
And soon the night-glass through the narrow bay
Discovers where the Pacha's galleys lay.
Count they each sail, and mark how there supine
The lights in vain o'er heedless Moslem shine.
Secure, unnoted, Conrad's prow passed by,
And anchored where his ambush meant to lie;
Screened from espial by the jutting cape,
That rears on high its rude fantastic shape.[1]
Then rose his band to duty—not from sleep—
Equipped for deeds alike on land or deep;
While leaned their Leader o'er the fretting flood,
And calmly talked—and yet he talked of blood!

1. [Cape Gallo is at least eight miles to the south of Corone; but Point Lividia, the promontory on which part of the town is built, can hardly be described as a "jutting cape," or as (see line 1623) a "giant shape."]

CANTO THE SECOND.

"Conosceste i dubbiosi desiri?"
DANTE, *Inferno*, v. 120.

I.

In Coron's bay floats many a galley light,
Through Coron's lattices the lamps are bright,[1]
For Seyd, the Pacha, makes a feast to-night:
A feast for promised triumph yet to come,
When he shall drag the fettered Rovers home;

1. [Coron, or Corone, the ancient Colonides, is situated a little to the north of a promontory, Point Lividia, on the western shore of the Gulf of Kalamata, or Coron, or Messenia.

Antoine Louis Castellan (1772–1838), with whose larger work on Turkey Byron professed himself familiar (Letter to Moore, August 28, 1813), gives a vivid description of Coron and the bey's palace in his *Lettres sur la Morée, etc.* (first published, Paris, 1808), 3 vols., 1820. Whether Byron had or had not consulted the "Letters," the following passages may help to illustrate the scene:—

"La châine caverneuse du Taygète s'élève en face de Coron, à l'autre extrémité du golfe" (iii. 181).

"Nous avons aussi été faire une visite au bey, qui nous a permis de parcourir la citadelle" (p. 187).

"Le bey fait a exécuter en notre présence une danse singulière, qu'on peut nommer danse pantomime" (p. 189; see line 642).

"La maison est assez bien distribuée et proprement meublée à la manière des Turcs. La principale pièce est grande, ornée d'une boiserie ciselée sur les dessins arabesques, et même marquetée. Les fenêtres donnent sur le jardin . . . les volets sont ordinairement fermés, dans le milieu de la journée, et le jour ne pénètre alors qu'à travers des ouvertures pratiquées, au dessus des fenêtres et garnis de vitraux colorés" (p. 200). Castellan saw the palace and bay illuminated (p. 203).]

This hath he sworn by Allah and his sword,
And faithful to his firman and his word,
His summoned prows collect along the coast,
And great the gathering crews, and loud the boast;
Already shared the captives and the prize,
Though far the distant foe they thus despise;
'Tis but to sail—no doubt to-morrow's Sun
Will see the Pirates bound—their haven won!
Meantime the watch may slumber, if they will,
Nor only wake to war, but dreaming kill.
Though all, who can, disperse on shore and seek
To flesh their glowing valour on the Greek;
How well such deed becomes the turbaned brave—
To bare the sabre's edge before a slave!
Infest his dwelling—but forbear to slay,
Their arms are strong, yet merciful to-day,
And do not deign to smite because they may!
Unless some gay caprice suggests the blow,
To keep in practice for the coming foe.
Revel and rout the evening hours beguile,
And they who wish to wear a head must smile;
For Moslem mouths produce their choicest cheer,
And hoard their curses, till the coast is clear.

II.

High in his hall reclines the turbaned Seyd;
Around—the bearded chiefs he came to lead.
Removed the banquet, and the last pilaff—
Forbidden draughts, 'tis said, he dared to quaff,
Though to the rest the sober berry's juice [1]
The slaves bear round for rigid Moslems' use;
The long chibouque's [2] dissolving cloud supply,

1. Coffee.
2. "Chibouque" [chibûk], pipe.

While dance the Almas [1] to wild minstrelsy.
The rising morn will view the chiefs embark;
But waves are somewhat treacherous in the dark:
And revellers may more securely sleep
On silken couch than o'er the rugged deep:
Feast there who can—nor combat till they must,
And less to conquest than to Korans trust;
And yet the numbers crowded in his host
Might warrant more than even the Pacha's boast.

III.

With cautious reverence from the outer gate
Slow stalks the slave, whose office there to wait,
Bows his bent head—his hand salutes the floor,
Ere yet his tongue the trusted tidings bore:
"A captive Dervise, from the Pirate's nest
Escaped, is here—himself would tell the rest." [2]
He took the sign from Seyd's assenting eye,
And led the holy man in silence nigh.
His arms were folded on his dark-green vest,
His step was feeble, and his look deprest;
Yet worn he seemed of hardship more than years,
And pale his cheek with penance, not from fears.
Vowed to his God—his sable locks he wore,
And these his lofty cap rose proudly o'er:

1. Dancing girls. [Compare *The Waltz*, line 127, *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 492, *note* 1.]

2. It has been observed, that Conrad's entering disguised as a spy is out of nature. Perhaps so. I find something not unlike it in history.—"Anxious to explore with his own eyes the state of the Vandals, Majorian ventured, after disguising the colour of his hair, to visit Carthage in the character of his own ambassador; and Genseric was afterwards mortified by the discovery, that he had entertained and dismissed the Emperor of the Romans. Such an anecdote may be rejected as an improbable fiction; but it is a fiction which would not have been imagined unless in the life of a hero."—See Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* [1854, iv. 272.]

Around his form his loose long robe was thrown,
And wrapt a breast bestowed on heaven alone;
Submissive, yet with self-possession manned,
He calmly met the curious eyes that scanned;
And question of his coming fain would seek,
Before the Pacha's will allowed to speak.

IV.

"Whence com'st thou, Dervise?"
"From the Outlaw's den
A fugitive—"
"Thy capture where and when?"
"From Scalanova's port[1] to Scio's isle,
The Saick[2] was bound; but Allah did not smile
Upon our course—the Moslem merchant's gains
The Rovers won; our limbs have worn their chains.
I had no death to fear, nor wealth to boast,
Beyond the wandering freedom which I lost;
At length a fisher's humble boat by night
Afforded hope, and offered chance of flight;
I seized the hour, and find my safety here—
With thee—most mighty Pacha! who can fear?"

"How speed the outlaws? stand they well prepared,
Their plundered wealth, and robber's rock, to guard?
Dream they of this our preparation, doomed
To view with fire their scorpion nest consumed?"

"Pacha! the fettered captive's mourning eye,
That weeps for flight, but ill can play the spy;
I only heard the reckless waters roar,
Those waves that would not bear me from the shore;

1. [On the coast of Asia Minor, twenty-one miles south of Smyrna.]
2. [A Levantine bark—"a kind of ketch without top-gallant sail, or mizzen-top sail."]

I only marked the glorious Sun and sky,
Too bright—too blue—for my captivity;
And felt that all which Freedom's bosom cheers
Must break my chain before it dried my tears.
This mayst thou judge, at least, from my escape,
They little deem of aught in Peril's shape;
Else vainly had I prayed or sought the chance
That leads me here—if eyed with vigilance:
The careless guard that did not see me fly,
May watch as idly when thy power is nigh.
Pacha! my limbs are faint—and nature craves
Food for my hunger, rest from tossing waves:
Permit my absence—peace be with thee! Peace
With all around!—now grant repose—release."

"Stay, Dervise! I have more to question—stay,
I do command thee—sit—dost hear?—obey!
More I must ask, and food the slaves shall bring;
Thou shalt not pine where all are banqueting:
The supper done—prepare thee to reply,
Clearly and full—I love not mystery."
'Twere vain to guess what shook the pious man,
Who looked not lovingly on that Divan;
Nor showed high relish for the banquet prest,
And less respect for every fellow guest.
'Twas but a moment's peevish hectic passed
Along his cheek, and tranquillised as fast:
He sate him down in silence, and his look
Resumed the calmness which before forsook:
The feast was ushered in—but sumptuous fare
He shunned as if some poison mingled there.
For one so long condemned to toil and fast,
Methinks he strangely spares the rich repast.
"What ails thee, Dervise? eat—dost thou suppose

This feast a Christian's? or my friends thy foes?
Why dost thou shun the salt? that sacred pledge,[1]
Which, once partaken, blunts the sabre's edge,
Makes even contending tribes in peace unite,
And hated hosts seem brethren to the sight!"

"Salt seasons dainties—and my food is still
The humblest root, my drink the simplest rill;
And my stern vow and Order's [2] laws oppose
To break or mingle bread with friends or foes;
It may seem strange—if there be aught to dread
That peril rests upon my single head;
But for thy sway—nay more—thy Sultan's throne,
I taste nor bread nor banquet—save alone;
Infringed our Order's rule, the Prophet's rage
To Mecca's dome might bar my pilgrimage."

"Well—as thou wilt—ascetic as thou art—
One question answer; then in peace depart.
How many?—Ha! it cannot sure be day?
What Star—what Sun is bursting on the bay?
It shines a lake of fire!—away—away!
Ho! treachery! my guards! my scimitar!
The galleys feed the flames—and I afar!
Accurséd Dervise!—these thy tidings—thou
Some villain spy—seize—cleave him—slay him now!"

Up rose the Dervise with that burst of light,
Nor less his change of form appalled the sight:
Up rose that Dervise—not in saintly garb,
But like a warrior bounding on his barb,

1. [Compare the *Giaour*, line 343, *note* 2; *vide ante*, p. 102.]
2. The Dervises [Dervish, Persian *darvesh*, poor] are in colleges, and of different orders, as the monks.

Dashed his high cap, and tore his robe away—
Shone his mailed breast, and flashed his sabre's ray!
His close but glittering casque, and sable plume,
More glittering eye, and black brow's sabler gloom,
Glared on the Moslems' eyes some Afrit Sprite,
Whose demon death-blow left no hope for fight.
The wild confusion, and the swarthy glow
Of flames on high, and torches from below;
The shriek of terror, and the mingling yell—
For swords began to clash, and shouts to swell—
Flung o'er that spot of earth the air of Hell!
Distracted, to and fro, the flying slaves
Behold but bloody shore and fiery waves;
Nought heeded they the Pacha's angry cry,
They seize that Dervise!—seize on Zatanai![1]
He saw their terror—checked the first despair
That urged him but to stand and perish there,
Since far too early and too well obeyed,
The flame was kindled ere the signal made;
He saw their terror—from his baldric drew
His bugle—brief the blast—but shrilly blew;
'Tis answered—"Well ye speed, my gallant crew!
Why did I doubt their quickness of career?
And deem design had left me single here?"
Sweeps his long arm—that sabre's whirling sway
Sheds fast atonement for its first delay;
Completes his fury, what their fear begun,
And makes the many basely quail to one.
The cloven turbans o'er the chamber spread,
And scarce an arm dare rise to guard its head:
Even Seyd, convulsed, o'erwhelmed, with rage, surprise,
Retreats before him, though he still defies.

1. "Zatanai," Satan. [Probably a phonetic rendering of *σαταν(ᾶ)ς*. The Turkish form would be *sheytān*. Compare letter to Moore, April 9, 1814, *Letters*, 1899, iii. 66, *note* 1.]

No craven he—and yet he dreads the blow,
So much Confusion magnifies his foe!
His blazing galleys still distract his sight,
He tore his beard, and foaming fled the fight;[1]
For now the pirates passed the Haram gate,
And burst within—and it were death to wait;
Where wild Amazement shrieking—kneeling—throws
The sword aside—in vain—the blood o'erflows!
The Corsairs pouring, haste to where within
Invited Conrad's bugle, and the din
Of groaning victims, and wild cries for life,
Proclaimed how well he did the work of strife.
They shout to find him grim and lonely there,
A glutted tiger mangling in his lair!
But short their greeting, shorter his reply—
"'Tis well—but Seyd escapes—and he must die—
Much hath been done—but more remains to do—
Their galleys blaze—why not their city too?"

V.

Quick at the word they seized him each a torch,
And fire the dome from minaret to porch.
A stern delight was fixed in Conrad's eye,
But sudden sunk—for on his ear the cry
Of women struck, and like a deadly knell
Knocked at that heart unmoved by Battle's yell.
"Oh! burst the Haram—wrong not on your lives
One female form—remember—*we* have wives.
On them such outrage Vengeance will repay;

1. A common and not very novel effect of Mussulman anger. See Prince Eugene's *Mémoires*, 1811, p. 6, "The Seraskier received a wound in the thigh; he plucked up his beard by the roots, because he was obliged to quit the field." ["Le séraskier est blessé a la cuisse; il s'arrache la barbe, parce qu'il est obligé de fuir." A contemporary translation (Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, 1811), renders "il s'arrache la barbe" *he tore out the arrow.*]

Man is our foe, and such 'tis ours to slay:
But still we spared—must spare the weaker prey.
Oh! I forgot—but Heaven will not forgive
If at my word the helpless cease to live;
Follow who will—I go—we yet have time
Our souls to lighten of at least a crime."
He climbs the crackling stair—he bursts the door,
Nor feels his feet glow scorching with the floor;
His breath choked gasping with the volumed smoke,
But still from room to room his way he broke.
They search—they find—they save: with lusty arms
Each bears a prize of unregarded charms;
Calm their loud fears; sustain their sinking frames
With all the care defenceless Beauty claims:
So well could Conrad tame their fiercest mood,
And check the very hands with gore imbrued.
But who is she? whom Conrad's arms convey,
From reeking pile and combat's wreck, away—
Who but the love of him he dooms to bleed?
The Haram queen—but still the slave of Seyd!

VI.

Brief time had Conrad now to greet Gulnare,[1]
Few words to reassure the trembling Fair;
For in that pause Compassion snatched from War,
The foe before retiring, fast and far,
With wonder saw their footsteps unpursued,
First slowlier fled—then rallied—then withstood.
This Seyd perceives, then first perceives how few,
Compared with his, the Corsair's roving crew,
And blushes o'er his error, as he eyes
The ruin wrought by Panic and Surprise.

1. Gulnare, a female name; it means, literally, the flower of the pomegranate.

Alla il Alla! Vengeance swells the cry—
Shame mounts to rage that must atone or die!
And flame for flame and blood for blood must tell,
The tide of triumph ebbs that flowed too well—
When Wrath returns to renovated strife,
And those who fought for conquest strike for life.
Conrad beheld the danger—he beheld
His followers faint by freshening foes repelled:
"One effort—one—to break the circling host!"
They form—unite—charge—waver—all is lost!
Within a narrower ring compressed, beset,
Hopeless, not heartless, strive and struggle yet—
Ah! now they fight in firmest file no more,
Hemmed in—cut off—cleft down and trampled o'er;
But each strikes singly—silently—and home,
And sinks outwearied rather than o'ercome—
His last faint quittance rendering with his breath,
Till the blade glimmers in the grasp of Death!

VII.

But first, ere came the rallying host to blows,
And rank to rank, and hand to hand oppose,
Gulnare and all her Haram handmaids freed,
Safe in the dome of one who held their creed,
By Conrad's mandate safely were bestowed,
And dried those tears for life and fame that flowed:
And when that dark-eyed lady, young Gulnare,
Recalled those thoughts late wandering in despair,
Much did she marvel o'er the courtesy
That smoothed his accents, softened in his eye—
'Twas strange—*that* robber thus with gore bedewed,
Seemed gentler then than Seyd in fondest mood.
The Pacha wooed as if he deemed the slave
Must seem delighted with the heart he gave;

The Corsair vowed protection, soothed affright,
As if his homage were a Woman's right.
"The wish is wrong—nay, worse for female—vain:
Yet much I long to view that Chief again;
If but to thank for, what my fear forgot,
The life—my loving Lord remembered not!"

VIII.

And him she saw, where thickest carnage spread,
But gathered breathing from the happier dead;
Far from his band, and battling with a host
That deem right dearly won the field he lost,
Felled—bleeding—baffled of the death he sought,
And snatched to expiate all the ills he wrought;
Preserved to linger and to live in vain,
While Vengeance pondered o'er new plans of pain,
And stanched the blood she saves to shed again—
But drop by drop, for Seyd's unglutted eye
Would doom him ever dying—ne'er to die!
Can this be he? triumphant late she saw,
When his red hand's wild gesture waved, a law!
'Tis he indeed—disarmed but undeprest,
His sole regret the life he still possest;
His wounds too slight, though taken with that will,
Which would have kissed the hand that then could kill.
Oh were there none, of all the many given,
To send his soul—he scarcely asked to Heaven?[1]

1. [The word "to" had been left out by the printer, and in a late revise Byron supplies the omission, and writes—

"To Mr. Murray or Mr. Davison.

"Do not omit words—it is quite enough to alter or mis-spell them.

"BN."

In the MS. the line ran—

"To send his soul—he scarcely cared to Heaven."

"Asked" is written over in pencil, but "cared" has not been erased.]

Must he alone of all retain his breath,
Who more than all had striven and struck for death?
He deeply felt—what mortal hearts must feel,
When thus reversed on faithless Fortune's wheel,
For crimes committed, and the victor's threat
Of lingering tortures to repay the debt—
He deeply, darkly felt; but evil Pride
That led to perpetrate—now serves to hide.
Still in his stern and self-collected mien
A conqueror's more than captive's air is seen,
Though faint with wasting toil and stiffening wound,
But few that saw—so calmly gazed around:
Though the far shouting of the distant crowd,
Their tremors o'er, rose insolently loud,
The better warriors who beheld him near,
Insulted not the foe who taught them fear;
And the grim guards that to his durance led,
In silence eyed him with a secret dread.

IX.

The Leech was sent—but not in mercy—there,
To note how much the life yet left could bear;
He found enough to load with heaviest chain,
And promise feeling for the wrench of Pain;
To-morrow—yea—to-morrow's evening Sun
Will, sinking, see Impalement's pangs begun,
And rising with the wonted blush of morn
Behold how well or ill those pangs are borne.
Of torments this the longest and the worst,
Which adds all other agony to thirst,
That day by day Death still forbears to slake,
While famished vultures flit around the stake.
"Oh! water—water!"—smiling Hate denies
The victim's prayer, for if he drinks he dies.

This was his doom;—the Leech, the guard, were gone,
And left proud Conrad fettered and alone.

X.

'Twere vain to paint to what his feelings grew—
It even were doubtful if their victim knew.
There is a war, a chaos of the mind,[1]
When all its elements convulsed, combined
Lie dark and jarring with perturbéd force,
And gnashing with impenitent Remorse—
That juggling fiend, who never spake before,
But cries "I warned thee!" when the deed is o'er.
Vain voice! the spirit burning but unbent,
May writhe—rebel—the weak alone repent!
Even in that lonely hour when most it feels,
And, to itself, all—all that self reveals,—
No single passion, and no ruling thought
That leaves the rest, as once, unseen, unsought,
But the wild prospect when the Soul reviews,
All rushing through their thousand avenues—
Ambition's dreams expiring, Love's regret,
Endangered Glory, Life itself beset;
The joy untasted, the contempt or hate
'Gainst those who fain would triumph in our fate;
The hopeless past, the hasting future driven
Too quickly on to guess if Hell or Heaven;
Deeds—thoughts—and words, perhaps remembered not
So keenly till that hour, but ne'er forgot;
Things light or lovely in their acted time,
But now to stern Reflection each a crime;

1. [Compare—

"One *anarchy*, one *chaos* of the *mind*."

The Wanderer, by Richard Savage, Canto V. (1761, p. 86).]

The withering sense of Evil unrevealed,
Not cankering less because the more concealed;
All, in a word, from which all eyes must start,
That opening sepulchre, the naked heart[1]
Bares with its buried woes—till Pride awake,
To snatch the mirror from the soul, and break.
Aye, Pride can veil, and Courage brave it all—
All—all—before—beyond—the deadliest fall.
Each hath some fear, and he who least betrays,
The only hypocrite deserving praise:
Not the loud recreant wretch who boasts and flies;
But he who looks on Death—and silent dies:
So, steeled by pondering o'er his far career,
He half-way meets Him should He menace near!

XI.

In the high chamber of his highest tower
Sate Conrad, fettered in the Pacha's power.
His palace perished in the flame—this fort
Contained at once his captive and his court.
Not much could Conrad of his sentence blame,
His foe, if vanquished, had but shared the same:—
Alone he sate—in solitude had scanned
His guilty bosom, but that breast he manned:
One thought alone he could not—dared not meet—
"Oh, how these tidings will Medora greet?"
Then—only then—his clanking hands he raised,
And strained with rage the chain on which he gazed;
But soon he found, or feigned, or dreamed relief,
And smiled in self-derision of his grief,

1. [Compare—

"That hideous sight, a *naked* human heart."

Night Thoughts, by Edward Young (Night III.)
(Anderson's *British Poets*, x. 71).]

" And now come Torture when it will, or may—
More need of rest to nerve me for the day!"
This said, with langour to his mat he crept,
And, whatso'er his visions, quickly slept.

'Twas hardly midnight when that fray begun,
For Conrad's plans matured, at once were done,
And Havoc loathes so much the waste of time,
She scarce had left an uncommitted crime.
One hour beheld him since the tide he stemmed—
Disguised — discovered — conquering — ta'en — condemned—
A Chief on land—an outlaw on the deep—
Destroying—saving—prisoned—and asleep!

XII.

He slept in calmest seeming, for his breath[1]
Was hushed so deep—Ah! happy if in death!
He slept—Who o'er his placid slumber bends?
His foes are gone—and here he hath no friends;
Is it some Seraph sent to grant him grace?
No, 'tis an earthly form with heavenly face!
Its white arm raised a lamp—yet gently hid,
Lest the ray flash abruptly on the lid
Of that closed eye, which opens but to pain,
And once unclosed—but once may close again.
That form, with eye so dark, and cheek so fair,
And auburn waves of gemmed and braided hair;

1. [Compare—
" When half the world lay wrapt in sleepless night,
A jarring sound the startled hero wakes.
. . . . . .
He hears a step draw near—in beauty's pride
A female comes—wide floats her glistening gown—
Her hand sustains a lamp. . . ."
Wieland's *Oberon*, translated by W. Sotheby,
Canto XII. stanza xxxi., *et seq.*]

With shape of fairy lightness—naked foot,
That shines like snow, and falls on earth as mute—
Through guards and dunnest night how came it there?
Ah! rather ask what will not Woman dare?
Whom Youth and Pity lead like thee, Gulnare!
She could not sleep—and while the Pacha's rest
In muttering dreams yet saw his pirate-guest,
She left his side—his signet-ring she bore,
Which oft in sport adorned her hand before—
And with it, scarcely questioned, won her way
Through drowsy guards that must that sign obey.
Worn out with toil, and tired with changing blows,
Their eyes had envied Conrad his repose;
And chill and nodding at the turret door,
They stretch their listless limbs, and watch no more;
Just raised their heads to hail the signet-ring,
Nor ask or what or who the sign may bring.

XIII.

She gazed in wonder, "Can he calmly sleep,
While other eyes his fall or ravage weep?
And mine in restlessness are wandering here—
What sudden spell hath made this man so dear?
True—'tis to him my life, and more, I owe,
And me and mine he spared from worse than woe:
'Tis late to think—but soft—his slumber breaks—
How heavily he sighs!—he starts—awakes!"
He raised his head, and dazzled with the light,
His eye seemed dubious if it saw aright:
He moved his hand—the grating of his chain
Too harshly told him that he lived again.
"What is that form? if not a shape of air,
Methinks, my jailor's face shows wondrous fair!"

"Pirate! thou know'st me not, but I am one,
Grateful for deeds thou hast too rarely done;
Look on me—and remember her, thy hand
Snatched from the flames, and thy more fearful band.
I come through darkness—and I scarce know why—
Yet not to hurt—I would not see thee die."

"If so, kind lady! thine the only eye
That would not here in that gay hope delight:
Theirs is the chance—and let them use their right.
But still I thank their courtesy or thine,
That would confess me at so fair a shrine!"

Strange though it seem—yet with extremest grief
Is linked a mirth—it doth not bring relief—
That playfulness of Sorrow ne'er beguiles,
And smiles in bitterness—but still it smiles;
And sometimes with the wisest and the best,
Till even the scaffold [1] echoes with their jest!
Yet not the joy to which it seems akin—
It may deceive all hearts, save that within.
Whate'er it was that flashed on Conrad, now
A laughing wildness half unbent his brow:
And these his accents had a sound of mirth,
As if the last he could enjoy on earth;
Yet 'gainst his nature—for through that short life,
Few thoughts had he to spare from gloom and strife.

1. In Sir Thomas More, for instance, on the scaffold, and Anne Boleyn, in the Tower, when, grasping her neck, she remarked, that it "was too slender to trouble the headsman much." During one part of the French Revolution, it became a fashion to leave some "*mot*" as a legacy; and the quantity of facetious last words spoken during that period would form a melancholy jest-book of a considerable size.

XIV.

"Corsair! thy doom is named—but I have power
To soothe the Pacha in his weaker hour.
Thee would I spare—nay more—would save thee now,
But this—Time—Hope—nor even thy strength allow;
But all I can,—I will—at least delay
The sentence that remits thee scarce a day.
More now were ruin—even thyself were loth
The vain attempt should bring but doom to both."

"Yes!—loth indeed:—my soul is nerved to all,
Or fall'n too low to fear a further fall:
Tempt not thyself with peril—me with hope
Of flight from foes with whom I could not cope:
Unfit to vanquish—shall I meanly fly,
The one of all my band that would not die?
Yet there is one—to whom my Memory clings,
Till to these eyes her own wild softness springs.
My sole resources in the path I trod
Were these—my bark—my sword—my love—my God!
The last I left in youth!—He leaves me now—
And Man but works his will to lay me low.
I have no thought to mock his throne with prayer
Wrung from the coward crouching of Despair;
It is enough—I breathe—and I can bear.
My sword is shaken from the worthless hand
That might have better kept so true a brand;
My bark is sunk or captive—but my Love—
For her in sooth my voice would mount above:
Oh! she is all that still to earth can bind—
And this will break a heart so more than kind,
And blight a form—till thine appeared, Gulnare!
Mine eye ne'er asked if others were as fair."

"Thou lov'st another then?—but what to me
Is this—'tis nothing—nothing e'er can be:
But yet—thou lov'st—and—Oh! I envy those
Whose hearts on hearts as faithful can repose,
Who never feel the void—the wandering thought
That sighs o'er visions—such as mine hath wrought."

"Lady—methought thy love was his, for whom
This arm redeemed thee from a fiery tomb."

"My love stern Seyd's! Oh—No—No—not my love—
Yet much this heart, that strives no more, once strove
To meet his passion—but it would not be.
I felt—I feel—Love dwells with—with the free.
I am a slave, a favoured slave at best,
To share his splendour, and seem very blest!
Oft must my soul the question undergo,
Of—'Dost thou love?' and burn to answer, 'No!'
Oh! hard it is that fondness to sustain,
And struggle not to feel averse in vain;
But harder still the heart's recoil to bear,
And hide from one—perhaps another there.
He takes the hand I give not—nor withhold—
Its pulse nor checked—nor quickened—calmly cold:
And when resigned, it drops a lifeless weight
From one I never loved enough to hate.
No warmth these lips return by his imprest,
And chilled Remembrance shudders o'er the rest.
Yes—had I ever proved that Passion's zeal,
The change to hatred were at least to feel:
But still—he goes unmourned—returns unsought—
And oft when present—absent from my thought.
Or when Reflection comes—and come it must—
I fear that henceforth 'twill but bring disgust;

I am his slave—but, in despite of pride,
'Twere worse than bondage to become his bride.
Oh! that this dotage of his breast would cease!
Or seek another and give mine release,
But yesterday—I could have said, to peace!
Yes, if unwonted fondness now I feign,[i.]
Remember—Captive! 'tis to break thy chain;
Repay the life that to thy hand I owe;
To give thee back to all endeared below,
Who share such love as I can never know.
Farewell—Morn breaks—and I must now away:
'Twill cost me dear—but dread no death to-day!"

XV.

She pressed his fettered fingers to her heart,
And bowed her head, and turned her to depart,
And noiseless as a lovely dream is gone.
And was she here? and is he now alone?
What gem hath dropped and sparkles o'er his chain?
The tear most sacred, shed for others' pain,
That starts at once—bright—pure—from Pity's mine,
Already polished by the hand divine!
Oh! too convincing—dangerously dear—
In Woman's eye the unanswerable tear!
That weapon of her weakness she can wield,
To save, subdue—at once her spear and shield:
Avoid it—Virtue ebbs and Wisdom errs,
Too fondly gazing on that grief of hers!

i. *I breathe but in the hope—his altered breast*
May seek another—and leave mine at rest.
Or if unwonted fondness now I feign.[1]—[*MS.*]

1. [The alteration was sent to the publishers on a separate quarto sheet, with a memorandum, "In Canto *first*—nearly the end," etc.—a rare instance of inaccuracy on the part of the author.]

What lost a world, and bade a hero fly?
The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye.
Yet be the soft Triumvir's fault forgiven;
By this—how many lose not earth—but Heaven!
Consign their souls to Man's eternal foe,
And seal their own to spare some Wanton's woe!

XVI.

'Tis Morn—and o'er his altered features play
The beams—without the Hope of yesterday.
What shall he be ere night? perchance a thing
O'er which the raven flaps her funeral wing,
By his closed eye unheeded and unfelt;
While sets that Sun, and dews of Evening melt,
Chill, wet, and misty round each stiffened limb,
Refreshing earth—reviving all but him!

CANTO THE THIRD.

"Come vedi—ancor non m'abbandona."
DANTE, *Inferno*, v. 105.

I.

SLOW sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,[1]
Along Morea's hills the setting Sun;
Not, as in Northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light!
O'er the hushed deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows.
On old Ægina's rock, and Idra's isle,[2]
The God of gladness sheds his parting smile;
O'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquered Salamis!
Their azure arches through the long expanse
More deeply purpled met his mellowing glance,

1. The opening lines, as far as section ii., have, perhaps, little business here, and were annexed to an unpublished (though printed) poem [*The Curse of Minerva*]; but they were written on the spot, in the Spring of 1811, and—I scarce know why—the reader must excuse their appearance here—if he can. [See letter to Murray, October 23, 1812.]

2. [See *Curse of Minerva*, line 7, *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 457. For Hydra, see A. L. Castellan's *Lettres sur la Morée*, 1820, i. 155–176. He gives (p. 174) a striking description of a *sunrise* off the Cape of Sunium.]

The Temple of Minerva, Sunium.

And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of Heaven;
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve, his palest beam he cast,
When—Athens! here thy Wisest looked his last.
How watched thy better sons his farewell ray,
That closed their murdered Sage's[1] latest day!
Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill—
The precious hour of parting lingers still;
But sad his light to agonising eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes:
Gloom o'er the lovely land he seemed to pour,
The land, where Phœbus never frowned before:
But ere he sunk below Cithæron's head,
The cup of woe was quaffed—the Spirit fled;
The Soul of him who scorned to fear or fly—
Who lived and died, as none can live or die!

But lo! from high Hymettus to the plain,
The Queen of night asserts her silent reign.[2]
No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face, nor girds her glowing form;
With cornice glimmering as the moon-beams play,
There the white column greets her grateful ray,
And bright around with quivering beams beset,
Her emblem sparkles o'er the Minaret:
The groves of olive scattered dark and wide

1. Socrates drank the hemlock a short time before sunset (the hour of execution), notwithstanding the entreaties of his disciples to wait till the sun went down.

2. The twilight in Greece is much shorter than in our own country: the days in winter are longer, but in summer of shorter duration.

Where meek Cephisus pours his scanty tide;
The cypress saddening by the sacred Mosque,
The gleaming turret of the gay Kiosk;[1]
And, dun and sombre 'mid the holy calm,
Near Theseus' fane yon solitary palm,
All tinged with varied hues arrest the eye—
And dull were his that passed him heedless by.

Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,
Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war;
Again his waves in milder tints unfold
Their long array of sapphire and of gold,
Mixed with the shades of many a distant isle,
That frown—where gentler Ocean seems to smile.

II.

Not now my theme—why turn my thoughts to thee?
Oh! who can look along thy native sea,
Nor dwell upon thy name, whate'er the tale,
So much its magic must o'er all prevail?
Who that beheld that Sun upon thee set,
Fair Athens! could thine evening face forget?
Not he—whose heart nor time nor distance frees,
Spell-bound within the clustering Cyclades!

1. The Kiosk is a Turkish summer house: the palm is without the present walls of Athens, not far from the temple of Theseus, between which and the tree, the wall intervenes.—Cephisus' stream is indeed scanty, and Ilissus has no stream at all.

[E. Dodwell (*Classical Tour*, 1819, i. 371) speaks of "a magnificent palm tree, which shoots among the ruins of the Ptolemaion," a short distance to the east of the Theseion. There is an illustration in its honour. The Theseion—which was "within five minutes' walk" of Byron's lodgings (*Travels in Albania*, 1858, i. 259)—contains the remains of the scholar, John Tweddell, died 1793, "over which a stone was placed, owing to the exertions of Lord Byron" (Clarke's *Travels*, Part II. sect. i. p. 534). When Byron died, Colonel Stanhope proposed, and the chief Odysseus decreed, that he should be buried in the same spot.—*Life*, p. 640.]

Nor seems this homage foreign to its strain,
His Corsair's isle was once thine own domain—[1]
Would that with freedom it were thine again!

III.

The Sun hath sunk—and, darker than the night,
Sinks with its beam upon the beacon height
Medora's heart—the third day's come and gone—
With it he comes not—sends not—faithless one!
The wind was fair though light! and storms were none.
Last eve Anselmo's bark returned, and yet
His only tidings that they had not met!
Though wild, as now, far different were the tale
Had Conrad waited for that single sail.
The night-breeze freshens—she that day had passed
In watching all that Hope proclaimed a mast;
Sadly she sate on high—Impatience bore
At last her footsteps to the midnight shore,
And there she wandered, heedless of the spray
That dashed her garments oft, and warned away:
She saw not, felt not this—nor dared depart,
Nor deemed it cold—her chill was at her heart;
Till grew such certainty from that suspense—
His very Sight had shocked from life or sense!

It came at last—a sad and shattered boat,
Whose inmates first beheld whom first they sought;
Some bleeding—all most wretched—these the few—
Scarce knew they how escaped—*this* all they knew.
In silence, darkling, each appeared to wait
His fellow's mournful guess at Conrad's fate:

1. [After the battle of Salamis, B.C. 480, Paros fell under the dominion of Athens.]

Something they would have said; but seemed to fear
To trust their accents to Medora's ear.
She saw at once, yet sunk not—trembled not—
Beneath that grief, that loneliness of lot,
Within that meek fair form, were feelings high,
That deemed not till they found their energy.
While yet was Hope they softened, fluttered, wept—
All lost—that Softness died not—but it slept;
And o'er its slumber rose that Strength which said,
"With nothing left to love, there's nought to dread."
'Tis more than Nature's—like the burning might
Delirium gathers from the fever's height.

"Silent you stand—nor would I hear you tell
What—speak not—breathe not—for I know it well—
Yet would I ask—almost my lip denies
The—quick your answer—tell me where he lies."

"Lady! we know not—scarce with life we fled;
But here is one denies that he is dead:
He saw him bound; and bleeding—but alive."

She heard no further—'twas in vain to strive—
So throbbed each vein—each thought—till then withstood;
Her own dark soul—these words at once subdued:
She totters—falls—and senseless had the wave
Perchance but snatched her from another grave;
But that with hands though rude, yet weeping eyes,
They yield such aid as Pity's haste supplies:[i]
Dash o'er her deathlike cheek the ocean dew,
Raise, fan, sustain—till life returns anew;
Awake her handmaids, with the matrons leave
That fainting form o'er which they gaze and grieve;

i. *They gather round and each his aid supplies.*—[*MS.*]

Then seek Anselmo's cavern, to report
The tale too tedious—when the triumph short.

IV.

In that wild council words waxed warm and strange,[i.]
With thoughts of ransom, rescue, and revenge;
All, save repose or flight: still lingering there
Breathed Conrad's spirit, and forbade despair;
Whate'er his fate—the breasts he formed and led
Will save him living, or appease him dead.
Woe to his foes! there yet survive a few,
Whose deeds are daring, as their hearts are true.

V.

Within the Haram's secret chamber sate[1]
Stern Seyd, still pondering o'er his Captive's fate;
His thoughts on love and hate alternate dwell,
Now with Gulnare, and now in Conrad's cell;
Here at his feet the lovely slave reclined
Surveys his brow—would soothe his gloom of mind;
While many an anxious glance her large dark eye
Sends in its idle search for sympathy,
His only bends in seeming o'er his beads,[2]
But inly views his victim as he bleeds.

i. *Within that cave Debate waxed warm and strange.*—[*MS.*]
Loud in the cave Debate waxed warm and strange.—
[*January* 6, 1814.]
In that dark Council words waxed warm and strange.—
[*January* 13, 1814.]

1. [Lines 1299–1375 were written after the completion of the poem. They were forwarded to the publisher in time for insertion in a revise dated January 6, 1814.]

2. The comboloio, or Mahometan rosary; the beads are in number ninety-nine. [*Vide ante*, p. 181, *The Bride of Abydos*, Canto II. line 554.]

"Pacha! the day is thine; and on thy crest
Sits Triumph—Conrad taken—fall'n the rest!
His doom is fixed—he dies; and well his fate
Was earned—yet much too worthless for thy hate:
Methinks, a short release, for ransom told [i.]
With all his treasure, not unwisely sold;
Report speaks largely of his pirate-hoard—
Would that of this my Pacha were the lord!
While baffled, weakened by this fatal fray—
Watched—followed—he were then an easier prey;
But once cut off—the remnant of his band
Embark their wealth, and seek a safer strand."

"Gulnare!—if for each drop of blood a gem
Were offered rich as Stamboul's diadem;
If for each hair of his a massy mine
Of virgin ore should supplicating shine;
If all our Arab tales divulge or dream
Of wealth were here—that gold should not redeem!
It had not now redeemed a single hour,
But that I know him fettered, in my power;
And, thirsting for revenge, I ponder still
On pangs that longest rack—and latest kill."

"Nay, Seyd! I seek not to restrain thy rage,
Too justly moved for Mercy to assuage;
My thoughts were only to secure for thee
His riches—thus released, he were not free:
Disabled—shorn of half his might and band,
His capture could but wait thy first command."

i. *Methinks a short release by ransom wrought*
Of all his treasures not too cheaply bought.—[*MS. erased.*]
Methinks a short release for ransom—gold.—[*MS.*]

"His capture *could!*—and shall I then resign
One day to him—the wretch already mine?
Release my foe!—at whose remonstrance?—thine!
Fair suitor!—to thy virtuous gratitude,
That thus repays this Giaour's relenting mood,
Which thee and thine alone of all could spare—
No doubt, regardless—if the prize were fair—
My thanks and praise alike are due—now hear!
I have a counsel for thy gentler ear:
I do mistrust thee, Woman! and each word
Of thine stamps truth on all Suspicion heard.[i]
Borne in his arms through fire from yon Serai—
Say, wert thou lingering there with him to fly?
Thou need'st not answer—thy confession speaks,
Already reddening on thy guilty cheeks:
Then—lovely Dame—bethink thee! and beware:
'Tis not *his* life alone may claim such care!
Another word and—nay—I need no more.
Accurséd was the moment when he bore
Thee from the flames, which better far—but no—
I then had mourned thee with a lover's woe—
Now 'tis thy lord that warns—deceitful thing!
Know'st thou that I can clip thy wanton wing?
In words alone I am not wont to chafe:
Look to thyself—nor deem thy falsehood safe!"

He rose—and slowly, sternly thence withdrew,
Rage in his eye, and threats in his adieu:
Ah! little recked that Chief of womanhood—
Which frowns ne'er quelled, nor menaces subdued;
And little deemed he what thy heart, Gulnare!
When soft could feel—and when incensed could dare!

i. *Of thine adds certainty to all I heard.*—[*MS.*]

His doubts appeared to wrong—nor yet she knew
How deep the root from whence Compassion grew—
She was a slave—from such may captives claim
A fellow-feeling, differing but in name;
Still half unconscious—heedless of his wrath,
Again she ventured on the dangerous path,
Again his rage repelled—until arose
That strife of thought, the source of Woman's woes!

VI.

Meanwhile—long—anxious—weary—still the same
Rolled day and night: his soul could Terror tame—
This fearful interval of doubt and dread,
When every hour might doom him worse than dead;[i]
When every step that echoed by the gate,
Might entering lead where axe and stake await;
When every voice that grated on his ear
Might be the last that he could ever hear;
Could Terror tame—that Spirit stern and high
Had proved unwilling as unfit to die;
'Twas worn—perhaps decayed—yet silent bore
That conflict, deadlier far than all before:
The heat of fight, the hurry of the gale,
Leave scarce one thought inert enough to quail:
But bound and fixed in fettered solitude,
To pine, the prey of every changing mood;
To gaze on thine own heart—and meditate
Irrevocable faults, and coming fate—
Too late the last to shun—the first to mend—
To count the hours that struggle to thine end,
With not a friend to animate and tell
To other ears that Death became thee well;

i. *When every coming hour might view him dead.*—[*MS.*]

Around thee foes to forge the ready lie,
And blot Life's latest scene with calumny;
Before thee tortures, which the Soul can dare,
Yet doubts how well the shrinking flesh may bear;
But deeply feels a single cry would shame,
To Valour's praise thy last and dearest claim;
The life thou leav'st below, denied above
By kind monopolists of heavenly love;
And more than doubtful Paradise—thy Heaven
Of earthly hope—thy loved one from thee riven.
Such were the thoughts that outlaw must sustain,
And govern pangs surpassing mortal pain:
And those sustained he—boots it well or ill?
Since not to sink beneath, is something still!

VII.

The first day passed—he saw not her—Gulnare—
The second, third—and still she came not there;
But what her words avouched, her charms had done,
Or else he had not seen another Sun.
The fourth day rolled along, and with the night
Came storm and darkness in their mingling might.
Oh! how he listened to the rushing deep,
That ne'er till now so broke upon his sleep;
And his wild Spirit wilder wishes sent,
Roused by the roar of his own element!
Oft had he ridden on that wingéd wave,
And loved its roughness for the speed it gave;
And now its dashing echoed on his ear,
A long known voice—alas! too vainly near!
Loud sung the wind above; and, doubly loud,
Shook o'er his turret cell the thunder-cloud; [1]

1. ["By the way—I have a charge against you. As the great Mr. Dennis roared out on a similar occasion—'By G—d, *that* is

And flashed the lightning by the latticed bar,
To him more genial than the Midnight Star:
Close to the glimmering grate he dragged his chain,
And hoped *that* peril might not prove in vain.
He rais'd his iron hand to Heaven, and prayed
One pitying flash to mar the form it made:
His steel and impious prayer attract alike—
The storm rolled onward, and disdained to strike;
Its peal waxed fainter—ceased—he felt alone,
As if some faithless friend had spurned his groan!

my thunder!' so do I exclaim, '*This* is *my* lightning!' I allude to a speech of Ivan's, in the scene with Petrowna and the Empress, where the thought and almost expression are similar to Conrad's in the 3d canto of *The Corsair*. I, however, do not say this to accuse you, but to exempt myself from suspicion, as there is a priority of six months' publication, on my part, between the appearance of that composition and of your tragedies" (Letter to W. Sotheby, September 25, 1815, *Letters*, 1899, iii. 219). The following are the lines in question:—

> "And I have leapt
> In transport from my flinty couch, to welcome
> The thunder as it burst upon my roof,
> And beckon'd to the lightning, as it flash'd
> And sparkled on these fetters."
>
> Act iv. sc. 3 (*Ivan*, 1816, p. 64).

According to Moore, this passage in *The Corsair*, as Byron seemed to fear, was included by "some scribblers"—*i.e.* the "lumbering Goth" (see John Bull's Letter), A. A. Watts, in the *Literary Gazette*, February and March, 1821—among his supposed plagiarisms. Sotheby informed Moore that his lines had been written, though not published, before the appearance of the *Corsair*. The *Confession*, and *Orestes*, reappeared with three hitherto unpublished tragedies, *Ivan*, *The Death of Darnley*, and *Zamorin and Zama*, under the general title, *Five Unpublished Tragedies*, in 1814.

The story of the critic John Dennis (1657–1734) and the "thunder" is related in Cibber's *Lives*, iv. 234. Dennis was, or feigned to be, the inventor of a new method of producing stage-thunder, by troughs of wood and stops. Shortly after a play (*Appius and Virginia*) which he had put upon the stage had been withdrawn, he was present at a performance of *Macbeth*, at which the new "thunder" was inaugurated. "That is *my* thunder, by God!" exclaimed Dennis. "The villains will play my thunder, but not my plays."—*Dict. Nat. Biog.*, art. "Dennis."]

VIII.

The midnight passed, and to the massy door
A light step came—it paused—it moved once more;
Slow turns the grating bolt and sullen key:
'Tis as his heart foreboded—that fair She!
Whate'er her sins, to him a Guardian Saint,
And beauteous still as hermit's hope can paint;
Yet changed since last within that cell she came,
More pale her cheek, more tremulous her frame:
On him she cast her dark and hurried eye,
Which spoke before her accents—"Thou must die!
Yes, thou must die—there is but one resource,
The last—the worst—if torture were not worse."

"Lady! I look to none; my lips proclaim
What last proclaimed they—Conrad still the same:
Why should'st thou seek an outlaw's life to spare,
And change the sentence I deserve to bear?
Well have I earned—nor here alone—the meed
Of Seyd's revenge, by many a lawless deed."

"Why should I seek? because—Oh! did'st thou not
Redeem my life from worse than Slavery's lot?
Why should I seek?—hath Misery made thee blind
To the fond workings of a woman's mind?
And must I say?—albeit my heart rebel
With all that Woman feels, but should not tell—
Because—despite thy crimes—that heart is moved:
It feared thee—thanked thee—pitied—maddened—loved.
Reply not, tell not now thy tale again,
Thou lov'st another—and I love in vain:
Though fond as mine her bosom, form more fair,
I rush through peril which she would not dare.

If that thy heart to hers were truly dear,
Were I thine own—thou wert not lonely here:
An outlaw's spouse—and leave her Lord to roam!
What hath such gentle dame to do with home?
But speak not now—o'er thine and o'er my head
Hangs the keen sabre by a single thread;[i]
If thou hast courage still, and would'st be free,
Receive this poniard—rise and follow me!"

"Aye—in my chains! my steps will gently tread,
With these adornments, o'er such slumbering head!
Thou hast forgot—is this a garb for flight?
Or is that instrument more fit for fight?"

"Misdoubting Corsair! I have gained the guard,
Ripe for revolt, and greedy for reward.
A single word of mine removes that chain:
Without some aid how here could I remain?
Well, since we met, hath sped my busy time,
If in aught evil, for thy sake the crime:
The crime—'tis none to punish those of Seyd.
That hated tyrant, Conrad—he must bleed!
I see thee shudder, but my soul is changed—
Wronged—spurned—reviled—and it shall be avenged—
Accused of what till now my heart disdained—
Too faithful, though to bitter bondage chained.
Yes, smile!—but he had little cause to sneer,
I was not treacherous then, nor thou too dear:
But he has said it—and the jealous well,—
Those tyrants—teasing—tempting to rebel,—
Deserve the fate their fretting lips foretell.
I never loved—he bought me—somewhat high—
Since with me came a heart he could not buy.

i. *But speak not now—on thine and on my head*
O'erhangs the sabre ——.—[*MS.*]

I was a slave unmurmuring; he hath said,
But for his rescue I with thee had fled.
'Twas false thou know'st—but let such Augurs rue,
Their words are omens Insult renders true.
Nor was thy respite granted to my prayer;
This fleeting grace was only to prepare
New torments for thy life, and my despair.
Mine too he threatens; but his dotage still
Would fain reserve me for his lordly will:
When wearier of these fleeting charms and me,
There yawns the sack—and yonder rolls the sea!
What, am I then a toy for dotard's play,
To wear but till the gilding frets away?
I saw thee—loved thee—owe thee all—would save,
If but to show how grateful is a slave.
But had he not thus menaced fame and life,—
And well he keeps his oaths pronounced in strife—
I still had saved thee—but the Pacha spared:
Now I am all thine own—for all prepared:
Thou lov'st me not—nor know'st—or but the worst.
Alas! *this* love—*that* hatred—are the first—
Oh! could'st thou prove my truth, thou would'st not start,
Nor fear the fire that lights an Eastern heart;
'Tis now the beacon of thy safety—now
It points within the port a Mainote prow:
But in one chamber, where our path must lead,
There sleeps—he must not wake—the oppressor Seyd!"

"Gulnare—Gulnare—I never felt till now
My abject fortune, withered fame so low:
Seyd is mine enemy; had swept my band
From earth with ruthless but with open hand,
And therefore came I, in my bark of war,

To smite the smiter with the scimitar;
Such is my weapon—not the secret knife;
Who spares a Woman's seeks not Slumber's life.
Thine saved I gladly, Lady—not for this;
Let me not deem that mercy shown amiss.
Now fare thee well—more peace be with thy breast!
Night wears apace, my last of earthly rest!" [i]

"Rest! rest! by sunrise must thy sinews shake,
And thy limbs writhe around the ready stake,
I heard the order—saw—I will not see—
If thou wilt perish, I will fall with thee.
My life—my love—my hatred—all below
Are on this cast—Corsair! 'tis but a blow!
Without it flight were idle—how evade
His sure pursuit?—my wrongs too unrepaid,
My youth disgraced—the long, long wasted years,
One blow shall cancel with our future fears;
But since the dagger suits thee less than brand,
I'll try the firmness of a female hand.
The guards are gained—one moment all were o'er—
Corsair! we meet in safety or no more;
If errs my feeble hand, the morning cloud
Will hover o'er thy scaffold, and my shroud."

IX.

She turned, and vanished ere he could reply,
But his glance followed far with eager eye;
And gathering, as he could, the links that bound
His form, to curl their length, and curb their sound,
Since bar and bolt no more his steps preclude,
He, fast as fettered limbs allow, pursued.

i. *Night wears apace—and I have need of rest.*—[*MS.*]

'Twas dark and winding, and he knew not where
That passage led; nor lamp nor guard was there:
He sees a dusky glimmering—shall he seek
Or shun that ray so indistinct and weak?
Chance guides his steps—a freshness seems to bear
Full on his brow as if from morning air;
He reached an open gallery—on his eye
Gleamed the last star of night, the clearing sky:
Yet scarcely heeded these—another light
From a lone chamber struck upon his sight.
Towards it he moved; a scarcely closing door
Revealed the ray within, but nothing more.
With hasty step a figure outward passed,
Then paused, and turned—and paused—'tis She at last!
No poniard in that hand, nor sign of ill—
"Thanks to that softening heart—she could not kill!"
Again he looked, the wildness of her eye
Starts from the day abrupt and fearfully.
She stopped—threw back her dark far-floating hair,
That nearly veiled her face and bosom fair,
As if she late had bent her leaning head
Above some object of her doubt or dread.
They meet—upon her brow—unknown—forgot—
Her hurrying hand had left—'twas but a spot—
Its hue was all he saw, and scarce withstood—
Oh! slight but certain pledge of crime—'tis Blood!

X.

He had seen battle—he had brooded lone
O'er promised pangs to sentenced Guilt foreshown;
He had been tempted—chastened—and the chain
Yet on his arms might ever there remain:
But ne'er from strife—captivity—remorse—
From all his feelings in their inmost force—

So thrilled, so shuddered every creeping vein,
As now they froze before that purple stain.
That spot of blood, that light but guilty streak,
Had banished all the beauty from her cheek!
Blood he had viewed—could view unmoved—but then
It flowed in combat, or was shed by men![i]

XI.

"'Tis done—he nearly waked—but it is done.
Corsair! he perished—thou art dearly won.
All words would now be vain—away—away!
Our bark is tossing—'tis already day.
The few gained over, now are wholly mine,
And these thy yet surviving band shall join:
Anon my voice shall vindicate my hand,
When once our sail forsakes this hated strand."

XII.

She clapped her hands, and through the gallery pour,
Equipped for flight, her vassals—Greek and Moor;
Silent but quick they stoop, his chains unbind;
Once more his limbs are free as mountain wind!
But on his heavy heart such sadness sate,
As if they there transferred that iron weight.
No words are uttered—at her sign, a door
Reveals the secret passage to the shore;
The city lies behind—they speed, they reach
The glad waves dancing on the yellow beach;

i. A variant of lines 1596, 1597 first appeared in MS. in a revise numbering 1780 lines—

Blood he had viewed, could view unmoved—but then
It reddened on the scarfs and swords of men.

In a later revise line 1597 was altered to—

It flowed a token of the deeds of men.

And Conrad following, at her beck, obeyed,
Nor cared he now if rescued or betrayed;
Resistance were as useless as if Seyd
Yet lived to view the doom his ire decreed.

XIII.

Embarked—the sail unfurled—the light breeze blew—
How much had Conrad's memory to review![i.]
Sunk he in contemplation, till the Cape
Where last he anchored reared its giant shape.
Ah!—since that fatal night, though brief the time,
Had swept an age of terror, grief, and crime.
As its far shadow frowned above the mast,
He veiled his face, and sorrowed as he passed;
He thought of all—Gonsalvo and his band,
His fleeting triumph and his failing hand;
He thought on her afar, his lonely bride:
He turned and saw—Gulnare, the Homicide!

XIV.

She watched his features till she could not bear
Their freezing aspect and averted air;
And that strange fierceness foreign to her eye
Fell quenched in tears, too late to shed or dry.[ii.]
She knelt beside him and his hand she pressed,
"Thou may'st forgive though Allah's self detest;
But for that deed of darkness what wert thou?
Reproach me—but not yet—Oh! spare me *now!*
I am not what I seem—this fearful night
My brain bewildered—do not madden quite!
If I had never loved—though less my guilt—
Thou hadst not lived to—hate me—if thou wilt."

i. *His silent thoughts the present, past review.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *Fell quenched in tears of more than misery.*—[*MS.*]

XV.

She wrongs his thoughts—they more himself upbraid
Than her—though undesigned—the wretch he made;
But speechless all, deep, dark, and unexprest,
They bleed within that silent cell—his breast.
Still onward, fair the breeze, nor rough the surge,
The blue waves sport around the stern they urge;
Far on the Horizon's verge appears a speck,
A spot—a mast—a sail—an armed deck!
Their little bark her men of watch descry,
And ampler canvass woos the wind from high;
She bears her down majestically near,
Speed on her prow, and terror in her tier;[i. 1]
A flash is seen—the ball beyond her bow
Booms harmless, hissing to the deep below.
Up rose keen Conrad from his silent trance,
A long, long absent gladness in his glance;
"'Tis mine—my blood-rag flag! again—again—
I am not all deserted on the main!"
They own the signal, answer to the hail,
Hoist out the boat at once, and slacken sail.
"'Tis Conrad! Conrad!" shouting from the deck,
Command nor Duty could their transport check!
With light alacrity and gaze of Pride,
They view him mount once more his vessel's side;
A smile relaxing in each rugged face,
Their arms can scarce forbear a rough embrace.
He, half forgetting danger and defeat,
Returns their greeting as a Chief may greet,
Wrings with a cordial grasp Anselmo's hand,
And feels he yet can conquer and command!

i. *They count the Dragon-teeth around her tier.*—[*MS.*]

1. ["Tier" must stand for "hold." The "cable-tier" is the place in the hold where the cable is stowed.]

XVI.

These greetings o'er, the feelings that o'erflow,
Yet grieve to win him back without a blow;
They sailed prepared for vengeance—had they known
A woman's hand secured that deed her own,
She were their Queen—less scrupulous are they
Than haughty Conrad how they win their way.
With many an asking smile, and wondering stare,
They whisper round, and gaze upon Gulnare;
And her, at once above—beneath her sex,
Whom blood appalled not, their regards perplex.[i]
To Conrad turns her faint imploring eye,
She drops her veil, and stands in silence by;
Her arms are meekly folded on that breast,
Which—Conrad safe—to Fate resigned the rest.
Though worse than frenzy could that bosom fill,
Extreme in love or hate, in good or ill,
The worst of crimes had left her Woman still!

XVII.

This Conrad marked, and felt—ah! could he less?—
Hate of that deed—but grief for her distress;
What she has done no tears can wash away,
And Heaven must punish on its angry day:
But—it was done: he knew, whate'er her guilt,
For him that poniard smote, that blood was spilt;
And he was free!—and she for him had given
Her all on earth, and more than all in heaven![1]

i. *Whom blood appalled not, their rude eyes perplex.*—
[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Compare—
"And I the cause—for whom were given
Her peace on earth, her hopes in heaven."
Marmion, Canto III. stanza xvii. lines 9, 10.]

And now he turned him to that dark-eyed slave
Whose brow was bowed beneath the glance he gave,
Who now seemed changed and humbled, faint and meek,
But varying oft the colour of her cheek
To deeper shades of paleness—all its red
That fearful spot which stained it from the dead!
He took that hand—it trembled—now too late—
So soft in love—so wildly nerved in hate;
He clasped that hand—it trembled—and his own
Had lost its firmness, and his voice its tone.
"Gulnare!"—but she replied not—"dear Gulnare!" [i.]
She raised her eye—her only answer there—
At once she sought and sunk in his embrace:
If he had driven her from that resting-place,
His had been more or less than mortal heart,
But—good or ill—it bade her not depart.
Perchance, but for the bodings of his breast,
His latest virtue then had joined the rest.
Yet even Medora might forgive the kiss [ii.]
That asked from form so fair no more than this,
The first, the last that Frailty stole from Faith—
To lips where Love had lavished all his breath,
To lips—whose broken sighs such fragrance fling,
As he had fanned them freshly with his wing! [iii.]

XVIII.

They gain by twilight's hour their lonely isle.
To them the very rocks appear to smile;

i. "*Gulnare*"—*she answered not again*—"*Gulnare*"
She raised her glance—her sole reply was there.—[*MS.*]
ii. *That sought from form so fair no more than this*
That kiss—the first that Frailty wrung from Faith
That last—on lips so warm with rosy breath.—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. *As he had fanned them with his rosy wing.*—[*MS.*]

The haven hums with many a cheering sound,
The beacons blaze their wonted stations round,
The boats are darting o'er the curly bay,
And sportive Dolphins bend them through the spray;
Even the hoarse sea-bird's shrill, discordant shriek,
Greets like the welcome of his tuneless beak!
Beneath each lamp that through its lattice gleams,
Their fancy paints the friends that trim the beams.
Oh! what can sanctify the joys of home,
Like Hope's gay glance from Ocean's troubled foam?[i]

XIX.

The lights are high on beacon and from bower,
And 'midst them Conrad seeks Medora's tower:
He looks in vain—'tis strange—and all remark,
Amid so many, hers alone is dark.
'Tis strange—of yore its welcome never failed,
Nor now, perchance, extinguished—only veiled.
With the first boat descends he for the shore,
And looks impatient on the lingering oar.
Oh! for a wing beyond the falcon's flight,
To bear him like an arrow to that height!
With the first pause the resting rowers gave,
He waits not—looks not—leaps into the wave,
Strives through the surge, bestrides the beach, and high
Ascends the path familiar to his eye.

He reached his turret door—he paused—no sound
Broke from within; and all was night around.
He knocked, and loudly—footstep nor reply
Announced that any heard or deemed him nigh;

i. *Oh! none so prophesy the joys of home*
As they who hail it from the Ocean-foam.—[*MS.*]
Oh—what can sanctify the joys of home
Like the first glance from Ocean's troubled foam.—[*Revise.*]

He knocked, but faintly—for his trembling hand
Refused to aid his heavy heart's demand.
The portal opens—'tis a well known face—
But not the form he panted to embrace.
Its lips are silent—twice his own essayed,
And failed to frame the question they delayed;
He snatched the lamp—its light will answer all—
It quits his grasp, expiring in the fall.
He would not wait for that reviving ray—
As soon could he have lingered there for day;
But, glimmering through the dusky corridor,
Another chequers o'er the shadowed floor;
His steps the chamber gain—his eyes behold
All that his heart believed not—yet foretold!

XX.

He turned not—spoke not—sunk not—fixed his look,
And set the anxious frame that lately shook:
He gazed—how long we gaze despite of pain,
And know, but dare not own, we gaze in vain!
In life itself she was so still and fair,
That Death with gentler aspect withered there;
And the cold flowers [1] her colder hand contained,
In that last grasp as tenderly were strained
As if she scarcely felt, but feigned a sleep—
And made it almost mockery yet to weep:
The long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow,
And veiled—Thought shrinks from all that lurked below—

1. In the Levant it is the custom to strew flowers on the bodies of the dead, and in the hands of young persons to place a nosegay. [Compare—

"There shut it inside the sweet cold hand."
Evelyn Hope, by Robert Browning.]

Oh! o'er the eye Death most exerts his might,[1]
And hurls the Spirit from her throne of light;
Sinks those blue orbs in that long last eclipse,
But spares, as yet, the charm around her lips—
Yet, yet they seem as they forebore to smile,
And wished repose,—but only for a while;
But the white shroud, and each extended tress,
Long, fair—but spread in utter lifelessness,
Which, late the sport of every summer wind,
Escaped the baffled wreath that strove to bind;[i.]
These—and the pale pure cheek, became the bier—
But She is nothing—wherefore is he here?

XXI.

He asked no question—all were answered now
By the first glance on that still, marble brow.[ii.]
It was enough—she died—what recked it how?
The love of youth, the hope of better years,
The source of softest wishes, tenderest fears,
The only living thing he could not hate,
Was reft at once—and he deserved his fate,
But did not feel it less;—the Good explore,
For peace, those realms where Guilt can never soar:
The proud, the wayward—who have fixed below
Their joy, and find this earth enough for woe,
Lose in that one their all—perchance a mite—
But who in patience parts with all delight?
Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern

i. *Escaped the idle braid that could not bind.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *By the first glance on that cold soulless brow.*—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare—

"And—but for that sad shrouded eye," etc.

and the whole of the famous passage in the *Giaour* (line 68, *sq.*, *vide ante*, p. 88), beginning—

"He who hath bent him o'er the dead."]

Mask hearts where Grief hath little left to learn;
And many a withering thought lies hid, not lost,
In smiles that least befit who wear them most.

XXII.

By those, that deepest feel, is ill exprest
The indistinctness of the suffering breast;
Where thousand thoughts begin to end in one,
Which seeks from all the refuge found in none;
No words suffice the secret soul to show,
For Truth denies all eloquence to Woe.
On Conrad's stricken soul Exhaustion prest,
And Stupor almost lulled it into rest;
So feeble now—his mother's softness crept
To those wild eyes, which like an infant's wept:
It was the very weakness of his brain,
Which thus confessed without relieving pain.
None saw his trickling tears—perchance, if seen,
That useless flood of grief had never been:
Nor long they flowed—he dried them to depart,
In helpless—hopeless—brokenness of heart:
The Sun goes forth, but Conrad's day is dim:
And the night cometh—ne'er to pass from him.[i]
There is no darkness like the cloud of mind,
On Grief's vain eye—the blindest of the blind!
Which may not—dare not see—but turns aside
To blackest shade—nor will endure a guide!

XXIII.[1]

His heart was formed for softness—warped to wrong,
Betrayed too early, and beguiled too long;

i. *And the night cometh—'tis the same to him.*—[*MS.*]

1. [Stanza xxiii. is not in the MS. It was forwarded on a separate sheet, with the following directions:—

(1814, January 10, 11.) "Let the following lines be sent

Each feeling pure—as falls the dropping dew
Within the grot—like that had hardened too;
Less clear, perchance, its earthly trials passed,
But sunk, and chilled, and petrified at last.[1]
Yet tempests wear, and lightning cleaves the rock;
If such his heart, so shattered it the shock.
There grew one flower beneath its rugged brow,
Though dark the shade—it sheltered—saved till now.
The thunder came—that bolt hath blasted both,
The Granite's firmness, and the Lily's growth:
The gentle plant hath left no leaf to tell
Its tale, but shrunk and withered where it fell;
And of its cold protector, blacken round
But shivered fragments on the barren ground!

XXIV.

'Tis morn—to venture on his lonely hour
Few dare; though now Anselmo sought his tower.
He was not there, nor seen along the shore;
Ere night, alarmed, their isle is traversed o'er:
Another morn—another bids them seek,
And shout his name till Echo waxeth weak;
Mount—grotto—cavern—valley searched in vain,
They find on shore a sea-boat's broken chain:
Their hope revives—they follow o'er the main.
'Tis idle all—moons roll on moons away,
And Conrad comes not, came not since that day:
Nor trace nor tidings of his doom declare
Where lives his grief, or perished his despair!

immediately, and form the *last section* (number it) *but one* of the 3rd (last) Canto."]

1. [Byron had, perhaps, explored the famous stalactite cavern in the island of Anti-Paros, which is described by Tournefort, Clarke, Choiseul-Gouffier, and other travellers.]

Long mourned his band whom none could mourn beside;
And fair the monument they gave his Bride:
For him they raise not the recording stone—
His death yet dubious, deeds too widely known;
He left a Corsair's name to other times,
Linked with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.[1]

1. That the point of honour which is represented in one instance of Conrad's character has not been carried beyond the bounds of probability, may perhaps be in some degree confirmed by the following anecdote of a brother buccaneer in the year 1814:—"Our readers have all seen the account of the enterprise against the pirates of Barataria; but few, we believe, were informed of the situation, history, or nature of that establishment. For the information of such as were unacquainted with it, we have procured from a friend the following interesting narrative of the main facts, of which he has personal knowledge, and which cannot fail to interest some of our readers:—Barataria is a bayou, or a narrow arm of the Gulf of Mexico; it runs through a rich but very flat country, until it reaches within a mile of the Mississippi river, fifteen miles below the city of New Orleans. This bayou has branches almost innumerable, in which persons can lie concealed from the severest scrutiny. It communicates with three lakes which lie on the south-west side, and these, with the lake of the same name, and which lies contiguous to the sea, where there is an island formed by the two arms of this lake and the sea. The east and west points of this island were fortified, in the year 1811, by a band of pirates, under the command of one Monsieur La Fitte. A large majority of these outlaws are of that class of the population of the state of Louisiana who fled from the island of St. Domingo during the troubles there, and took refuge in the island of Cuba; and when the last war between France and Spain commenced, they were compelled to leave that island with the short notice of a few days. Without ceremony they entered the United States, the most of them the state of Louisiana, with all the negroes they had possessed in Cuba. They were notified by the Governor of that State of the clause in the constitution which forbade the importation of slaves; but, at the same time, received the assurance of the Governor that he would obtain, if possible, the approbation of the General Government for their retaining this property.—The island of Barataria is situated about lat. 29 deg. 15 min., lon. 92. 30.; and is as remarkable for its health as for the superior scale and shell fish with which its waters abound. The chief of this horde, like Charles de Moor, had, mixed with his many vices, some transcendant virtues. In the year 1813, this party had, from its turpitude and boldness, claimed the attention of the Governor of Louisiana; and to break up the establishment he thought proper to strike at the head. He therefore, offered a reward of 500 dollars for the head of Monsieur La Fitte, who was well known to the inhabitants

of the city of New Orleans, from his immediate connection, and his once having been a fencing-master in that city of great reputation, which art he learnt in Buonaparte's army, where he was a captain. The reward which was offered by the Governor for the head of La Fitte was answered by the offer of a reward from the latter of 15,000 for the head of the Governor. The Governor ordered out a company to march from the city to La Fitte's island, and to burn and destroy all the property, and to bring to the city of New Orleans all his banditti. This company, under the command of a man who had been the intimate associate of this bold Captain, approached very near to the fortified island, before he saw a man, or heard a sound, until he heard a whistle, not unlike a boatswain's call. Then it was he found himself surrounded by armed men who had emerged from the secret avenues which led to this bayou. Here it was that this modern Charles de Moor developed his few noble traits; for to this man, who had come to destroy his life and all that was dear to him he not only spared his life, but offered him that which would have made the honest soldier easy for the remainder of his days, which was indignantly refused. He then, with the approbation of his captor, returned to the city. This circumstance, and some concomitant events, proved that this band of pirates was not to be taken by land. Our naval force having always been small in that quarter, exertions for the destruction of this illicit establishment could not be expected from them until augmented; for an officer of the navy, with most of the gun-boats on that station, had to retreat from an overwhelming force of La Fitte's. So soon as the augmentation of the navy authorised an attack, one was made; the overthrow of this banditti has been the result: and now this almost invulnerable point and key to New Orleans is clear of an enemy, it is to be hoped the government will hold it by a strong military force."—*American Newspaper.*

[The story of the "Pirates of Barataria," which an American print, the *National Intelligencer*, was the first to make public, is quoted *in extenso* by the *Weekly Messenger* (published at Boston) of November 4, 1814. It is remarkable that a tale which was destined to pass into the domain of historical romance should have been instantly seized upon and turned to account by Byron, whilst it was as yet half-told, while the legend was still in the making. Jean Lafitte, the Franco-American Conrad, was born either at Bayonne or Bordeaux, circ. 1780, emigrated with his elder brother Pierre, and settled at New Orleans, in 1809, as a blacksmith. Legitimate trade was flat, but the delta of the Mississippi, with its labyrinth of creeks and islands and *bayous*, teemed with pirates or merchant-smugglers. Accordingly, under the nominal sanction of letters of marque from the Republic of Cartagena, and as belligerents of Spain, the brothers, who had taken up their quarters on Grande Terre, an island to the east of the "Grand Pass," or channel of the Bay of Barataria, swept the Gulph of Mexico with an organized flotilla of privateers, and acquired vast booty in the way of specie and living cargoes of slaves. Hence the proclamation of the Governor of Louisiana, W. C. C. Claiborne, in which (November

24, 1813) he offered a sum of $500 for the capture of Jean Lafitte. For the sequel of this first act of the drama the "American newspaper" is the sole authority. The facts, however, if facts they be, which are pieced together by Charles Étienne Arthur Gayarré, in the *History of Louisiana* (1885, iv. 301, *sq.*), and in two articles contributed to the American *Magazine of History*, October and November, 1883, are as curious and romantic as the legend. It would appear that early in September, 1814, a British officer, Colonel E. Nicholls, made overtures to Jean Lafitte, offering him the rank of captain in the British army, a grant of lands, and a sum of $30,000 if he would join forces with the British squadron then engaged in an attack on the coast of Louisiana. Lafitte begged for time to consider Colonel Nicholls's proposal, but immediately put himself in communication with Claiborne, offering, on condition of immunity for past offences, to place his resources at the disposal of the United States. Claiborne's reply to this patriotic offer seems to have been to despatch a strong naval force, under Commander Daniel Patterson, with orders to exterminate the pirates, and seize their fort on Grande Terre; and, on this occasion, though the brothers escaped, the authorities were successful. A proclamation was issued by General Andrew Jackson, in which the pirates were denounced as "hellish banditti," and, to all appearances, their career was at an end. But circumstances were in their favour, and a few weeks later Jackson not only went back on his own mandate, but accepted the alliance and services of the brothers Lafitte and their captains at the siege of New Orleans, January 8, 1815. Finally, when peace with Great Britain was concluded, President Madison publicly acknowledged the "unequivocal traits of courage and fidelity" which had been displayed by the brothers Lafitte, and the once proscribed band of outlaws. Thenceforth Pierre Lafitte disappears from history; but Jean is believed to have settled first at Galveston, in Texas, and afterwards, in 1820, on the coast of Yucatan, whence "he continued his depredations on Spanish commerce." He died game, a pirate to the last, in 1826. See, for what purports to be documentary evidence of the correspondence between Colonel E. Nicholls and Jean Lafitte, *Historical Memoirs of the War in West Florida and Louisiana*, by Major A. La Carriére Latour, 1816, Appendix III. pp. vii.–xv. See, too, *Fernando de Lemos* (an historical novel), by Charles Gayarré, 1872, pp. 347–361.]

In [the Rev. Mark] Noble's continuation of "Granger's *Biographical History*" [*of England*, 1806, iii. 68], there is a singular passage in his account of Archbishop Blackbourne [1658–1743]; and as in some measure connected with the profession of the hero of the foregoing poem, I cannot resist the temptation of extracting it.—"There is something mysterious in the history and character of Dr. Blackbourne. The former is but imperfectly known; and report has even asserted he was a buccaneer; and that one of his brethren in that profession having asked, on his arrival in England, what had become of his old chum, Blackbourne, was answered, he is Archbishop of York. We are informed, that Blackbourne

was installed sub-dean of Exeter in 1694, which office he resigned in 1702; but after his successor Lewis Barnet's death, in 1704, he regained it. In the following year he became dean; and in 1714 held with it the archdeanery [*i.e.* archdeaconry] of Cornwall. He was consecrated Bishop of Exeter, February 24, 1716; and translated to York, November 28, 1724, as a reward, according to court scandal, for uniting George I. to the Duchess of Munster. This, however, appears to have been an unfounded calumny. As archbishop he behaved with great prudence, and was equally respectable as the guardian of the revenues of the see. Rumour whispered he retained the vices of his youth, and that a passion for the fair sex formed an item in the list of his weaknesses; but so far from being convicted by seventy witnesses, he does not appear to have been directly criminated by one. In short, I look upon these aspersions as the effects of mere malice. How is it possible a buccaneer should have been so good a scholar as Blackbourne certainly was? He who had so perfect a knowledge of the classics (particularly of the Greek tragedians), as to be able to read them with the same ease as he could Shakespeare, must have taken great pains to acquire the learned languages; and have had both leisure and good masters. But he was undoubtedly educated at Christ-church College, Oxford. He is allowed to have been a pleasant man; this, however, was turned against him, by its being said, 'he gained more hearts than souls.'"

[Walpole, in his *Memoirs of the Reign of King George II.*, 1847, i. 87, who makes himself the mouthpiece of these calumnies, says that Hayter, Bishop of Norwich, was "a natural son of Blackbourne, the jolly old Archbishop of York, who had all the manners of a man of quality, though he had been a Buccaneer, and was a clergyman; but he retained nothing of his first profession except his seraglio."]

"The only voice that could soothe the passions of the savage (Alphonso III.) was that of an amiable and virtuous wife, the sole object of his love; the voice of Donna Isabella, the daughter of the Duke of Savoy, and the grand-daughter of Philip II. King of Spain. Her dying words sunk deep into his memory [A.D. 1626, August 22]; his fierce spirit melted into tears; and, after the last embrace, Alphonso retired into his chamber to bewail his irreparable loss, and to meditate on the vanity of human life."—Gibbon's *Miscellaneous Works* [1837, p. 831].

[This final note was added to the Tenth Edition.]

ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.[1]

"Expende Annibalem :—quot libras in duce summo
Invenies?"

JUVENAL, [Lib. iv.] *Sat.* x. line 147.[2]

"The Emperor Nepos was acknowledged by the *Senate*, by the *Italians*, and by the Provincials of *Gaul;* his moral virtues, and military talents, were loudly celebrated; and those who derived any private benefit from his government announced in prophetic strains the restoration of the public felicity. * * By this shameful abdication, he protracted his life about five years, in a very ambiguous state, between an Emperor and an Exile, till!!!"—Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, two vols. notes by Milman, i. 979.[3]

1. [ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

By

London: Printed for J. Murray, Albemarle Street, By W. Bulmer and Co. Cleveland-Row, St. James's, 1814.—*First Proof, title-page.*]

2. [The quotation from Juvenal was added in Second Proof.

"Produce the urn that Hannibal contains,
And weigh the mighty dust which yet remains;
AND IS THIS ALL!"

"I know not that this was ever done in the old world; at least with regard to Hannibal: but in the statistical account of Scotland, I find that Sir John Paterson had the curiosity to collect and weigh the ashes of a person discovered a few years since in the parish of Eccles. . . . Wonderful to relate, he found the whole did not exceed in weight one ounce and a half! AND IS THIS ALL? Alas! the *quot libras* itself is a satirical exaggeration."—Gifford's *Translation of Juvenal* (ed. 1817), ii. 26, 27.

The motto, "Expende—Quot Libras In Duce Summo Invenies," was inscribed on one side of the silver urn presented by Byron to Walter Scott in April, 1815. (See *Letters*, 1899, iii. 414, Appendix IV.)]

3. ["I send you . . . an additional motto from Gibbon, which you will find *singularly appropriate.*"—Letter to Murray, April 12, 1814, *ibid.*, p. 68.]

INTRODUCTION TO THE *ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.*

THE dedication of the *Corsair*, dated January 2, 1814, contains one of Byron's periodical announcements that he is about, for a time, to have done with authorship—some years are to elapse before he will again "trespass on public patience."

Three months later he was, or believed himself to be, in the same mind. In a letter to Moore, dated April 9, 1814 (*Letters*, 1899, iii. 64), he writes, "No more rhyme for—or rather, *from*—me. I have taken my leave of that stage, and henceforth will mountebank it no longer." He had already —*Journal*, April 8 (*Letters*, 1898, ii. 408)—heard a rumour "that his poor little pagod, Napoleon" was "pushed off his pedestal," and before or after he began his letter to Moore he must have read an announcement in the *Gazette Extraordinary* (April 9, 1814—the abdication was signed April 11) that Napoleon had abdicated the "throne of the world," and declined upon the kingdom of Elba. On the next day, April 10, he wrote two notes to Murray, to inform him that he had written an "ode on the fall of Napoleon," that Murray could print it or not as he pleased; but that if it appeared by itself, it was to be published anonymously. A first edition consisting of fifteen stanzas, and numbering fourteen pages, was issued on the 16th of April, 1814. A second edition followed immediately, but as publications of less than a sheet were liable to the stamp tax on newspapers, at Murray's request, another stanza, the fifth, was inserted in a later (between the second and the twelfth) edition, and, by this means, the pamphlet was extended to seventeen

pages. The concluding stanzas xvii., xviii., xix., which Moore gives in a note (*Life*, p. 249), were not printed in Byron's lifetime, but were first included, in a separate poem, in Murray's edition of 1831, and first appended to the Ode in the seventeen-volume edition of 1832.

Although he had stipulated that the *Ode* should be published anonymously, Byron had no objection to "its being said to be mine." There was, in short, no secret about it, and notices on the whole favourable appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, April 21, in the *Examiner*, April 24 (in which Leigh Hunt combated Byron's condemnation of Buonaparte for not "dying as honour dies"), and in the *Anti-Jacobin* for May, 1814 (*Letters*, 1899, iii. 73, *note* 3).

Byron's repeated resolutions and promises to cease writing and publishing, which sound as if they were only made to be broken, are somewhat exasperating, and if, as he pleaded in his own behalf, the occasion (of Napoleon's abdication) was *physically* irresistible, it is to be regretted that he did not *swerve* from his self-denying ordinance to better purpose. The note of disillusionment and disappointment in the *Ode* is but an echo of the sentiments of the "general." Napoleon on his own "fall" is more original and more interesting: "Il céda," writes Léonard Gallois (*Histoire de Napoléon d'après lui-même*, 1825, pp. 546, 547), "non sans de grands combats intérieurs, et la dicta en ces termes.

'Les puissances alliées ayant proclamé que l'empereur Napoléon était le seul obstacle au rétablissement, de la paix en Europe, l'empereur Napoléon fidèle à son serment, déclare qu'il renonce, pour lui et ses héritiers, aux trônes de France et d'Italie, parce qu'il n'est aucun sacrifice personnel, même celui de la vie, qu'il ne soit prêt à faire à l'intérêt de la France.

NAPOLÉON.'"

Walker & Boutall ph sc

Napoleon

from an engraving after a portrait by Paul Delaroche

ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

I.

'Tis done—but yesterday a King!
And armed with Kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing:
So abject—yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?[1]
Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,[2]
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

1. ["I don't know—but I think *I*, even *I* (an insect compared with this creature), have set my life on casts not a millionth part of this man's. But, after all, a crown may not be worth dying for. Yet, to outlive *Lodi* for this!!! Oh that Juvenal or Johnson could rise from the dead! 'Expende—quot libras in duce summo invenies?' I knew they were light in the balance of mortality; but I thought their living dust weighed more *carats*. Alas! this imperial diamond hath a flaw in it, and is now hardly fit to stick in a glazier's pencil;—the pen of the historian won't rate it worth a ducat. Psha! 'something too much of this.' But I won't give him up even now; though all his admirers have, 'like the thanes, fallen from him.'"—*Journal*, April 9, 1814, *Letters*, 1898, ii. 409.]

2. [Compare "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!"—*Isaiah* xiv. 12.]

II.[1]

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind
Who bowed so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestioned,—power to save,—
Thine only gift hath been the grave
To those that worshipped thee;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness!

III.

Thanks for that lesson—it will teach
To after-warriors more
Than high Philosophy can preach,
And vainly preached before.
That spell upon the minds of men[2]
Breaks never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those Pagod things of sabre-sway,
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

IV.

The triumph, and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife—[3]
The earthquake-voice of Victory,
To thee the breath of life;

1. [Stanzas ii. and iii. were added in Proof iv.]

2. [A "spell" may be broken, but it is difficult to understand how, like the two halves of a seal or amulet, a broken spell can "unite again."]

3. "Certaminis *gaudia*"—the expression of Attila in his harangue to his army, previous to the battle of Chalons, given in Cassiodorus. ["Nisi ad certaminis hujus gaudia præparasset."—*Attilæ Oratio ad Hunnos*, caput xxxix., *Appendix ad Opera Cassiodori*, Migne, lxix. 1279.]

The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
Which man seemed made but to obey,
  Wherewith renown was rife—
All quelled!—Dark Spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory!

v.[1]

The Desolator desolate![2]
  The Victor overthrown!
The Arbiter of others' fate
  A Suppliant for his own!
Is it some yet imperial hope
That with such change can calmly cope?
  Or dread of death alone?
To die a Prince—or live a slave—
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

vi.

He who of old would rend the oak,
  Dreamed not of the rebound;[3]
Chained by the trunk he vainly broke—
  Alone—how looked he round?

1. [Added in Proof v.]

2. [The first four lines of stanza v. were quoted by "Mr. Miller in the House of Representatives of the United States," in a debate on the Militia Draft Bill (*Weekly Messenger*, Boston, February 10, 1815). "Take warning," he went on to say, "by this example. Bonaparte split on this rock of conscription," etc. This would have pleased Byron, who confided to his *Journal*, December 3, 1813 (*Letters*, 1898, ii. 360), that the statement that "my rhymes are very popular in the United States," was "the first tidings that have ever sounded like *Fame* to my ears."]

3. ["Like Milo, he would rend the oak; but it closed again, wedged his hands, and now the beasts—lion, bear, down to the dirtiest jackal—may all tear him."—*Journal*, April 8, 1814, *Letters*, 1898, ii. 408. For the story of Milo and the Oak, see Valerius Maximus, *Factorum, Dictorumque Memorabilium*, lib. ix. cap. xii. Part II. example 9.]

Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,
An equal deed hast done at length,
And darker fate hast found:
He fell, the forest prowlers' prey;
But thou must eat thy heart away!

VII.

The Roman,[1] when his burning heart
Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger—dared depart,
In savage grandeur, home.—
He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
Yet left him such a doom!
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld abandoned power.

VIII.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
Had lost its quickening spell,[2]
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
An empire for a cell;

1. Sylla. [We find the germ of this stanza in the Diary of the evening before it was written: "I mark this day! Napoleon Buonaparte has abdicated the throne of the world. 'Excellent well.' Methinks Sylla did better; for he revenged, and resigned in the height of his sway, red with the slaughter of his foes—the finest instance of glorious contempt of the rascals upon record. Dioclesian did well too—Amurath not amiss, had he become aught except a dervise—Charles the Fifth but so so; but Napoleon worst of all."—*Journal*, April 9, 1814, *Letters*, 1898, ii. 409.]

2. ["Alter '*potent* spell' to 'quickening spell:' the first (as Polonius says) 'is a vile phrase,' and means nothing, besides being commonplace and Rosa-Matildaish."—Letter to Murray, April 11, 1814, *Letters*, 1899, iii. 68.]

A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
His dotage trifled well:[1]
Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

IX.

But thou—from thy reluctant hand
The thunderbolt is wrung—
Too late thou leav'st the high command
To which thy weakness clung;
All Evil Spirit as thou art,
It is enough to grieve the heart
To see thine own unstrung;
To think that God's fair world hath been
The footstool of a thing so mean;

X.

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,
Who thus can hoard his own!
And Monarchs bowed the trembling limb,
And thanked him for a throne!
Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
In humblest guise have shown.
Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind!

1. [Charles V. resigned the kingdom to his son Philip, circ. October, 1555, and the imperial crown to his brother Ferdinand, August 27, 1556, and entered the Jeronymite Monastery of St. Justus at Placencia in Estremadura. Before his death (September 21, 1558) he dressed himself in his shroud, was laid in his coffin, "joined in the prayers which were offered up for the rest of his soul, mingling his tears with those which his attendants shed, as if they had been celebrating a real funeral."—Robertson's *Charles V.*, 1798, iv. 180, 205, 254.]

XI.

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
Nor written thus in vain—
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
Or deepen every stain:
If thou hadst died as Honour dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
To shame the world again—
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?[i.]

XII.

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust
Is vile as vulgar clay;[ii.]
Thy scales, Mortality! are just
To all that pass away:
But yet methought the living great
Some higher sparks should animate,
To dazzle and dismay:
Nor deem'd Contempt could thus make mirth
Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.

XIII.[1]

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
Thy still imperial bride;
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
Still clings she to thy side?
Must she too bend, must she too share

i. *But who would rise in brightest day*
To set without one parting ray?—[*MS.*]
ii. —— *common clay.*—[*First Proof.*]

1. [Added in Proof v.]

Walker & Boutall ph. s.

The Empress Marie Louise

after a bust from life by Bossio

Thy late repentance, long despair,
Thou throneless Homicide?
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,—
'Tis worth thy vanished diadem![1]

XIV.

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,
And gaze upon the sea;[i.]
That element may meet thy smile—
It ne'er was ruled by thee!
Or trace with thine all idle hand[ii.]
In loitering mood upon the sand
That Earth is now as free!
That Corinth's pedagogue[2] hath now
Transferred his by-word to thy brow.

i. *And look along the sea;*
That element may meet thy smile,
For Albion kept it free.
But gaze not on the land for there
Walks crownless Power with temples bare
And shakes the head at thee
And Corinth's Pedagogue hath now.—[*Proof ii.*]

ii. *Or sit thee down upon the sand*
And trace with thine all idle hand.—
[*A final correction made in Proof ii.*]

1. [Count Albert Adam de Neipperg, born 1774, an officer in the Austrian Army, and, 1811, Austrian envoy to the Court of Stockholm, was presented to Marie Louise a few days after Napoleon's abdication, became her chamberlain; and, according to the *Nouvelle Biographie Universelle*, "plus tard il l'épousa." The count, who is said to have been remarkably plain (he had lost an eye in a scrimmage with the French), died April 12, 1829.]

2. ["Dionysius at Corinth was yet a king to this."—*Diary*, April 9. Dionysius the Younger, on being for the second time banished from Syracuse, retired to Corinth (B.C. 344), where "he is said to have opened a school for teaching boys to read" (see Plut., *Timal.*, c. 14), but not, apparently, with a view to making a living by pedagogy.—Grote's *Hist. of Greece*, 1872, ix. 152.]

XV.

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage [i, 1]
What thoughts will there be thine,
While brooding in thy prisoned rage?
But one—"The world *was* mine!"
Unless, like he of Babylon,[2]
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,[3]
Life will not long confine
That spirit poured so widely forth—
So long obeyed—so little worth!

XVI.

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,[4]
Wilt thou withstand the shock?
And share with him, the unforgiven,
His vulture and his rock!
Foredoomed by God—by man accurst,[ii.]

i. *There Timour in his captive cage.*—[*First Proof.*]

ii. *He suffered for kind acts to men*
Who have not seen his like again,
At least of kingly stock
Since he was good, and thou but great
Thou canst not quarrel with thy fate.—
[*First Proof, stanza x.*]

1. The cage of Bajazet, by order of Tamerlane.
[The story of the cage is said to be a fable. After the battle of Angora, July 20, 1402, Bajazet, whose escape from prison had been planned by one of his sons, was chained during the night, and placed in a kafes (*kàfess*), a Turkish word, which signifies either a cage or a grated room or bed. Hence the legend.—*Hist. de l'Empire Othoman*, par J. von Hammer-Purgstall, 1836, ii. 97.]

2. [Presumably another instance of "careless and negligent ease."]

3. ["Have you heard that Bertrand has returned to Paris with the account of Napoleon's having lost his senses? It is a *report;* but, if true, I must, like Mr. Fitzgerald and Jeremiah (of lamentable memory), lay claim to prophecy."—Letter to Murray, June 14, 1814, *Letters*, 1899, iii. 95.]

4. Prometheus.

And that last act, though not thy worst,
The very Fiend's arch mock;[1]
He in his fall preserved his pride,
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died![i. 2]

XVII.

There was a day—there was an hour,
While earth was Gaul's—Gaul thine—[ii.]
When that immeasurable power
Unsated to resign
Had been an act of purer fame
Than gathers round Marengo's name
And gilded thy decline,
Through the long twilight of all time,
Despite some passing clouds of crime.

i. *And—were he mortal had as proudly died.*—
[*Alteration in First Proof.*]

ii. *While earth was Gallia's, Gallia thine.*—[*MS.*]

1. "O! 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste!"
Othello, act iv. sc. 1, lines 69–71.

[We believe there is no doubt of the truth of the anecdote here alluded to—of Napoleon's having found leisure for an unworthy amour, the very evening of his arrival at Fontainebleau.—*Note to Edition* 1832.

A consultation of numerous lives and memoirs of Napoleon has not revealed the particulars of this "unworthy amour." It is possible that Murray may have discovered the source of Byron's allusion among the papers "in the possession of one of Napoleon's generals, a friend of Miss Waldie," which were offered him "for purchase and publication," in 1815.—See *Memoir of John Murray*, 1891, i. 279.]

2. [Of Prometheus—

"Unlike the offence, though like would be the fate—
His to give life, but *thine* to desolate;
He stole from Heaven the flame for which he fell,
Whilst *thine* be stolen from thy native Hell."

—Attached to Proof v., April 25.]

XVIII.

But thou forsooth must be a King
And don the purple vest,
As if that foolish robe could wring
Remembrance from thy breast.
Where is that faded garment? where[i.]
The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,
The star, the string, the crest?[ii. 1]
Vain froward child of Empire! say,
Are all thy playthings snatched away?

XIX.

Where may the wearied eye repose[iii.]
When gazing on the Great;
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes—One—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom Envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was but one![iv. 2]

i. *Where is that tattered* ——.—[*MS.*]
ii. —— *the laurel-circled crest.*—[*MS.*]
iii. *Where may the eye of man repose.*—[*MS.*]
iv. *Alas! and must there be but one!*—[*MS.*]

1. [Byron had recently become possessed of a "fine print" (by Raphael Morghen, after Gérard) of Napoleon in his imperial robes, which (see *Journal*, March 6, 1814, *Letters*, 1898, ii. 393, *note* 2) became him "as if he had been hatched in them." According to the catalogue of Morghen's works, the engraving represents "the head nearly full-face, looking to the right, crowned with laurel. He wears an enormous velvet robe embroidered with bees—hanging over it the collar and jewel of the Legion of Honour." It was no doubt this "fine print" which suggested "the star, the string [i.e. the chain of enamelled eagles], the crest."]

2. ["The two stanzas which I now send you were, by some mistake, omitted in the copies of Lord Byron's spirited and poetical

'Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte,' already published. One of 'the devils' in Mr. Davison's employ procured a copy of this for me, and I give you the chance of first discovering them to the world.

"Your obedient servant,

"J. R."

"Yes! better to have stood the storm,
A Monarch to the last!
Although that heartless fireless form
Had crumbled in the blast:
Than stoop to drag out Life's last years,
The nights of terror, days of tears
For all the splendour past;
Then,—after ages would have read
Thy awful death with more than dread.

"A lion in the conquering hour!
In wild defeat a hare!
Thy mind hath vanished with thy power,
For Danger brought despair.
The dreams of sceptres now depart,
And leave thy desolated heart
The Capitol of care!
Dark Corsican, 'tis strange to trace
Thy long deceit and last disgrace."

Morning Chronicle, April 27, 1814.]

LARA:

A TALE.

INTRODUCTION TO *LARA*.

THE MS. of *Lara* is dated May 14, 1814. The opening lines, which were not prefixed to the published poem, and were first printed in *Murray's Magazine* (January, 1887), are of the nature of a Dedication. They were probably written a few days after the well-known song, "I speak not, I trace not, I breathe not thy name," which was enclosed to Moore in a letter dated May 4, 1814. There can be little doubt that both song and dedication were addressed to Lady Frances Wedderburn Webster, and that *Lara*, like the *Corsair* and the *Bride of Abydos*, was written *con amore*, and because the poet was "eating his heart away."

By the 14th of June Byron was able to announce to Moore that "*Lara* was finished, and that he had begun copying." It was written, owing to the length of the London season, "amidst balls and fooleries, and after coming home from masquerades and routs, in the summer of the sovereigns" (Letter to Moore, June 8, 1822, *Life*, p. 561).

By way of keeping his engagement—already broken by the publication of the *Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte*—not to "trespass on public patience," Byron began by protesting (June 14) that *Lara* was not to be published separately, but "might be included in a third volume now collecting." A fortnight later (June 27) an interchange of unpublished poems between himself and Rogers, "two cantos of darkness and dismay" in return for a privately printed copy of *Jacqueline*, who is "all grace and softness and poetry" (Letter to Rogers, *Letters*, 1899, iii. 101), suggested another

and happier solution of the difficulty, a coalescing with Rogers, and, if possible, Moore (*Life*, 1892, p. 257, *note* 2), "into a joint invasion of the public" (Letter to Moore, July 8, 1814, *Letters*, 1899, iii. 102). But Rogers hesitated, and Moore refused to embark on so doubtful a venture, with the result that, as late as the 3rd of August, Byron thought fit to remonstrate with Murray for "advertising *Lara and Jacqueline*," and confessed to Moore that he was "still demurring and delaying and in a fuss" (*Letters*, 1899, iii. 115, 119). Murray knew his man, and, though he waited for Byron's formal and ostensibly reluctant word of command, "Out with Lara, since it must be" (August 5, 1814, *Letters*, 1899, iii. 122), he admitted (August 6, *Memoir of John Murray*, 1891, i. 230) that he had "anticipated his consent," and "had done everything but actually deliver the copies of *Lara*." "The moment," he adds, "I received your letter, for for it I waited, I cut the last cord of my aerial work, and at this instant 6000 copies are sold." *Lara, a Tale; Jacqueline, a Tale*, was published on Saturday, August 6, 1814.

Jacqueline is a somewhat insipid pastoral, betraying the influence of the Lake School, more especially Coleridge, on a belated and irresponsive disciple, and wholly out of place as contrast or foil to the melodramatic *Lara*.

No sooner had the "lady," as Byron was pleased to call her, played her part as decoy, than she was discharged as *emerita*. A week after publication (August 12, 1814, *Letters*, iii. 125) Byron told Moore that "Murray talks of divorcing Larry and Jacky—a bad sign for the authors, who will, I suppose, be divorced too. . . . Seriously, I don't care a cigar about it." The divorce was soon pronounced, and, contrary to Byron's advice (September 2, 1814, *Letters*, iii. 131), at least four separate editions of *Lara* were published during the autumn of 1814.

The "advertisement" to *Lara and Jacqueline* contains the plain statement that "the reader . . . may probably regard it [*Lara*] as a sequel to the *Corsair*"—an admission on the author's part which forestalls and renders nugatory any prolonged discussion on the subject. It is evident that Lara is Conrad, and that Kaled, the "darkly delicate" and

mysterious page, whose "hand is femininely white," is Gulnare in a transparent and temporary disguise.

If the facts which the "English Gentleman in the Greek Military Service" (*Life, Writings, etc., of Lord Byron*, 1825, i. 191–201) gives in detail with regard to the sources of the *Corsair* are not wholly imaginary, it is possible that the original Conrad's determination to "quit so horrible a mode of life" and return to civilization may have suggested to Byron the possible adventures and fate of a *grand seigneur* who had played the pirate in his time, and resumed his ancestral dignities only to be detected and exposed by some rival or victim of his wild and lawless youth.

Lara was reviewed together with the *Corsair*, by George Agar Ellis in the *Quarterly Review* for July, 1814, vol. xi. p. 428; and in the *Portfolio*, vol. xiv. p. 33.

LARA.[i.]

CANTO THE FIRST.[1]

I.

THE Serfs[2] are glad through Lara's wide domain,[3]
And Slavery half forgets her feudal chain;

i. *Lara the sequel of "the Corsair."*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [A revised version of the following "Advertisement" was prefixed to the First Edition (Printed for J. Murray, Albemarle Street, By T. Davison, Whitefriars, 1814), which was accompanied by *Jacqueline*:—

"The Reader—if the tale of *Lara* has the fortune to meet with one—may probably regard it as a sequel to the *Corsair*;—the colouring is of a similar cast, and although the situations of the characters are changed, the stories are in some measure connected. The countenance is nearly the same—but with a different expression. To the readers' conjecture are left the name of the writer and the failure or success of his attempt—the latter are the only points upon which the author or his judges can feel interested.

"The Poem of *Jaqueline* is the production of a different author and is added at the request of the writer of the former tale, whose wish and entreaty it was that it should occupy the first pages of the following volume, and he regrets that the tenacious courtesy of his friend would not permit him to place it where the judgement of the reader concurring with his own will suggest its more appropriate station."]

2. The reader is apprised, that the name of Lara being Spanish, and no circumstance of local and natural description fixing the scene or hero of the poem to any country or age, the word "Serf," which could not be correctly applied to the lower classes in Spain, who

He, their unhoped, but unforgotten lord,
The long self-exiled Chieftain, is restored:
There be bright faces in the busy hall,
Bowls on the board, and banners on the wall;
Far checkering o'er the pictured window, plays
The unwonted faggot's hospitable blaze;
And gay retainers gather round the hearth,
With tongues all loudness, and with eyes all mirth.

II.

The Chief of Lara is returned again:
And why had Lara crossed the bounding main?
Left by his Sire, too young such loss to know,[4]
Lord of himself,—that heritage of woe,
That fearful empire which the human breast
But holds to rob the heart within of rest!—
With none to check, and few to point in time
The thousand paths that slope the way to crime;
Then, when he most required commandment, then
Had Lara's daring boyhood governed men.[i]
It skills not, boots not step by step to trace
His youth through all the mazes of its race;

i. *First in each folly—nor the last in vice.*—[*MS. erased.*]

were never vassals of the soil, has nevertheless been employed to designate the followers of our fictitious chieftain.

[Byron, writing to Murray, July 14, 1814, says, "The name only is Spanish; the country is not Spain, but the Moon" (not "Morea," as hitherto printed).—*Letters*, 1899, iii. 110. The MS. is dated May 15, 1814.]

3. [For the opening lines to *Lara*, see *Murray's Magazine*, January, 1887, vol. i. p. 3.]

4. [Compare *Childish Recollections*, lines 221–224—

"Can Rank, or e'en a Guardian's name supply
The love, which glistens in a Father's eye?
For this, can Wealth, or Title's sound atone,
Made, by a Parent's early loss, my own?"

Compare, too, *English Bards, etc.*, lines 689–694, *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 95, 352.]

Short was the course his restlessness had run,[i.]
But long enough to leave him half undone.

III.

And Lara left in youth his father-land;
But from the hour he waved his parting hand
Each trace waxed fainter of his course, till all
Had nearly ceased his memory to recall.
His sire was dust, his vassals could declare,
'Twas all they knew, that Lara was not there;
Nor sent, nor came he, till conjecture grew
Cold in the many, anxious in the few.
His hall scarce echoes with his wonted name,
His portrait darkens in its fading frame,
Another chief consoled his destined bride,[ii.]
The young forgot him, and the old had died;[iii.]
"Yet doth he live!" exclaims the impatient heir,
And sighs for sables which he must not wear.[iv.]
A hundred scutcheons deck with gloomy grace
The Laras' last and longest dwelling-place;
But one is absent from the mouldering file,
That now were welcome in that Gothic pile.[v.]

IV.

He comes at last in sudden loneliness,
And whence they know not, why they need not guess;
They more might marvel, when the greeting's o'er
Not that he came, but came not long before:

i. *Short was the course the beardless wanderer run.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *Another chief had won* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. *His friends forgot him—and his dog had died.*—[*MS.*]
iv. *Without one rumour to relieve his care.*—[*MS. erased.*]
v. *That most might decorate that gloomy pile.*—[*MS. erased.*]

No train is his beyond a single page,
Of foreign aspect, and of tender age.
Years had rolled on, and fast they speed away
To those that wander as to those that stay;
But lack of tidings from another clime
Had lent a flagging wing to weary Time.
They see, they recognise, yet almost deem
The present dubious, or the past a dream.

He lives, nor yet is past his Manhood's prime,
Though seared by toil, and something touched by Time;
His faults, whate'er they were, if scarce forgot,
Might be untaught him by his varied lot;
Nor good nor ill of late were known, his name
Might yet uphold his patrimonial fame:
His soul in youth was haughty, but his sins [1]
No more than pleasure from the stripling wins;
And such, if not yet hardened in their course,
Might be redeemed, nor ask a long remorse.

V.

And they indeed were changed—'tis quickly seen,
Whate'er he be, 'twas not what he had been:
That brow in furrowed lines had fixed at last,
And spake of passions, but of passion past:
The pride, but not the fire, of early days,
Coldness of mien, and carelessness of praise;
A high demeanour, and a glance that took
Their thoughts from others by a single look;
And that sarcastic levity of tongue,
The stinging of a heart the world hath stung,

1. [The construction is harsh and obscure, but the meaning is, perhaps, that, though Lara's soul was haughty, his sins were due to nothing worse than pleasure, that they were the natural sins of youth.]

That darts in seeming playfulness around,
And makes those feel that will not own the wound;
All these seemed his, and something more beneath
Than glance could well reveal, or accent breathe.
Ambition, Glory, Love, the common aim,
That some can conquer, and that all would claim,
Within his breast appeared no more to strive,
Yet seemed as lately they had been alive;
And some deep feeling it were vain to trace
At moments lightened o'er his livid face.

VI.

Not much he loved long question of the past,
Nor told of wondrous wilds, and deserts vast,
In those far lands where he had wandered lone,
And—as himself would have it seem—unknown:
Yet these in vain his eye could scarcely scan,
Nor glean experience from his fellow man;
But what he had beheld he shunned to show,
As hardly worth a stranger's care to know;
If still more prying such inquiry grew,
His brow fell darker, and his words more few.

VII.

Not unrejoiced to see him once again,
Warm was his welcome to the haunts of men;
Born of high lineage, linked in high command,
He mingled with the Magnates of his land;
Joined the carousals of the great and gay,
And saw them smile or sigh their hours away;
But still he only saw, and did not share,
The common pleasure or the general care;
He did not follow what they all pursued
With hope still baffled still to be renewed;

Nor shadowy Honour, nor substantial Gain,
Nor Beauty's preference, and the rival's pain:
Around him some mysterious circle thrown
Repelled approach, and showed him still alone;
Upon his eye sat something of reproof,
That kept at least Frivolity aloof;
And things more timid that beheld him near
In silence gazed, or whispered mutual fear;
And they the wiser, friendlier few confessed
They deemed him better than his air expressed.

VIII.

'Twas strange—in youth all action and all life,
Burning for pleasure, not averse from strife;
Woman—the Field—the Ocean, all that gave
Promise of gladness, peril of a grave,
In turn he tried—he ransacked all below,
And found his recompense in joy or woe,
No tame, trite medium; for his feelings sought
In that intenseness an escape from thought:[i]
The Tempest of his Heart in scorn had gazed
On that the feebler Elements hath raised;
The Rapture of his Heart had looked on high,
And asked if greater dwelt beyond the sky:
Chained to excess, the slave of each extreme,
How woke he from the wildness of that dream!
Alas! he told not—but he did awake
To curse the withered heart that would not break.

IX.

Books, for his volume heretofore was Man,
With eye more curious he appeared to scan,

i. *Their refuge in intensity of thought.*—[*MS.*]

And oft in sudden mood, for many a day,
From all communion he would start away:
And then, his rarely called attendants said,
Through night's long hours would sound his hurried tread
O'er the dark gallery, where his fathers frowned
In rude but antique portraiture around:
They heard, but whispered—"*that* must not be known—
The sound of words less earthly than his own.[i.]
Yes, they who chose might smile, but some had seen
They scarce knew what, but more than should have been.
Why gazed he so upon the ghastly head [1]
Which hands profane had gathered from the dead,
That still beside his opened volume lay,
As if to startle all save him away?
Why slept he not when others were at rest?
Why heard no music, and received no guest?
All was not well, they deemed—but where the wrong? [2]
Some knew perchance—but 'twere a tale too long;
And such besides were too discreetly wise,
To more than hint their knowledge in surmise;
But if they would—they could"—around the board
Thus Lara's vassals prattled of their lord.

i. *The sound of other voices than his own.*—[*MS.*]

1. ["The circumstance of his having at this time [1808–9] among the ornaments of his study, a number of skulls highly polished, and placed on light stands round the room, would seem to indicate that he rather courted than shunned such gloomy associations."—*Life*, p. 87.]

2. [Compare—

"His train but deemed the favourite page
Was left behind to spare his age,
Or other if they deemed, none dared
To mutter what he thought or heard."
Marmion, Canto III. stanza xv. lines 19–22.]

X.

It was the night—and Lara's glassy stream
The stars are studding, each with imaged beam;
So calm, the waters scarcely seem to stray,
And yet they glide like Happiness away;[1]
Reflecting far and fairy-like from high
The immortal lights that live along the sky:
Its banks are fringed with many a goodly tree,
And flowers the fairest that may feast the bee;
Such in her chaplet infant Dian wove,
And Innocence would offer to her love.
These deck the shore; the waves their channel make
In windings bright and mazy like the snake.
All was so still, so soft in earth and air,
You scarce would start to meet a spirit there;
Secure that nought of evil could delight
To walk in such a scene, on such a night!
It was a moment only for the good:
So Lara deemed, nor longer there he stood,
But turned in silence to his castle-gate;
Such scene his soul no more could contemplate:
Such scene reminded him of other days,
Of skies more cloudless, moons of purer blaze,
Of nights more soft and frequent, hearts that now—
No—no—the storm may beat upon his brow,
Unfelt, unsparing—but a night like this,
A night of Beauty, mocked such breast as his.

1. [Compare—

"Sweetly shining on the eye,
A rivulet gliding smoothly by;
Which shows with what an easy tide
The moments of the happy glide."

Dyer's *Country Walk* (*Poetical Works of Armstrong, Dyer, and Green*, 1858, p. 221).]

XI.

He turned within his solitary hall,
And his high shadow shot along the wall:
There were the painted forms of other times,[1]
'Twas all they left of virtues or of crimes,
Save vague tradition; and the gloomy vaults
That hid their dust, their foibles, and their faults;
And half a column of the pompous page,
That speeds the specious tale from age to age;
Where History's pen its praise or blame supplies,
And lies like Truth, and still most truly lies.
He wandering mused, and as the moonbeam shone
Through the dim lattice, o'er the floor of stone,
And the high fretted roof, and saints, that there
O'er Gothic windows knelt in pictured prayer,[i]
Reflected in fantastic figures grew,
Like life, but not like mortal life, to view;
His bristling locks of sable, brow of gloom,
And the wide waving of his shaken plume,
Glanced like a spectre's attributes—and gave
His aspect all that terror gives the grave.[ii]

XII.

'Twas midnight—all was slumber; the lone light
Dimmed in the lamp, as loth to break the night.
Hark! there be murmurs heard in Lara's hall—
A sound—a voice—a shriek—a fearful call!
A long, loud shriek—and silence—did they hear
That frantic echo burst the sleeping ear?

i. —— *knelt in painted prayer.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *His aspect all that best becomes the grave.*—[*MS.*]

1. ["He used, at first, though offered a bed at Annesley, to return every night to Newstead, to sleep; alleging as a reason that he was afraid of the family pictures of the Chaworths."—*Life*, p. 27.]

They heard and rose, and, tremulously brave,
Rush where the sound invoked their aid to save;
They come with half-lit tapers in their hands,
And snatched in startled haste unbelted brands.

XIII.

Cold as the marble where his length was laid,
Pale as the beam that o'er his features played,
Was Lara stretched; his half-drawn sabre near,
Dropped it should seem in more than Nature's fear;
Yet he was firm, or had been firm till now,
And still Defiance knit his gathered brow;
Though mixed with terror, senseless as he lay,
There lived upon his lip the wish to slay;
Some half formed threat in utterance there had died,
Some imprecation of despairing Pride;
His eye was almost sealed, but not forsook,
Even in its trance, the gladiator's look,
That oft awake his aspect could disclose,
And now was fixed in horrible repose.
They raise him—bear him;—hush! he breathes, he speaks,
The swarthy blush recolours in his cheeks,
His lip resumes its red, his eye, though dim,
Rolls wide and wild, each slowly quivering limb
Recalls its function, but his words are strung
In terms that seem not of his native tongue;
Distinct but strange, enough they understand
To deem them accents of another land;
And such they were, and meant to meet an ear
That hears him not—alas! that cannot hear!

XIV.

His page approached, and he alone appeared
To know the import of the words they heard;

And, by the changes of his cheek and brow,
They were not such as Lara should avow,
Nor he interpret,—yet with less surprise
Than those around their Chieftain's state he eyes,
But Lara's prostrate form he bent beside,
And in that tongue which seemed his own replied;
And Lara heeds those tones that gently seem
To soothe away the horrors of his dream—
If dream it were, that thus could overthrow
A breast that needed not ideal woe.

XV.

Whate'er his frenzy dreamed or eye beheld,—
If yet remembered ne'er to be revealed,—
Rests at his heart: the customed morning came,
And breathed new vigour in his shaken frame;
And solace sought he none from priest nor leech,
And soon the same in movement and in speech,
As heretofore he filled the passing hours,
Nor less he smiles, nor more his forehead lowers,
Than these were wont; and if the coming night
Appeared less welcome now to Lara's sight,
He to his marvelling vassals showed it not,
Whose shuddering proved *their* fear was less forgot.
In trembling pairs (alone they dared not) crawl[i.]
The astonished slaves, and shun the fated hall;
The waving banner, and the clapping door,
The rustling tapestry, and the echoing floor;
The long dim shadows of surrounding trees,
The flapping bat, the night song of the breeze;
Aught they behold or hear their thought appals,
As evening saddens o'er the dark grey walls.

i. —— *along the gallery crawl.*—[*MS.*]

XVI.

Vain thought! that hour of ne'er unravelled gloom
Came not again, or Lara could assume
A seeming of forgetfulness, that made
His vassals more amazed nor less afraid.
Had Memory vanished then with sense restored?
Since word, nor look, nor gesture of their lord
Betrayed a feeling that recalled to these
That fevered moment of his mind's disease.
Was it a dream? was his the voice that spoke
Those strange wild accents; his the cry that broke
Their slumber? his the oppressed, o'erlaboured heart
That ceased to beat, the look that made them start?
Could he who thus had suffered so forget,
When such as saw that suffering shudder yet?
Or did that silence prove his memory fixed
Too deep for words, indelible, unmixed
In that corroding secrecy which gnaws
The heart to show the effect, but not the cause?
Not so in him; his breast had buried both,
Nor common gazers could discern the growth
Of thoughts that mortal lips must leave half told;
They choke the feeble words that would unfold.

XVII.

In him inexplicably mixed appeared
Much to be loved and hated, sought and feared;
Opinion varying o'er his hidden lot,[i]
In praise or railing ne'er his name forgot:
His silence formed a theme for others' prate—
They guessed—they gazed—they fain would know his fate.

i. *Opinion various as his varying eye*
In praise or railing—never passed him by.—[*MS.*]

What had he been? what was he, thus unknown,
Who walked their world, his lineage only known?
A hater of his kind? yet some would say,
With them he could seem gay amidst the gay;[i.]
But owned that smile, if oft observed and near,
Waned in its mirth, and withered to a sneer;
That smile might reach his lip, but passed not by,
Nor e'er could trace its laughter to his eye:
Yet there was softness too in his regard,
At times, a heart as not by nature hard,
But once perceived, his Spirit seemed to chide
Such weakness, as unworthy of its pride,
And steeled itself, as scorning to redeem
One doubt from others' half withheld esteem;
In self-inflicted penance of a breast
Which Tenderness might once have wrung from Rest;
In vigilance of Grief that would compel
The soul to hate for having loved too well.[1]

XVIII.

There was in him a vital scorn of all:[ii.]
As if the worst had fallen which could befall,
He stood a stranger in this breathing world,
An erring Spirit from another hurled;
A thing of dark imaginings, that shaped
By choice the perils he by chance escaped;
But 'scaped in vain, for in their memory yet
His mind would half exult and half regret:

i. —— *gayest of the gay.*—[*MS.*]
ii. —— *an inward scorn of all.*—[*MS.*]

1. [The MS. omits lines 313–382. Stanza xviii. is written on a loose sheet belonging to the Murray MSS.; stanza xix. on a sheet inserted in the MS. Both stanzas must have been composed after the first draft of the poem was completed.]

With more capacity for love than Earth
Bestows on most of mortal mould and birth.
His early dreams of good outstripped the truth,[1]
And troubled Manhood followed baffled Youth;
With thought of years in phantom chase misspent,
And wasted powers for better purpose lent;
And fiery passions that had poured their wrath
In hurried desolation o'er his path,
And left the better feelings all at strife [i.]
In wild reflection o'er his stormy life;
But haughty still, and loth himself to blame,
He called on Nature's self to share the shame,
And charged all faults upon the fleshly form
She gave to clog the soul, and feast the worm;
Till he at last confounded good and ill,
And half mistook for fate the acts of will: [ii. 2]
Too high for common selfishness, he could
At times resign his own for others' good,
But not in pity—not because he ought,
But in some strange perversity of thought,
That swayed him onward with a secret pride
To do what few or none would do beside;
And this same impulse would, in tempting time,
Mislead his spirit equally to crime;

i. *And left Reflection: loth himself to blame,*
He called on Nature's self to share the shame.—[*MS.*]
ii. *And half mistook for fate his wayward will.*—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare Coleridge's *Lines to a Gentleman* [William Wordsworth] (written in 1807, but not published till 1817), lines 69, 70—

"Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain,
And genius given, and knowledge won in vain."]

2. [For Byron's belief or half-persuasion that he was predestined to evil, compare *Childe Harold*, Canto I. stanza lxxxiii. lines 8, 9, and *note*. Compare, too, Canto III. stanza lxx. lines 8 and 9; and Canto IV. stanza xxxiv. line 6: *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 74, 260, 354.]

So much he soared beyond, or sunk beneath,
The men with whom he felt condemned to breathe,
And longed by good or ill to separate
Himself from all who shared his mortal state;
His mind abhorring this had fixed her throne
Far from the world, in regions of her own:
Thus coldly passing all that passed below,
His blood in temperate seeming now would flow:
Ah! happier if it ne'er with guilt had glowed,
But ever in that icy smoothness flowed!
'Tis true, with other men their path he walked,
And like the rest in seeming did and talked,
Nor outraged Reason's rules by flaw nor start,
His Madness was not of the head, but heart;
And rarely wandered in his speech, or drew
His thoughts so forth as to offend the view.

XIX.

With all that chilling mystery of mien,
And seeming gladness to remain unseen,
He had (if 'twere not nature's boon) an art
Of fixing memory on another's heart:
It was not love perchance—nor hate—nor aught
That words can image to express the thought;
But they who saw him did not see in vain,
And once beheld—would ask of him again:
And those to whom he spake remembered well,
And on the words, however light, would dwell:
None knew, nor how, nor why, but he entwined
Himself perforce around the hearer's mind;[i.]
There he was stamped, in liking, or in hate,
If greeted once; however brief the date

i. —— *around another's mind;*
There he was fixed ——.—[*MS.*]

That friendship, pity, or aversion knew,[i.]
Still there within the inmost thought he grew.
You could not penetrate his soul, but found,
Despite your wonder, to your own he wound;
His presence haunted still; and from the breast[ii.]
He forced an all unwilling interest:
Vain was the struggle in that mental net—
His Spirit seemed to dare you to forget!

XX.

There is a festival, where knights and dames,
And aught that wealth or lofty lineage claims,
Appear—a high-born and a welcome guest
To Otho's hall came Lara with the rest.
The long carousal shakes the illumined hall,
Well speeds alike the banquet and the ball;
And the gay dance of bounding Beauty's train
Links grace and harmony in happiest chain:
Blest are the early hearts and gentle hands
That mingle there in well according bands;
It is a sight the careful brow might smooth,
And make Age smile, and dream itself to youth,
And Youth forget such hour was past on earth,
So springs the exulting bosom to that mirth![iii.]

XXI.

And Lara gazed on these, sedately glad,
His brow belied him if his soul was sad;
And his glance followed fast each fluttering fair,

i. *That friendship, interest, aversion knew*
But there within your inmost ——.—[*MS.*]
ii. *Yes you might hate abhor, but from the breast*
He wrung an all unwilling interest—
Vain was the struggle in that sightless net.—[*MS.*]
iii. *So springs the exulting spirit* ——.—[*MS.*]

Whose steps of lightness woke no echo there:
He leaned against the lofty pillar nigh,
With folded arms and long attentive eye,
Nor marked a glance so sternly fixed on his—
Ill brooked high Lara scrutiny like this:
At length he caught it—'tis a face unknown,
But seems as searching his, and his alone;
Prying and dark, a stranger's by his mien,
Who still till now had gazed on him unseen:
At length encountering meets the mutual gaze
Of keen enquiry, and of mute amaze;
On Lara's glance emotion gathering grew,
As if distrusting that the stranger threw;
Along the stranger's aspect, fixed and stern,
Flashed more than thence the vulgar eye could learn.

XXII.

"'Tis he!" the stranger cried, and those that heard
Re-echoed fast and far the whispered word.
"'Tis he!"—"'Tis who?" they question far and near,
Till louder accents rung on Lara's ear;
So widely spread, few bosoms well could brook
The general marvel, or that single look:
But Lara stirred not, changed not, the surprise
That sprung at first to his arrested eyes
Seemed now subsided—neither sunk nor raised
Glanced his eye round, though still the stranger gazed;
And drawing nigh, exclaimed, with haughty sneer,
"'Tis he!—how came he thence?—what doth he here?"

XXIII.

It were too much for Lara to pass by
Such questions, so repeated fierce and high;[i]

i. *That question thus repeated—Thrice and high.*—[*MS.*]

With look collected, but with accent cold,
More mildly firm than petulantly bold,
He turned, and met the inquisitorial tone—
"My name is Lara—when thine own is known,
"Doubt not my fitting answer to requite
"The unlooked for courtesy of such a knight.
"'Tis Lara!—further wouldst thou mark or ask?
"I shun no question, and I wear no mask."

"Thou *shunn'st* no question! Ponder—is there none
"Thy heart must answer, though thine ear would shun?
"And deem'st thou me unknown too? Gaze again!
"At least thy memory was not given in vain.
"Oh! never canst thou cancel half her debt—
"Eternity forbids thee to forget."
With slow and searching glance upon his face
Grew Lara's eyes, but nothing there could trace
They knew, or chose to know—with dubious look
He deigned no answer, but his head he shook,
And half contemptuous turned to pass away;
But the stern stranger motioned him to stay.

"A word!—I charge thee stay, and answer here
"To one, who, wert thou noble, were thy peer,
"But as thou wast and art—nay, frown not, Lord,
"If false, 'tis easy to disprove the word—
"But as thou wast and art, on thee looks down,
"Distrusts thy smiles, but shakes not at thy frown.
"Art thou not he? whose deeds——"[i]
"Whate'er I be,
"Words wild as these, accusers like to thee,

i. *Art thou not he who ——"*
" Whatso'eer I be.—[*MS.*]

"I list no further; those with whom they weigh
"May hear the rest, nor venture to gainsay
"The wondrous tale no doubt thy tongue can tell,
"Which thus begins so courteously and well.
"Let Otho cherish here his polished guest,
"To him my thanks and thoughts shall be expressed."
And here their wondering host hath interposed—
"Whate'er there be between you undisclosed,
"This is no time nor fitting place to mar
"The mirthful meeting with a wordy war.
"If thou, Sir Ezzelin, hast aught to show
"Which it befits Count Lara's ear to know,
"To-morrow, here, or elsewhere, as may best
"Beseem your mutual judgment, speak the rest;
"I pledge myself for thee, as not unknown,
"Though, like Count Lara, now returned alone
"From other lands, almost a stranger grown;
"And if from Lara's blood and gentle birth
"I augur right of courage and of worth,
"He will not that untainted line belie,
"Nor aught that Knighthood may accord, deny."

"To-morrow be it," Ezzelin replied,
"And here our several worth and truth be tried;
"I gage my life, my falchion to attest
"My words, so may I mingle with the blest!"
What answers Lara? to its centre shrunk
His soul, in deep abstraction sudden sunk;
The words of many, and the eyes of all
That there were gathered, seemed on him to fall;
But his were silent, his appeared to stray
In far forgetfulness away—away—
Alas! that heedlessness of all around
Bespoke remembrance only too profound.

XXIV.

"To-morrow!—aye, to-morrow!" further word[i]
Than those repeated none from Lara heard;
Upon his brow no outward passion spoke;
From his large eye no flashing anger broke;
Yet there was something fixed in that low tone,
Which showed resolve, determined, though unknown.
He seized his cloak—his head he slightly bowed,
And passing Ezzelin, he left the crowd;
And, as he passed him, smiling met the frown
With which that Chieftain's brow would bear him down:
It was nor smile of mirth, nor struggling pride
That curbs to scorn the wrath it cannot hide;
But that of one in his own heart secure
Of all that he would do, or could endure.
Could this mean peace? the calmness of the good?
Or guilt grown old in desperate hardihood?
Alas! too like in confidence are each,
For man to trust to mortal look or speech;
From deeds, and deeds alone, may he discern
Truths which it wrings the unpractised heart to learn.

XXV.

And Lara called his page, and went his way—
Well could that stripling word or sign obey:
His only follower from those climes afar,
Where the Soul glows beneath a brighter star;
For Lara left the shore from whence he sprung,
In duty patient, and sedate though young;
Silent as him he served, his faith appears
Above his station, and beyond his years.

i. "*Tomorrow!—aye—tomorrow*" *these were all*
The words from Lara's answering lip that fall.—[*MS.*]

Though not unknown the tongue of Lara's land,
In such from him he rarely heard command;
But fleet his step, and clear his tones would come,
When Lara's lip breathed forth the words of home:
Those accents, as his native mountains dear,
Awake their absent echoes in his ear,[i.]
Friends'—kindred's—parents'—wonted voice recall,
Now lost, abjured, for one—his friend, his all:
For him earth now disclosed no other guide;
What marvel then he rarely left his side?

XXVI.

Light was his form, and darkly delicate
That brow whereon his native sun had sate,
But had not marred, though in his beams he grew,
The cheek where oft the unbidden blush shone through;
Yet not such blush as mounts when health would show
All the heart's hue in that delighted glow;
But 'twas a hectic tint of secret care
That for a burning moment fevered there;
And the wild sparkle of his eye seemed caught
From high, and lightened with electric thought,[ii.]
Though its black orb those long low lashes' fringe
Had tempered with a melancholy tinge;
Yet less of sorrow than of pride was there,
Or, if 'twere grief, a grief that none should share:
And pleased not him the sports that please his age,
The tricks of Youth, the frolics of the Page;
For hours on Lara he would fix his glance,
As all-forgotten in that watchful trance;
And from his chief withdrawn, he wandered lone,
Brief were his answers, and his questions none;

i. *That brought their native echoes to his ear.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *From high and quickened into life and thought.*—[*MS.*]

His walk the wood, his sport some foreign book;
His resting-place the bank that curbs the brook:
He seemed, like him he served, to live apart
From all that lures the eye, and fills the heart;
To know no brotherhood, and take from earth
No gift beyond that bitter boon—our birth.

XXVII.

If aught he loved, 'twas Lara; but was shown
His faith in reverence and in deeds alone;
In mute attention; and his care, which guessed
Each wish, fulfilled it ere the tongue expressed.
Still there was haughtiness in all he did,
A spirit deep that brooked not to be chid;
His zeal, though more than that of servile hands,[i.]
In act alone obeys, his air commands;
As if 'twas Lara's less than *his* desire
That thus he served, but surely not for hire.
Slight were the tasks enjoined him by his Lord,
To hold the stirrup, or to bear the sword;
To tune his lute, or, if he willed it more,[ii.]
On tomes of other times and tongues to pore;
But ne'er to mingle with the menial train,
To whom he showed nor deference nor disdain,
But that well-worn reserve which proved he knew
No sympathy with that familiar crew:
His soul, whate'er his station or his stem,
Could bow to Lara, not descend to them.
Of higher birth he seemed, and better days,
Nor mark of vulgar toil that hand betrays,

i. *Though no reluctance checked his willing hand,*
He still obeyed as others would command.—[*MS.*]
ii. *To tune his lute and, if none else were there,*
To fill the cup in which himself might share.—[*MS.*]

So femininely white it might bespeak
Another sex, when matched with that smooth cheek,
But for his garb, and something in his gaze,
More wild and high than Woman's eye betrays;
A latent fierceness that far more became
His fiery climate than his tender frame:
True, in his words it broke not from his breast,
But from his aspect might be more than guessed.[i.]
Kaled his name, though rumour said he bore
Another ere he left his mountain-shore;
For sometimes he would hear, however nigh,
That name repeated loud without reply,
As unfamiliar—or, if roused again,
Start to the sound, as but remembered then;
Unless 'twas Lara's wonted voice that spake,
For then—ear—eyes—and heart would all awake.

XXVIII.

He had looked down upon the festive hall,
And mark'd that sudden strife so marked of all:
And when the crowd around and near him told[ii.]
Their wonder at the calmness of the bold,
Their marvel how the high-born Lara bore
Such insult from a stranger, doubly sore,
The colour of young Kaled went and came,
The lip of ashes, and the cheek of flame;
And o'er his brow the dampening heart-drops threw
The sickening iciness of that cold dew,
That rises as the busy bosom sinks
With heavy thoughts from which Reflection shrinks.
Yes—there be things which we must dream and dare,

i. *Yet still existed there though still suppressed.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *And when the slaves and pages round him told.*—[*MS.*]

And execute ere thought be half aware:[1]
Whate'er might Kaled's be, it was enow
To seal his lip, but agonise his brow.
He gazed on Ezzelin till Lara cast
That sidelong smile upon the knight he past;
When Kaled saw that smile his visage fell,
As if on something recognised right well:
His memory read in such a meaning more
Than Lara's aspect unto others wore:
Forward he sprung—a moment, both were gone,
And all within that hall seemed left alone;
Each had so fixed his eye on Lara's mien,
All had so mixed their feelings with that scene,
That when his long dark shadow through the porch
No more relieves the glare of yon high torch,
Each pulse beats quicker, and all bosoms seem
To bound as doubting from too black a dream,
Such as we know is false, yet dread in sooth,
Because the worst is ever nearest truth.
And they are gone—but Ezzelin is there,
With thoughtful visage and imperious air;
But long remained not; ere an hour expired
He waved his hand to Otho, and retired.

XXIX.

The crowd are gone, the revellers at rest;
The courteous host, and all-approving guest,
Again to that accustomed couch must creep
Where Joy subsides, and Sorrow sighs to sleep,

1. [Compare—

"Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which must be acted, ere they may be scanned."

Macbeth, act iii. sc. 4, lines 139, 140.]

And Man, o'erlaboured with his Being's strife,
Shrinks to that sweet forgetfulness of life:
There lie Love's feverish hope, and Cunning's guile,[i.]
Hate's working brain, and lulled Ambition's wile;
O'er each vain eye Oblivion's pinions wave,
And quenched Existence crouches in a grave.[ii.]
What better name may Slumber's bed become?
Night's sepulchre, the universal home,
Where Weakness — Strength — Vice — Virtue — sunk supine,
Alike in naked helplessness recline;
Glad for a while to heave unconscious breath,
Yet wake to wrestle with the dread of Death,
And shun—though Day but dawn on ills increased—
That sleep,—the loveliest, since it dreams the least.

i. *There lie the lover's hope—the watcher's toil.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *And half-Existence melts within a grave.*—[*MS.*]

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

NIGHT wanes—the vapours round the mountains curled [1]
Melt into morn, and Light awakes the world,
Man has another day to swell the past,
And lead him near to little, but his last;
But mighty Nature bounds as from her birth,
The Sun is in the heavens, and Life on earth; [2]
Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.
Immortal Man! behold her glories shine,
And cry, exulting inly, "They are thine!"
Gaze on, while yet thy gladdened eye may see:
A morrow comes when they are not for thee:
And grieve what may above thy senseless bier,
Nor earth nor sky will yield a single tear;
Nor cloud shall gather more, nor leaf shall fall,
Nor gale breathe forth one sigh for thee, for all; [3]

1. [Compare—

"Now slowly melting into day,
Vapour and mist dissolved away."

Sotheby's *Constance de Castile*, Canto III. stanza v. lines 17, 18.]

2. [Compare the last lines of Pippa's song in Browning's *Pippa Passes*—

"God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world!"]

3. [Mr. Alexander Dyce points out the resemblance between these lines and a passage in one of Pope's letters to Steele (July 15,

But creeping things shall revel in their spoil,
And fit thy clay to fertilise the soil.

II.

'Tis morn—'tis noon—assembled in the hall,
The gathered Chieftains come to Otho's call;
'Tis now the promised hour, that must proclaim
The life or death of Lara's future fame;
And Ezzelin his charge may here unfold,[i.]
And whatsoe'er the tale, it must be told.
His faith was pledged, and Lara's promise given,
To meet it in the eye of Man and Heaven.
Why comes he not? Such truths to be divulged,
Methinks the accuser's rest is long indulged.

III.

The hour is past, and Lara too is there,
With self-confiding, coldly patient air;
Why comes not Ezzelin? The hour is past,
And murmurs rise, and Otho's brow's o'ercast.
"I know my friend! his faith I cannot fear,
"If yet he be on earth, expect him here;
"The roof that held him in the valley stands
"Between my own and noble Lara's lands;
"My halls from such a guest had honour gained,
"Nor had Sir Ezzelin his host disdained,
"But that some previous proof forbade his stay,
"And urged him to prepare against to-day;
"The word I pledged for his I pledge again,
"Or will myself redeem his knighthood's stain."

i. *When Ezzelin* ——.—[*Ed.* 1831.]

1712, *Works*, 1754, viii. 226): "The morning after my exit the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green."]

He ceased—and Lara answered, "I am here
"To lend at thy demand a listening ear
"To tales of evil from a stranger's tongue,
"Whose words already might my heart have wrung,
"But that I deemed him scarcely less than mad,
"Or, at the worst, a foe ignobly bad.
"I know him not—but me it seems he knew
"In lands where—but I must not trifle too:
"Produce this babbler—or redeem the pledge;
"Here in thy hold, and with thy falchion's edge." [i.]

Proud Otho on the instant, reddening, threw
His glove on earth, and forth his sabre flew.
"The last alternative befits me best,
"And thus I answer for mine absent guest."

With cheek unchanging from its sallow gloom,
However near his own or other's tomb;
With hand, whose almost careless coolness spoke
Its grasp well-used to deal the sabre-stroke;
With eye, though calm, determined not to spare,
Did Lara too his willing weapon bare.
In vain the circling Chieftains round them closed,
For Otho's frenzy would not be opposed;
And from his lip those words of insult fell—
His sword is good who can maintain them well.

IV.

Short was the conflict; furious, blindly rash,
Vain Otho gave his bosom to the gash:
He bled, and fell; but not with deadly wound,
Stretched by a dextrous sleight along the ground.

i. *Here in thy hall* ——.—[*MS.*]

"Demand thy life!" He answered not: and then
From that red floor he ne'er had risen again,
For Lara's brow upon the moment grew
Almost to blackness in its demon hue;[1]
And fiercer shook his angry falchion now
Than when his foe's was levelled at his brow;
Then all was stern collectedness and art,
Now rose the unleavened hatred of his heart;
So little sparing to the foe he felled,[i.]
That when the approaching crowd his arm withheld,
He almost turned the thirsty point on those
Who thus for mercy dared to interpose;
But to a moment's thought that purpose bent;
Yet looked he on him still with eye intent,
As if he loathed the ineffectual strife
That left a foe, howe'er o'erthrown, with life;
As if to search how far the wound he gave
Had sent its victim onward to his grave.

V.

They raised the bleeding Otho, and the Leech
Forbade all present question, sign, and speech;
The others met within a neighbouring hall,
And he, incensed, and heedless of them all,[ii.]
The cause and conqueror in this sudden fray,
In haughty silence slowly strode away;
He backed his steed, his homeward path he took,
Nor cast on Otho's towers a single look.

i. *And turned to smite a foe already felled.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *And he less calm—yet calmer than them all.*—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare *Mysteries of Udolpho*, by Mrs. Ann Radcliffe, 1794, ii. 279: "The Count then fell back into the arms of his servants, while Montoni held his sword over him and bade him ask his life . . . his complexion changed almost to blackness as he looked upon his fallen adversary."]

VI.

But where was he? that meteor of a night,
Who menaced but to disappear with light.
Where was this Ezzelin? who came and went,
To leave no other trace of his intent.
He left the dome of Otho long ere morn,
In darkness, yet so well the path was worn
He could not miss it: near his dwelling lay;
But there he was not, and with coming day
Came fast inquiry, which unfolded nought,
Except the absence of the Chief it sought.
A chamber tenantless, a steed at rest,
His host alarmed, his murmuring squires distressed:
Their search extends along, around the path,
In dread to meet the marks of prowlers' wrath:
But none are there, and not a brake hath borne
Nor gout of blood, nor shred of mantle torn;
Nor fall nor struggle hath defaced the grass,
Which still retains a mark where Murder was;
Nor dabbling fingers left to tell the tale,
The bitter print of each convulsive nail,
When agoniséd hands that cease to guard,
Wound in that pang the smoothness of the sward.
Some such had been, if here a life was reft,
But these were not; and doubting Hope is left;
And strange Suspicion, whispering Lara's name,
Now daily mutters o'er his blackened fame;
Then sudden silent when his form appeared,
Awaits the absence of the thing it feared
Again its wonted wondering to renew,
And dye conjecture with a darker hue.

VII.

Days roll along, and Otho's wounds are healed,
But not his pride; and hate no more concealed:
He was a man of power, and Lara's foe,
The friend of all who sought to work him woe,
And from his country's justice now demands
Account of Ezzelin at Lara's hands.
Who else than Lara could have cause to fear
His presence? who had made him disappear,
If not the man on whom his menaced charge
Had sate too deeply were he left at large?
The general rumour ignorantly loud,
The mystery dearest to the curious crowd;
The seeming friendliness of him who strove
To win no confidence, and wake no love;
The sweeping fierceness which his soul betrayed,
The skill with which he wielded his keen blade;
Where had his arm unwarlike caught that art?
Where had that fierceness grown upon his heart?
For it was not the blind capricious rage [i.]
A word can kindle and a word assuage;
But the deep working of a soul unmixed
With aught of pity where its wrath had fixed;
Such as long power and overgorged success
Concentrates into all that's merciless:
These, linked with that desire which ever sways
Mankind, the rather to condemn than praise,
'Gainst Lara gathering raised at length a storm,
Such as himself might fear, and foes would form,
And he must answer for the absent head
Of one that haunts him still, alive or dead.

i. —— *the blind and headlong rage.*—[*MS.*]

VIII.

Within that land was many a malcontent,
Who cursed the tyranny to which he bent;
That soil full many a wringing despot saw,
Who worked his wantonness in form of law;
Long war without and frequent broil within
Had made a path for blood and giant sin,
That waited but a signal to begin
New havoc, such as civil discord blends,
Which knows no neuter, owns but foes or friends;
Fixed in his feudal fortress each was lord,
In word and deed obeyed, in soul abhorred.
Thus Lara had inherited his lands,
And with them pining hearts and sluggish hands;
But that long absence from his native clime
Had left him stainless of Oppression's crime,
And now, diverted by his milder sway,[i.]
All dread by slow degrees had worn away.
The menials felt their usual awe alone,
But more for him than them that fear was grown;
They deemed him now unhappy, though at first
Their evil judgment augured of the worst,
And each long restless night, and silent mood,
Was traced to sickness, fed by solitude:
And though his lonely habits threw of late
Gloom o'er his chamber, cheerful was his gate;[ii.]
For thence the wretched ne'er unsoothed withdrew,
For them, at least, his soul compassion knew.
Cold to the great, contemptuous to the high,
The humble passed not his unheeding eye;

i. *The first impressions with his milder sway*
Of dread ——.—[*MS.*]
ii. *Mysterious gloom around his hall and state.*—[*MS.*]

Much he would speak not, but beneath his roof
They found asylum oft, and ne'er reproof.
And they who watched might mark that, day by day,
Some new retainers gathered to his sway;
But most of late, since Ezzelin was lost,
He played the courteous lord and bounteous host:
Perchance his strife with Otho made him dread
Some snare prepared for his obnoxious head;
Whate'er his view, his favour more obtains
With these, the people, than his fellow thanes.
If this were policy, so far 'twas sound,
The million judged but of him as they found;
From him by sterner chiefs to exile driven
They but required a shelter, and 'twas given.
By him no peasant mourned his rifled cot,
And scarce the Serf could murmur o'er his lot;
With him old Avarice found its hoard secure,
With him contempt forbore to mock the poor;
Youth present cheer and promised recompense
Detained, till all too late to part from thence:
To Hate he offered, with the coming change,
The deep reversion of delayed revenge;
To Love, long baffled by the unequal match,
The well-won charms success was sure to snatch.[i.]
All now was ripe, he waits but to proclaim
That slavery nothing which was still a name.
The moment came, the hour when Otho thought
Secure at last the vengeance which he sought:
His summons found the destined criminal
Begirt by thousands in his swarming hall;
Fresh from their feudal fetters newly riven,
Defying earth, and confident of heaven.

i. *The Beauty which the first success would snatch.*—[*MS.*]

That morning he had freed the soil-bound slaves,
Who dig no land for tyrants but their graves!
Such is their cry—some watchword for the fight
Must vindicate the wrong, and warp the right;
Religion—Freedom—Vengeance—what you will,
A word's enough to raise Mankind to kill;[i]
Some factious phrase by cunning caught and spread,
That Guilt may reign—and wolves and worms be fed!

IX.

Throughout that clime the feudal Chiefs had gained
Such sway, their infant monarch hardly reigned;
Now was the hour for Faction's rebel growth,
The Serfs contemned the one, and hated both:
They waited but a leader, and they found
One to their cause inseparably bound;
By circumstance compelled to plunge again,
In self-defence, amidst the strife of men.
Cut off by some mysterious fate from those
Whom Birth and Nature meant not for his foes,
Had Lara from that night, to him accurst,
Prepared to meet, but not alone, the worst:
Some reason urged, whate'er it was, to shun
Inquiry into deeds at distance done;
By mingling with his own the cause of all,
E'en if he failed, he still delayed his fall.
The sullen calm that long his bosom kept,
The storm that once had spent itself and slept,
Roused by events that seemed foredoomed to urge
His gloomy fortunes to their utmost verge,
Burst forth, and made him all he once had been,
And is again; he only changed the scene.

i. *A word's enough to rouse mankind to kill*
Some factious phrase by cunning raised and spread.—[*MS.*]

Light care had he for life, and less for fame,
But not less fitted for the desperate game:
He deemed himself marked out for others' hate,
And mocked at Ruin so they shared his fate.
And cared he for the freedom of the crowd?
He raised the humble but to bend the proud.
He had hoped quiet in his sullen lair,
But Man and Destiny beset him there:
Inured to hunters, he was found at bay;
And they must kill, they cannot snare the prey.
Stern, unambitious, silent, he had been
Henceforth a calm spectator of Life's scene;
But dragged again upon the arena, stood
A leader not unequal to the feud;
In voice—mien—gesture—savage nature spoke,
And from his eye the gladiator broke.

X.

What boots the oft-repeated tale of strife,
The feast of vultures, and the waste of life?
The varying fortune of each separate field,
The fierce that vanquish, and the faint that yield?
The smoking ruin, and the crumbled wall?
In this the struggle was the same with all;
Save that distempered passions lent their force
In bitterness that banished all remorse.
None sued, for Mercy knew her cry was vain,
The captive died upon the battle-plain:[i]
In either cause, one rage alone possessed
The empire of the alternate victor's breast;
And they that smote for freedom or for sway,
Deemed few were slain, while more remained to slay.

i. —— *upon the battle slain.*—[*Ed.* 1831.]

It was too late to check the wasting brand,
And Desolation reaped the famished land;
The torch was lighted, and the flame was spread,
And Carnage smiled upon her daily dead.

XI.

Fresh with the nerve the new-born impulse strung,
The first success to Lara's numbers clung:
But that vain victory hath ruined all;
They form no longer to their leader's call:
In blind confusion on the foe they press,
And think to snatch is to secure success.
The lust of booty, and the thirst of hate,
Lure on the broken brigands to their fate:
In vain he doth whate'er a chief may do,
To check the headlong fury of that crew;
In vain their stubborn ardour he would tame,
The hand that kindles cannot quench the flame;
The wary foe alone hath turned their mood,
And shown their rashness to that erring brood:
The feigned retreat, the nightly ambuscade,
The daily harass, and the fight delayed,
The long privation of the hoped supply,
The tentless rest beneath the humid sky,
The stubborn wall that mocks the leaguer's art,
And palls the patience of his baffled art,
Of these they had not deemed: the battle-day
They could encounter as a veteran may;
But more preferred the fury of the strife,[i.]
And present death, to hourly suffering life:
And Famine wrings, and Fever sweeps away
His numbers melting fast from their array;

i. *But not endure the long protracted strife.*—[*MS. erased.*]

Intemperate triumph fades to discontent,
And Lara's soul alone seems still unbent;
But few remain to aid his voice and hand,
And thousands dwindled to a scanty band:
Desperate, though few, the last and best remained
To mourn the discipline they late disdained.
One hope survives, the frontier is not far,
And thence they may escape from native war:
And bear within them to the neighbouring state
An exile's sorrows, or an outlaw's hate:
Hard is the task their father-land to quit,
But harder still to perish or submit.

XII.

It is resolved—they march—consenting Night
Guides with her star their dim and torchless flight;
Already they perceive its tranquil beam
Sleep on the surface of the barrier stream;
Already they descry—Is yon the bank?
Away! 'tis lined with many a hostile rank.
Return or fly!—What glitters in the rear?
'Tis Otho's banner—the pursuer's spear!
Are those the shepherds' fires upon the height?
Alas! they blaze too widely for the flight:
Cut off from hope, and compassed in the toil,
Less blood perchance hath bought a richer spoil!

XIII.

A moment's pause—'tis but to breathe their band,
Or shall they onward press, or here withstand?
It matters little—if they charge the foes
Who by their border-stream their march oppose,
Some few, perchance, may break and pass the line,
However linked to baffle such design.

"The charge be ours! to wait for their assault
Were fate well worthy of a coward's halt."
Forth flies each sabre, reined is every steed,
And the next word shall scarce outstrip the deed:
In the next tone of Lara's gathering breath
How many shall but hear the voice of Death!

XIV.

His blade is bared,—in him there is an air
As deep, but far too tranquil for despair;
A something of indifference more than then
Becomes the bravest, if they feel for men—
He turned his eye on Kaled, ever near,
And still too faithful to betray one fear;
Perchance 'twas but the moon's dim twilight threw
Along his aspect an unwonted hue
Of mournful paleness, whose deep tint expressed
The truth, and not the terror of his breast.
This Lara marked, and laid his hand on his:
It trembled not in such an hour as this;
His lip was silent, scarcely beat his heart,
His eye alone proclaimed, "We will not part!
"Thy band may perish, or thy friends may flee,
"Farewell to Life—but not Adieu to thee!"

The word hath passed his lips, and onward driven,
Pours the linked band through ranks asunder riven:
Well has each steed obeyed the armèd heel,
And flash the scimitars, and rings the steel;
Outnumbered, not outbraved, they still oppose
Despair to daring, and a front to foes;
And blood is mingled with the dashing stream,
Which runs all redly till the morning beam.[i]

i. *And raged the combat till* ——.—[*MS.*]

XV.[1]

Commanding—aiding—animating all,[2]
Where foe appeared to press, or friend to fall,
Cheers Lara's voice, and waves or strikes his steel,
Inspiring hope, himself had ceased to feel.
None fled, for well they knew that flight were vain;
But those that waver turn to smite again,
While yet they find the firmest of the foe
Recoil before their leader's look and blow:
Now girt with numbers, now almost alone,
He foils their ranks, or re-unites his own;
Himself he spared not—once they seemed to fly—
Now was the time, he waved his hand on high,
And shook—Why sudden droops that pluméd crest?
The shaft is sped—the arrow's in his breast!
That fatal gesture left the unguarded side,
And Death has stricken down yon arm of pride.
The word of triumph fainted from his tongue;
That hand, so raised, how droopingly it hung!
But yet the sword instinctively retains,
Though from its fellow shrink the falling reins;
These Kaled snatches: dizzy with the blow,
And senseless bending o'er his saddle-bow,
Perceives not Lara that his anxious page
Beguiles his charger from the combat's rage:
Meantime his followers charge, and charge again;
Too mixed the slayers now to heed the slain!

1. [Stanza xv. was added after the completion of the first draft of the poem.]

2. [Compare—

"Il s'éxcite, il s'empresse, il inspire aux soldats
Cet espoir généreux que lui-même il n'a pas."
Voltaire, *Henriade*, Chant. viii. lines 127, 128,
Œuvres Complètes, Paris, 1837, ii. 325.]

XVI.

Day glimmers on the dying and the dead,
The cloven cuirass, and the helmless head;
The war-horse masterless is on the earth,[i.] [1]
And that last gasp hath burst his bloody girth;
And near, yet quivering with what life remained,
The heel that urged him and the hand that reined;
And some too near that rolling torrent lie,[ii.]
Whose waters mock the lip of those that die;
That panting thirst which scorches in the breath
Of those that die the soldier's fiery death,
In vain impels the burning mouth to crave
One drop—the last—to cool it for the grave;
With feeble and convulsive effort swept,
Their limbs along the crimsoned turf have crept;
The faint remains of life such struggles waste,
But yet they reach the stream, and bend to taste:
They feel its freshness, and almost partake—
Why pause? No further thirst have they to slake—
It is unquenched, and yet they feel it not;
It was an agony—but now forgot!

XVII.

Beneath a lime, remoter from the scene,
Where but for him that strife had never been,
A breathing but devoted warrior lay:
'Twas Lara bleeding fast from life away.

i. *The stiffening steed is on the dinted earth.*—[*MS.*]
ii. —— *that glassy river lie.*—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare—

"There lay a horse, another through the field
Ran masterless."
Tasso's *Jerusalem* (translated by Edward Fairfax),
Bk. VII. stanza cvi. lines 3, 4.]

His follower once, and now his only guide,
Kneels Kaled watchful o'er his welling side,
And with his scarf would staunch the tides that rush,
With each convulsion, in a blacker gush;
And then, as his faint breathing waxes low,
In feebler, not less fatal tricklings flow:
He scarce can speak, but motions him 'tis vain,
And merely adds another throb to pain.
He clasps the hand that pang which would assuage,
And sadly smiles his thanks to that dark page,
Who nothing fears—nor feels—nor heeds—nor sees—
Save that damp brow which rests upon his knees;
Save that pale aspect, where the eye, though dim,
Held all the light that shone on earth for him.

XVIII.

The foe arrives, who long had searched the field,
Their triumph nought till Lara too should yield:
They would remove him, but they see 'twere vain,
And he regards them with a calm disdain,
That rose to reconcile him with his fate,
And that escape to death from living hate:
And Otho comes, and leaping from his steed,
Looks on the bleeding foe that made him bleed,
And questions of his state; he answers not,
Scarce glances on him as on one forgot,
And turns to Kaled:—each remaining word
They understood not, if distinctly heard;
His dying tones are in that other tongue,
To which some strange remembrance wildly clung.
They spake of other scenes, but what—is known
To Kaled, whom their meaning reached alone;
And he replied, though faintly, to their sound,
While gazed the rest in dumb amazement round:

They seemed even then—that twain—unto the last
To half forget the present in the past;
To share between themselves some separate fate,
Whose darkness none beside should penetrate.

XIX.[1]

Their words though faint were many—from the tone
Their import those who heard could judge alone;
From this, you might have deemed young Kaled's death
More near than Lara's by his voice and breath,
So sad—so deep—and hesitating broke
The accents his scarce-moving pale lips spoke;[i.]
But Lara's voice, though low, at first was clear
And calm, till murmuring Death gasped hoarsely near;
But from his visage little could we guess,
So unrepentant—dark—and passionless,[ii.]
Save that when struggling nearer to his last,
Upon that page his eye was kindly cast;
And once, as Kaled's answering accents ceased,
Rose Lara's hand, and pointed to the East:
Whether (as then the breaking Sun from high
Rolled back the clouds) the morrow caught his eye,
Or that 'twas chance—or some remembered scene,
That raised his arm to point where such had been,
Scarce Kaled seemed to know, but turned away,
As if his heart abhorred that coming day,
And shrunk his glance before that morning light,
To look on Lara's brow—where all grew night.
Yet sense seemed left, though better were its loss;
For when one near displayed the absolving Cross,

i. —— *white lips spoke.*—[*MS.*]
ii. —— *pale—and passionless.*—[*MS.*]

1. [Stanza xix. was added after the completion of the poem. The MS. is extant.]

And proffered to his touch the holy bead,
Of which his parting soul might own the need,
He looked upon it with an eye profane,
And smiled—Heaven pardon! if 'twere with disdain:
And Kaled, though he spoke not, nor withdrew
From Lara's face his fixed despairing view,
With brow repulsive, and with gesture swift,
Flung back the hand which held the sacred gift,
As if such but disturbed the expiring man,
Nor seemed to know his life but *then* began—
That Life of Immortality, secure [i.]
To none, save them whose faith in Christ is sure.

XX.

But gasping heaved the breath that Lara drew,[ii.]
And dull the film along his dim eye grew;
His limbs stretched fluttering, and his head drooped o'er
The weak yet still untiring knee that bore;
He pressed the hand he held upon his heart—
It beats no more, but Kaled will not part
With the cold grasp, but feels, and feels in vain,
For that faint throb which answers not again.
"It beats!"—Away, thou dreamer! he is gone—
It once *was* Lara which thou look'st upon.

XXI.

He gazed, as if not yet had passed away [iii.]
The haughty spirit of that humbled clay;

i. *That Life—immortal—infinite secure*
To All for whom that Cross hath made it sure.—
[*MS.* *First ed.* 1814.]
or, *That life immortal, infinite and sure*
To all whose faith the eternal boon secure.—[*MS.*]
ii. *But faint the dying Lara's accents grew.*—[*MS.*]
iii. *He gazed as doubtful that the thing he saw*
Had something more to ask from Love or awe.—[*MS.*]

And those around have roused him from his trance,
But cannot tear from thence his fixéd glance;
And when, in raising him from where he bore
Within his arms the form that felt no more,
He saw the head his breast would still sustain,
Roll down like earth to earth upon the plain;
He did not dash himself thereby, nor tear
The glossy tendrils of his raven hair,
But strove to stand and gaze, but reeled and fell,
Scarce breathing more than that he loved so well.
Than that *he* loved! Oh! never yet beneath
The breast of *man* such trusty love may breathe!
That trying moment hath at once revealed
The secret long and yet but half concealed;
In baring to revive that lifeless breast,
Its grief seemed ended, but the sex confessed;
And life returned, and Kaled felt no shame—
What now to her was Womanhood or Fame?

XXII.

And Lara sleeps not where his fathers sleep,
But where he died his grave was dug as deep;
Nor is his mortal slumber less profound,
Though priest nor blessed nor marble decked the mound,
And he was mourned by one whose quiet grief,
Less loud, outlasts a people's for their Chief.
Vain was all question asked her of the past,
And vain e'en menace—silent to the last;
She told nor whence, nor why she left behind
Her all for one who seemed but little kind.
Why did she love him? Curious fool!—be still—
Is human love the growth of human will?
To her he might be gentleness; the stern
Have deeper thoughts than your dull eyes discern,

And when they love, your smilers guess not how
Beats the strong heart, though less the lips avow.
They were not common links, that formed the chain
That bound to Lara Kaled's heart and brain;
But that wild tale she brooked not to unfold,
And sealed is now each lip that could have told.

XXIII.

They laid him in the earth, and on his breast,
Besides the wound that sent his soul to rest,
They found the scattered dints of many a scar,
Which were not planted there in recent war;
Where'er had passed his summer years of life,
It seems they vanished in a land of strife;
But all unknown his Glory or his Guilt,[i]
These only told that somewhere blood was spilt,
And Ezzelin, who might have spoke the past,
Returned no more—that night appeared his last.

XXIV.

Upon that night (a peasant's is the tale)
A Serf that crossed the intervening vale,[1]

i. *But all unknown the blood he lost or spilt*
These only told his Glory or his Guilt.—[*MS.*]

1. The event in this section was suggested by the description of the death or rather burial of the Duke of Gandia. "The most interesting and particular account of it is given by Burchard, and is in substance as follows:—'On the eighth day of June, the Cardinal of Valenza and the Duke of Gandia, sons of the pope, supped with their mother, Vanozza, near the church of *S. Pietro ad vincula:* several other persons being present at the entertainment. A late hour approaching, and the cardinal having reminded his brother that it was time to return to the apostolic palace, they mounted their horses or mules, with only a few attendants, and proceeded together as far as the palace of Cardinal Ascanio Sforza, when the duke informed the cardinal that, before he returned home, he had to pay a visit of pleasure. Dismissing therefore all his attendants, excepting his *staffiero*, or footman, and a person in a mask, who had paid

When Cynthia's light almost gave way to morn,
And nearly veiled in mist her waning horn;

him a visit whilst at supper, and who, during the space of a month or thereabouts, previous to this time, had called upon him almost daily at the apostolic palace, he took this person behind him on his mule, and proceeded to the street of the Jews, where he quitted his servant, directing him to remain there until a certain hour; when, if he did not return, he might repair to the palace. The duke then seated the person in the mask behind him, and rode I know not whither; but in that night he was assassinated, and thrown into the river. The servant, after having been dismissed, was also assaulted and mortally wounded; and although he was attended with great care, yet such was his situation, that he could give no intelligible account of what had befallen his master. In the morning, the duke not having returned to the palace, his servants began to be alarmed; and one of them informed the pontiff of the evening excursion of his sons, and that the duke had not yet made his appearance. This gave the pope no small anxiety; but he conjectured that the duke had been attracted by some courtesan to pass the night with her, and, not choosing to quit the house in open day, had waited till the following evening to return home. When, however, the evening arrived, and he found himself disappointed in his expectations, he became deeply afflicted, and began to make inquiries from different persons, whom he ordered to attend him for that purpose. Amongst these was a man named Giorgio Schiavoni, who, having discharged some timber from a bark in the river, had remained on board the vessel to watch it; and being interrogated whether he had seen any one thrown into the river on the night preceding, he replied, that he saw two men on foot, who came down the street, and looked diligently about to observe whether any person was passing. That seeing no one, they returned, and a short time afterwards two others came, and looked around in the same manner as the former: no person still appearing, they gave a sign to their companions, when a man came, mounted on a white horse, having behind him a dead body, the head and arms of which hung on one side, and the feet on the other side of the horse; the two persons on foot supporting the body, to prevent its falling. They thus proceeded towards that part where the filth of the city is usually discharged into the river, and turning the horse, with his tail towards the water, the two persons took the dead body by the arms and feet, and with all their strength flung it into the river. The person on horseback then asked if they had thrown it in; to which they replied, *Signor, si* (yes, Sir). He then looked towards the river, and seeing a mantle floating on the stream, he enquired what it was that appeared black, to which they answered, it was a mantle; and one of them threw stones upon it, in consequence of which it sunk. The attendants of the pontiff then enquired from Giorgio, why he had not revealed this to the governor of the city; to which he replied, that he had seen in his time a hundred dead bodies thrown into the river at the same place, without

A Serf, that rose betimes to thread the wood,
And hew the bough that bought his children's food,
Passed by the river that divides the plain
Of Otho's lands and Lara's broad domain:
He heard a tramp—a horse and horseman broke
From out the wood—before him was a cloak
Wrapt round some burthen at his saddle-bow,
Bent was his head, and hidden was his brow.
Roused by the sudden sight at such a time,
And some foreboding that it might be crime,
Himself unheeded watched the stranger's course,
Who reached the river, bounded from his horse,
And lifting thence the burthen which he bore,
Heaved up the bank, and dashed it from the shore,
Then paused—and looked—and turned—and seemed to watch,
And still another hurried glance would snatch,
And follow with his step the stream that flowed,
As if even yet too much its surface showed;

any inquiry being made respecting them; and that he had not, therefore, considered it as a matter of any importance. The fishermen and seamen were then collected, and ordered to search the river, where, on the following evening, they found the body of the duke, with his habit entire, and thirty ducats in his purse. He was pierced with nine wounds, one of which was in his throat, the others in his head, body, and limbs. No sooner was the pontiff informed of the death of his son, and that he had been thrown, like filth, into the river, than, giving way to his grief, he shut himself up in a chamber, and wept bitterly. The Cardinal of Segovia, and other attendants on the pope, went to the door, and after many hours spent in persuasions and exhortations, prevailed upon him to admit them. From the evening of Wednesday till the following Saturday the pope took no food; nor did he sleep from Thursday morning till the same hour on the ensuing day. At length, however, giving way to the entreaties of his attendants, he began to restrain his sorrow, and to consider the injury which his own health might sustain by the further indulgence of his grief.'"—Roscoe's *Life and Pontificate of Leo Tenth*, 1805, i. 265. [See, too, for the original in *Burchard Diar*, in Gordon's *Life of Alex. VI.*, *Append.*, "De Cæde Ducis Gandiæ," *Append.* No. xlviii., *ib.*, pp. 90, 91.]

At once he started—stooped—around him strown
The winter floods had scattered heaps of stone;
Of these the heaviest thence he gathered there,
And slung them with a more than common care.
Meantime the Serf had crept to where unseen
Himself might safely mark what this might mean;
He caught a glimpse, as of a floating breast,
And something glittered starlike on the vest;
But ere he well could mark the buoyant trunk,
A massy fragment smote it, and it sunk:[i.]
It rose again, but indistinct to view,
And left the waters of a purple hue,
Then deeply disappeared: the horseman gazed
Till ebbed the latest eddy it had raised;
Then turning, vaulted on his pawing steed,
And instant spurred him into panting speed.
His face was masked—the features of the dead,
If dead it were, escaped the observer's dread;
But if in sooth a Star its bosom bore,
Such is the badge that Knighthood ever wore,
And such 'tis known Sir Ezzelin had worn
Upon the night that led to such a morn.
If thus he perished, Heaven receive his soul!
His undiscovered limbs to ocean roll;
And charity upon the hope would dwell
It was not Lara's hand by which he fell.[ii.]

XXV.

And Kaled—Lara—Ezzelin, are gone,
Alike without their monumental stone!
The first, all efforts vainly strove to wean
From lingering where her Chieftain's blood had been:

i. *A mighty pebble* ——.—[*MS.*]
ii. *That not unarmed in combat fair he fell.*—[*MS. erased.*]

Grief had so tamed a spirit once too proud,
Her tears were few, her wailing never loud;
But furious would you tear her from the spot
Where yet she scarce believed that he was not,
Her eye shot forth with all the living fire
That haunts the tigress in her whelpless ire;
But left to waste her weary moments there,
She talked all idly unto shapes of air,
Such as the busy brain of Sorrow paints,
And woos to listen to her fond complaints:
And she would sit beneath the very tree
Where lay his drooping head upon her knee;
And in that posture where she saw him fall,
His words, his looks, his dying grasp recall;
And she had shorn, but saved her raven hair,
And oft would snatch it from her bosom there,
And fold, and press it gently to the ground,
As if she staunched anew some phantom's wound.[i.]
Herself would question, and for him reply;
Then rising, start, and beckon him to fly
From some imagined Spectre in pursuit;
Then seat her down upon some linden's root,
And hide her visage with her meagre hand,
Or trace strange characters along the sand—
This could not last—she lies by him she loved;
Her tale untold—her truth too dearly proved.

i. —— *some phantom wound.*—[*MS.*]

HEBREW MELODIES.

INTRODUCTION TO THE *HEBREW MELODIES.*

ACCORDING to the "Advertisement" prefixed to Murray's First Edition of the *Hebrew Melodies*, London, 1815 (the date, January, 1815, was appended in 1832), the "poems were written at the request of the author's friend, the Hon. D. Kinnaird, for a selection of Hebrew Melodies, and have been published, with the music, arranged by Mr. Braham and Mr. Nathan."

Byron's engagement to Miss Milbanke took place in September, 1814, and the remainder of the year was passed in London, at his chambers in the Albany. The so-called *Hebrew Melodies* were, probably, begun in the late autumn of that year, and were certainly finished at Seaham, after his marriage had taken place, in January–February, 1815. It is a natural and pardonable conjecture that Byron took to writing sacred or, at any rate, scriptural verses by way of giving pleasure and doing honour to his future wife, "the girl who gave to song What gold could never buy." They were, so to speak, the first-fruits of a seemlier muse.

It is probable that the greater number of these poems were in MS. before it occurred to Byron's friend and banker, the Honble. Douglas James William Kinnaird (1788–1830), to make him known to Isaac Nathan (1792–1864), a youthful composer of "musical farces and operatic works," who had been destined by his parents for the Hebrew priesthood, but had broken away, and, after some struggles, succeeded in qualifying himself as a musician.

Byron took a fancy to Nathan, and presented him with the copyright of his "poetical effusions," on the understanding that they were to be set to music and sung in public by John

Braham. "Professional occupations" prevented Braham from fulfilling his part of the engagement, but a guinea folio (Part. I.) ("*Selections of Hebrew Melodies, Ancient and Modern*, with appropriate symphonies and accompaniments, by I. Braham and I. Nathan, the poetry written expressly for the work by the Right Honourable Lord Byron")—with an ornamental title-page designed by the architect Edward Blore (1789–1879), and dedicated to the Princess Charlotte of Wales—was published in April, 1815. A second part was issued in 1816.

The preface, part of which was reprinted (p. vi.) by Nathan, in his *Fugitive Pieces and Reminiscences of Lord Byron*, London, 1829, is not without interest—

"The Hebrew Melodies are a selection from the favourite airs which are still sung in the religious ceremonies of the Jews. Some of these have, in common with all their Sacred airs, been preserved by memory and tradition alone, without the assistance of written characters. Their age and originality, therefore, must be left to conjecture. But the latitude given to the taste and genius of their performers has been the means of engrafting on the original Melodies a certain wildness and pathos, which have at length become the chief characteristics of the sacred songs of the Jews. . . .

"Of the poetry it is necessary to speak, in order thus publicly to acknowledge the kindness with which Lord Byron has condescended to furnish the most valuable part of the work. It has been our endeavour to select such melodies as would best suit the style and sentiment of the poetry."

Moore, for whose benefit the Melodies had been rehearsed, was by no means impressed by their "wildness and pathos," and seems to have twitted Byron on the subject, or, as he puts it (*Life*, p. 276), to have taken the liberty of "laughing a little at the manner in which some of the Hebrew Melodies had been set to music." The author of *Sacred Songs* (1814) set to airs by Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, etc., was a critic not to be gainsaid, but from the half-comical petulance with which he "curses" and "sun-burns" (Letters to Moore, February 22, March 8, 1815, *Letters*, 1899, iii. 179, 183) Nathan, and his "vile Ebrew nasalities," it is evident that Byron winced under Moore's "chaff."

Apart from the merits or demerits of the setting, the title *Hebrew Melodies* is somewhat misleading. Three love-songs, "She walks in Beauty like the Night," "Oh! snatched away in Beauty's Bloom," and "I saw thee weep," still form part of the collection; and, in Nathan's folio (which does not contain "A spirit passed before me"), two fragments, "It is the hour when from the boughs" and "Francesca walks in the shadow of night," which were afterwards incorporated in *Parisina*, were included. The *Fugitive Pieces*, 1829, retain the fragments from *Parisina*, and add the following hitherto unpublished poems: "I speak not, I trace not," etc., "They say that Hope is Happiness," and the genuine but rejected Hebrew Melody "In the valley of waters we wept on the day."

It is uncertain when Murray's first edition appeared. Byron wrote to Nathan with regard to the copyright in January, 1815 (*Letters*, 1899, iii. 167), but it is unlikely that the volume was put on the market before Nathan's folio, which was advertised for the first time in the *Morning Chronicle*, April 6, 1815; and it is possible that the first public announcement of the *Hebrew Melodies*, as a separate issue, was made in the *Courier*, June 22, 1815.

The *Hebrew Melodies* were reviewed in the *Christian Observer*, August, 1815, vol. xiv. p. 542; in the *Analectic Magazine*, October, 1815, vol. vi. p. 292; and were noticed by Jeffrey [The *Hebrew Melodies*, though "obviously inferior" to Lord Byron's other works, "display a skill in versification and a mastery in diction which would have raised an inferior artist to the very summit of distinction"] in the *Edinburgh Review*, December, 1816, vol. xxvii. p. 291.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE subsequent poems were written at the request of my friend, the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, for a Selection of Hebrew Melodies, and have been published, with the music, arranged by Mr. Braham and Mr. Nathan.

January, 1815.

Walker & Boutall sc.

Lady Wilmot Horton
from a lithograph.

HEBREW MELODIES.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.[1]

I.

She walks in Beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

II.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace

1. [In a manuscript note to a letter of Byron's, dated June 11, 1814, Wedderburn Webster writes, "I *did* take him to Lady Sitwell's party. . . . He there for the first time saw his cousin, the beautiful Mrs. Wilmot [who had appeared in mourning with numerous spangles in her dress]. When we returned to . . . the Albany, he . . . desired Fletcher to give him a *tumbler* of *brandy*, which he drank at once to Mrs. Wilmot's health. . . . The next day he wrote some charming lines upon her, 'She walks in beauty,' etc."—*Letters*, 1899, iii. 92, *note* 1.

Anne Beatrix, daughter and co-heiress of Eusebius Horton, of Catton Hall, Derbyshire, married Byron's second cousin, Robert John Wilmot (1784–1841), son of Sir Robert Wilmot of Osmaston, by Juliana, second daughter of the Hon. John Byron, and widow of the Hon. William Byron. She died February 4, 1871.

Nathan (*Fugitive Pieces*, 1829, pp. 2, 3) has a note to the effect that Byron, while arranging the first edition of the *Melodies*, used to ask for this song, and would not unfrequently join in its execution.]

Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

III.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

June 12, 1814.

THE HARP THE MONARCH MINSTREL SWEPT.

I.

The Harp the Monarch Minstrel swept,[i.]
The King of men, the loved of Heaven!
Which Music hallowed while she wept
O'er tones her heart of hearts had given—
Redoubled be her tears, its chords are riven!
It softened men of iron mould,
It gave them virtues not their own;
No ear so dull, no soul so cold,
That felt not—fired not to the tone,
Till David's Lyre grew mightier than his Throne!

i. *The Harp the Minstrel Monarch swept,*
The first of men, the loved of Heaven,
Which Music cherished while she wept.—[*MS. M.*]

II.

It told the triumphs of our King,[i.]
It wafted glory to our God;
It made our gladdened valleys ring,
The cedars bow, the mountains nod;
Its sound aspired to Heaven and there abode![1]
Since then, though heard on earth no more,[ii.]
Devotion and her daughter Love
Still bid the bursting spirit soar
To sounds that seem as from above,
In dreams that day's broad light can not remove.

IF THAT HIGH WORLD.

I.

If that high world,[2] which lies beyond
Our own, surviving Love endears;

i. *It told the Triumph* ——.—[*MS. M.*]
ii. *It there abode, and there it rings,*
But ne'er on earth its sound shall be;
The prophets' race hath passed away;
And all the hallowed minstrelsy—
From earth the sound and soul are fled,
And shall we never hear again?—[*MS. M. erased.*]

1. ["When Lord Byron put the copy into my hand, it terminated with this line. This, however, did not complete the verse, and I asked him to help out the melody. He replied, 'Why, I have sent you to Heaven—it would be difficult to go further!' My attention for a few moments was called to some other person, and his Lordship, whom I had hardly missed, exclaimed, 'Here, Nathan, I have brought you down again;' and immediately presented me the beautiful and sublime lines which conclude the melody."—*Fugitive Pieces*, 1829, p. 33.]

2. [According to Nathan, the monosyllable "if" at the beginning of the first line led to "numerous attacks on the noble author's religion, and in some an inference of atheism was drawn."

Needless to add, "in a subsequent conversation," Byron repels this charge, and delivers himself of some admirable if commonplace sentiments on the "grand perhaps."—*Fugitive Pieces*, 1829, pp. 5, 6.]

If there the cherished heart be fond,
The eye the same, except in tears—
How welcome those untrodden spheres!
How sweet this very hour to die!
To soar from earth and find all fears
Lost in thy light—Eternity!

II.

It must be so: 'tis not for self
That we so tremble on the brink;
And striving to o'erleap the gulf,
Yet cling to Being's severing link.[i]
Oh! in that future let us think
To hold each heart the heart that shares,
With them the immortal waters drink,
And soul in soul grow deathless theirs!

THE WILD GAZELLE.

I.

THE wild gazelle on Judah's hills
Exulting yet may bound,
And drink from all the living rills
That gush on holy ground;
Its airy step and glorious eye[1]
May glance in tameless transport by:—

i. —— *breaking link.*—[*Nathan*, 1815, 1829.]

1. [Compare *To Ianthe*, stanza iv. lines 1, 2—

"Oh! let that eye, which, wild as the Gazelle's,
Now brightly bold or beautifully shy."

Compare, too, *The Giaour*, lines 473, 474—

"Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell,
But gaze on that of the Gazelle."

Poetical Works, 1899, ii. 13; *et ante*, p. 108.]

II.

A step as fleet, an eye more bright,
Hath Judah witnessed there;
And o'er her scenes of lost delight
Inhabitants more fair.
The cedars wave on Lebanon,
But Judah's statelier maids are gone!

III.

More blest each palm that shades those plains
Than Israel's scattered race;
For, taking root, it there remains
In solitary grace:
It cannot quit its place of birth,
It will not live in other earth.

IV.

But we must wander witheringly,
In other lands to die;
And where our fathers' ashes be,
Our own may never lie:
Our temple hath not left a stone,
And Mockery sits on Salem's throne.

OH! WEEP FOR THOSE.

I.

Oh! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell;
Mourn—where their God hath dwelt the godless dwell!

II.

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?
And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leaped before its heavenly voice?

III.

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest!
The wild-dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country—Israel but the grave!

ON JORDAN'S BANKS.

I.

On Jordan's banks the Arab's camels stray,
On Sion's hill the False One's votaries pray,
The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep—
Yet there—even there—Oh God! thy thunders sleep:

II.

There—where thy finger scorched the tablet stone!
There—where thy shadow to thy people shone!
Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire:
Thyself—none living see and not expire!

III.

Oh! in the lightning let thy glance appear;
Sweep from his shivered hand the oppressor's spear!
How long by tyrants shall thy land be trod?
How long thy temple worshipless, Oh God?

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.[1]

I.

SINCE our Country, our God—Oh, my Sire!
Demand that thy Daughter expire;
Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow—
Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now!

II.

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
And the mountains behold me no more:
If the hand that I love lay me low,
There cannot be pain in the blow!

III.

And of this, oh, my Father! be sure—
That the blood of thy child is as pure
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
And the last thought that soothes me below.

IV.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
Be the judge and the hero unbent!
I have won the great battle for thee,
And my Father and Country are free!

1. [Nathan (*Fugitive Pieces*, 1829, pp. 11, 12) seems to have tried to draw Byron into a discussion on the actual fate of Jephtha's daughter—death at her father's hand, or "perpetual seclusion"—and that Byron had no opinion to offer. "Whatever may be the absolute state of the case, I am innocent of her blood; she has been killed to my hands;" and again, "Well, my hands are not imbrued in her blood!"]

V.

When this blood of thy giving hath gushed,
When the voice that thou lovest is hushed,
Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forget not I smiled as I died!

OH! SNATCHED AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM.[1]

I.

Oh! snatched away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom:[i.]

II.

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,[ii.]
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread;
Fond wretch! as if her step disturbed the dead!

i. —— *in gentle gloom.*—[*MS. M.*]
ii. *Shall Sorrow on the waters gaze,*
And lost in deep remembrance dream,
As if her footsteps could disturb the dead.—[*MS. M.*]

1. ["In submitting the melody to his Lordship's judgment, I once inquired in what manner they might refer to any scriptural subject: he appeared for a moment affected—at last replied, 'Every mind must make its own references; there is scarcely one of us who could not imagine that the affliction belongs to himself, to me it certainly belongs.' 'She is no more, and perhaps the only vestige of her existence is the feeling I sometimes fondly indulge.'"—*Fugitive Pieces*, 1829, p. 30. It has been surmised that the lines contain a final reminiscence of the mysterious Thyrza.]

III.

Away! we know that tears are vain,
That Death nor heeds nor hears distress:
Will this unteach us to complain?
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou—who tell'st me to forget,[i.]
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.[ii.] [1]

[Published in the *Examiner*, April 23, 1815.]

MY SOUL IS DARK.

I.

My soul is dark—Oh! quickly string [2]
The harp I yet can brook to hear;
And let thy gentle fingers fling
Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.
If in this heart a hope be dear,
That sound shall charm it forth again:

i. *Even thou* ——.—[*MS. M.*]

ii. IV.

Nor need I write to tell the tale,
My pen were doubly weak;
Oh what can idle words avail,
Unless my heart could speak?

V.

By day or night, in weal or woe,
That heart no longer free
Must bear the love it cannot show,
And silent turn for thee.—[*MS. M.*]

1. [Compare "Nay, now, pry'thee weep no more! you know, . . . that 'tis sinful to murmur at . . . Providence."—"And should not that reflection check your own, my Blanche?"—"Why are your cheeks so wet? Fie! fie, my child!"—*Romantic Tales*, by M. G. Lewis, 1808, i. 53.]

2. [Compare "My soul is dark."—Ossian, "Oina-Morul," *The Works of Ossian*, 1765, ii. 279.]

If in these eyes there lurk a tear,
'Twill flow, and cease to burn my brain.

II.

But bid the strain be wild and deep,
Nor let thy notes of joy be first:
I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,
Or else this heavy heart will burst;
For it hath been by sorrow nursed,
And ached in sleepless silence long;
And now 'tis doomed to know the worst,
And break at once—or yield to song.[1]

I SAW THEE WEEP.

I.

I saw thee weep—the big bright tear
Came o'er that eye of blue;[2]
And then methought it did appear
A violet dropping dew:
I saw thee smile—the sapphire's blaze
Beside thee ceased to shine;
It could not match the living rays
That filled that glance of thine.

1. ["It was generally conceived that Lord Byron's reported singularities approached on some occasions to derangement; and at one period, indeed, it was very currently asserted that his intellects were actually impaired. The report only served to amuse his Lordship. He referred to the circumstance, and declared that he would try how a *Madman* could write: seizing the pen with eagerness, he for a moment fixed his eyes in majestic wildness on vacancy; when, like a flash of inspiration, without erasing a single word, the above verses were the result."—*Fugitive Pieces*, 1829, p. 37.]

2. [Compare the first *Sonnet to Genevra* (addressed to Lady Frances Wedderburn Webster), "Thine eye's blue tenderness."]

II.

As clouds from yonder sun receive
A deep and mellow dye,
Which scarce the shade of coming eve
Can banish from the sky,
Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
Their own pure joy impart;
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind
That lightens o'er the heart.

THY DAYS ARE DONE.

I.

Thy days are done, thy fame begun;
Thy country's strains record
The triumphs of her chosen Son,
The slaughters of his sword!
The deeds he did, the fields he won,
The freedom he restored!

II.

Though thou art fall'n, while we are free
Thou shalt not taste of death!
The generous blood that flowed from thee
Disdained to sink beneath:
Within our veins its currents be,
Thy spirit on our breath!

III.

Thy name, our charging hosts along,
Shall be the battle-word!

Thy fall, the theme of choral song
From virgin voices poured!
To weep would do thy glory wrong:
Thou shalt not be deplored.

SAUL.

I.

Thou whose spell can raise the dead,
Bid the Prophet's form appear.
"Samuel, raise thy buried head!
King, behold the phantom Seer!"
Earth yawned; he stood the centre of a cloud:
Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud.[i.]
Death stood all glassy in his fixéd eye;
His hand was withered, and his veins were dry;
His foot, in bony whiteness, glittered there,
Shrunken and sinewless, and ghastly bare;
From lips that moved not and unbreathing frame,
Like caverned winds, the hollow accents came.
Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,
At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke.[ii.]

II.

"Why is my sleep disquieted?
Who is he that calls the dead?
Is it thou, O King? Behold,
Bloodless are these limbs, and cold:[iii.]

i. *He stands amidst an earthly cloud,*
And the mist mantled o'er his floating shroud.—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *At once and scorched beneath* ——.—[*MS. Copy* (1, 2).]
iii. *Bloodless are these bones* ——.—[*MS.*]

Such are mine; and such shall be
Thine to-morrow, when with me:
Ere the coming day is done,
Such shalt thou be—such thy Son.
Fare thee well, but for a day,
Then we mix our mouldering clay.
Thou—thy race, lie pale and low,
Pierced by shafts of many a bow;
And the falchion by thy side
To thy heart thy hand shall guide:
Crownless—breathless—headless fall,
Son and Sire—the house of Saul!" [1]

Seaham, *Feb.*, 1815.

SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE.

I.

Warriors and chiefs! should the shaft or the sword
Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,
Heed not the corse, though a King's, in your path: [i.]
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!

II.

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,[ii.]
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,

i. *Heed not the carcase that lies in your path.*—[*MS. Copy* (1).]

ii. —— *my shield and my bow,*
Should the ranks of your king look away from the foe.—[*MS.*]

1. ["Since we have spoken of witches," said Lord Byron at Cephalonia, in 1823, "what think you of the witch of Endor? I have always thought this the finest and most finished witch-scene that ever was written or conceived; and you will be of my opinion, if you consider all the circumstances and the actors in the case, together with the gravity, simplicity, and dignity of the language." —*Conversations on Religion with Lord Byron*, by James Kennedy, M.D., London, 1830, p. 154.]

Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet!
Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet.

III.

Farewell to others, but never we part,
Heir to my Royalty—Son of my heart![i]
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day!

Seaham, 1815.

"ALL IS VANITY, SAITH THE PREACHER."

I.

Fame, Wisdom, Love, and Power were mine,
And Health and Youth possessed me;
My goblets blushed from every vine,
And lovely forms caressed me;
I sunned my heart in Beauty's eyes,
And felt my soul grow tender;
All Earth can give, or mortal prize,
Was mine of regal splendour.

II.

I strive to number o'er what days[ii]
Remembrance can discover,
Which all that Life or Earth displays
Would lure me to live over.

i. *Heir to my monarchy* ——.—[*MS.*]
Note to *Heir*—Jonathan.—[*Copy.*]

ii. *My father was the shepherd's son,*
Ah were my lot as lowly
My earthly course had softly run.—[*MS.*]

There rose no day, there rolled no hour
Of pleasure unembittered;[1]
And not a trapping decked my Power
That galled not while it glittered.

III.[i.]

The serpent of the field, by art
And spells, is won from harming;
But that which coils around the heart,
Oh! who hath power of charming?
It will not list to Wisdom's lore,
Nor Music's voice can lure it;
But there it stings for evermore
The soul that must endure it.

Seaham, 1815.

WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING CLAY.

I.

When coldness wraps this suffering clay,[ii.]
Ah! whither strays the immortal mind?
It cannot die, it cannot stay,
But leaves its darkened dust behind.
Then, unembodied, doth it trace
By steps each planet's heavenly way?[iii.]

i. *Ah! what hath been but what shall be,*
The same dull scene renewing?
And all our fathers were are we
In erring and undoing.—[*MS.*]
ii. *When this corroding clay is gone.*—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. *The stars in their eternal way.*—[*MS. L. erased.*]

1. [Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto I. stanza lxxxii. lines 8, 9—
"Full from the fount of Joy's delicious springs
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings."
Poetical Works, 1899, ii. 73, and *note* 16, p. 93.]

Or fill at once the realms of space,
A thing of eyes, that all survey?

II.

Eternal—boundless,—undecayed,
A thought unseen, but seeing all,
All, all in earth, or skies displayed,[i.]
Shall it survey, shall it recall:
Each fainter trace that Memory holds
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the Soul beholds,
And all, that was, at once appears.

III.

Before Creation peopled earth,
Its eye shall roll through chaos back;
And where the farthest heaven had birth,
The Spirit trace its rising track.
And where the future mars or makes,
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
While Sun is quenched—or System breaks,
Fixed in its own Eternity.

IV.

Above or Love—Hope—Hate—or Fear,
It lives all passionless and pure:
An age shall fleet like earthly year;
Its years as moments shall endure.
Away—away—without a wing,
O'er all—through all—its thought shall fly,
A nameless and eternal thing,
Forgetting what it was to die.

Seaham, 1815.

i. *A conscious light that can pervade.*—[*MS. erased.*]

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.[1]

I.

THE King was on his throne,
The Satraps thronged the hall :[i.]
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deemed divine—[ii.]
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless Heathen's wine !

II.

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand :
The fingers of a man ;—
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

III.

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice ;
All bloodless waxed his look,
And tremulous his voice.
" Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,

i. —— *in the hall.*—[*Copy.*]
ii. *In Israel* ——.—[*Copy.*]

1. [Compare the lines entitled "Belshazzar" (*vide post*, p. 421), and *Don Juan*, Canto III. stanza lxv.]

And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth."

IV.

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage,
They saw—but knew no more.

V.

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,[1]
He heard the King's command,
He saw that writing's truth.
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view;
He read it on that night,—
The morrow proved it true.

VI.

"Belshazzar's grave is made,[i]
His kingdom passed away,
He, in the balance weighed,
Is light and worthless clay;
The shroud, his robe of state,
His canopy the stone;
The Mede is at his gate!
The Persian on his throne!"

i. *Oh king thy grave*——.—[*Copy erased.*]

1. [It was not in his youth, but in extreme old age, that Daniel interpreted the "writing on the wall."]

SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS!

Sun of the sleepless! melancholy star!
Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far,
That show'st the darkness thou canst not dispel,
How like art thou to Joy remembered well!
So gleams the past, the light of other days,
Which shines, but warms not with its powerless rays:
A night-beam Sorrow watcheth to behold,
Distinct, but distant—clear—but, oh how cold!

WERE MY BOSOM AS FALSE AS THOU DEEM'ST IT TO BE.

I.

Were my bosom as false as thou deem'st it to be,
I need not have wandered from far Galilee;
It was but abjuring my creed to efface
The curse which, thou say'st, is the crime of my race.

II.

If the bad never triumph, then God is with thee!
If the slave only sin—thou art spotless and free!
If the Exile on earth is an Outcast on high,
Live on in thy faith—but in mine I will die.

III.

I have lost for that faith more than thou canst bestow,
As the God who permits thee to prosper doth know;
In his hand is my heart and my hope—and in thine
The land and the life which for him I resign.

Seaham, 1815.

HEROD'S LAMENT FOR MARIAMNE.[1]

I.

Oh, Mariamne! now for thee
The heart for which thou bled'st is bleeding;
Revenge is lost in Agony[i.]
And wild Remorse to rage succeeding.[ii.]
Oh, Mariamne! where art thou?
Thou canst not hear my bitter pleading:[iii.]
Ah! could'st thou—thou would'st pardon now,
Though Heaven were to my prayer unheeding.

II.

And is she dead?—and did they dare
Obey my Frenzy's jealous raving?[iv.]
My Wrath but doomed my own despair:
The sword that smote her 's o'er me waving.—
But thou art cold, my murdered Love!
And this dark heart is vainly craving[v.]

i. *And what was rage is agony.*—[*MS. erased.*]
Revenge is turned ——.—[*MS.*]
ii. *And deep Remorse* ——.—[*MS.*]
iii. *And what am I thy tyrant pleading.*—[*MS. erased.*]
iv. *Thou art not dead—they could not dare*
Obey my jealous Frenzy's raving.—[*MS.*]
v. *But yet in death my soul enslaving.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Mariamne, the wife of Herod the Great, falling under the suspicion of infidelity, was put to death by his order. Ever after, Herod was haunted by the image of the murdered Mariamne, until disorder of the mind brought on disorder of body, which led to temporary derangement. See *History of the Jews*, by H. H. Milman, 1878, pp. 236, 237. See, too, Voltaire's drama, *Mariamne*, *passim*.

Nathan, wishing "to be favoured with so many lines pathetic, some playful, others martial, etc. . . . one evening . . . unfortunately (while absorbed for a moment in worldly affairs) requested so many *dull* lines—meaning *plaintive*." Byron instantly caught at the expression, and exclaimed, "Well, Nathan! you have at length set me an easy task," and before parting presented him with "these beautifully pathetic lines, saying, 'Here, Nathan, I think you will find these *dull* enough.'"—*Fugitive Pieces*, 1829, p. 51.]

For he who soars alone above,
And leaves my soul unworthy saving.

III.

She's gone, who shared my diadem;
She sunk, with her my joys entombing;
I swept that flower from Judah's stem,
Whose leaves for me alone were blooming;
And mine's the guilt, and mine the hell,
This bosom's desolation dooming;
And I have earned those tortures well,[i.]
Which unconsumed are still consuming!

Jan. 15, 1815.

ON THE DAY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM BY TITUS.

I.

From the last hill that looks on thy once holy dome,[ii.]
I beheld thee, oh Sion! when rendered to Rome: [iii.]
'Twas thy last sun went down, and the flames of thy fall
Flashed back on the last glance I gave to thy wall.

II.

I looked for thy temple—I looked for my home,
And forgot for a moment my bondage to come; [iv.]
I beheld but the death-fire that fed on thy fane,
And the fast-fettered hands that made vengeance in vain.

i. *Oh I have earned* ——.—[*MS.*]
ii. —— *that looks o'er thy once holy dome.*—[*MS.*]
iii. —— *o'er thy once holy wall*
I beheld thee O Sion the day of thy fall.—[*MS. erased.*]
iv. *And forgot in their ruin* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]

III.

On many an eve, the high spot whence I gazed
Had reflected the last beam of day as it blazed;
While I stood on the height, and beheld the decline
Of the rays from the mountain that shone on thy shrine.

IV.

And now on that mountain I stood on that day,
But I marked not the twilight beam melting away;
Oh! would that the lightning had glared in its stead,
And the thunderbolt burst on the Conqueror's head![i.]

V.

But the Gods of the Pagan shall never profane
The shrine where Jehovah disdained not to reign;
And scattered and scorned as thy people may be,
Our worship, oh Father! is only for thee.

1815.

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON WE SAT DOWN AND WEPT.[1]

I.

We sate down and wept by the waters[2]
Of Babel, and thought of the day

i. *And the red bolt* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]
And the thunderbolt crashed ——.—[*MS.*]

1. [The following note, in Byron's handwriting, is prefixed to the copy in Lady Byron's handwriting:—

"Dear Kinnaird,—Take only *one* of these marked 1 and 2 [*i.e.* 'By the Rivers,' etc.; and 'By the waters,' *vide* p. 404], as both are but different versions of the *same thought*—leave the choice to any important person you like.

"Yours,
"B."]

2. [Landor, in his "Dialogue between Southey and Porson"

When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,
Made Salem's high places his prey;
And Ye, oh her desolate daughters!
Were scattered all weeping away.

II.

While sadly we gazed on the river
Which rolled on in freedom below,
They demanded the song; but, oh never
That triumph the Stranger shall know![i.]
May this right hand be withered for ever,
Ere it string our high harp for the foe!

III.

On the willow that harp is suspended,
Oh Salem! its sound should be free;[ii.]
And the hour when thy glories were ended
But left me that token of thee:
And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended
With the voice of the Spoiler by me!

Jan. 15, 1813.

i. *Our mute harps were hung on the willow*
That grew by the stream of our foe,
And in sadness we gazed on each billow
That rolled on in freedom below.—[*MS. erased.*]

ii. *On the willow that harp still hangs mutely*
Oh Salem its sound was for thee.—[*MS. erased.*]

(*Works*, 1846, i. 69), attempted to throw ridicule on the opening lines of this "Melody."

"A prey in 'the hue of his slaughters'! This is very pathetic; but not more so than the thought it suggested to me, which is plainer—

'We sat down and wept by the waters
Of Camus, and thought of the day
When damsels would show their red garters
In their hurry to scamper away.'"]

"BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON."

I.

In the valley of waters we wept on the day
When the host of the Stranger made Salem his prey;
And our heads on our bosoms all droopingly lay,
And our hearts were so full of the land far away!

II.

The song they demanded in vain—it lay still
In our souls as the wind that hath died on the hill—
They called for the harp—but our blood they shall spill
Ere our right hands shall teach them one tone of their skill.

III.

All stringlessly hung in the willow's sad tree,
As dead as her dead-leaf, those mute harps must be:
Our hands may be fettered—our tears still are free
For our God—and our Glory—and Sion, Oh *Thee!*

1815.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

I.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

II.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:

Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,[1]
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

III.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved—and for ever grew still!

IV.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,[i.]
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.[ii.]

V.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail:[iii.]
And the tents were all silent—the banners alone—
The lances unlifted—the trumpet unblown.

VI.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,[iv.]
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,[v.]
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

Seaham, *Feb.* 17, 1815.

i. *And the foam of his bridle lay cold on the earth.*—[*MS.*]
ii. —— *of the cliff-beating surf.*—[*MS.*]
iii. *With the crow on his breast* ——.—[*MS.*]
iv. *And the widows of Babel* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]
v. *And the voices of Israel are joyous and high.*—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [Compare—

"As leaves in autumn, so the bodies fell."

The Barons' Wars, by Michael Drayton, Bk. II. stanza lvii.; Anderson's *British Poets*, iii. 38.]

A SPIRIT PASSED BEFORE ME.

FROM JOB.

I.

A SPIRIT passed before me: I beheld
The face of Immortality unveiled—
Deep Sleep came down on every eye save mine—
And there it stood,—all formless—but divine:
Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake;
And as my damp hair stiffened, thus it spake:

II.

"Is man more just than God? Is man more pure
Than he who deems even Seraphs insecure?
Creatures of clay—vain dwellers in the dust!
The moth survives you, and are ye more just?
Things of a day! you wither ere the night,
Heedless and blind to Wisdom's wasted light!"

POEMS 1814—1816.

POEMS 1814—1816.

FAREWELL! IF EVER FONDEST PRAYER.

1.

FAREWELL! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal availed on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.
'Twere vain to speak—to weep—to sigh:
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from Guilt's expiring eye,[1]
Are in that word—Farewell!—Farewell!

2.

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;
But in my breast and in my brain,
Awake the pangs that pass not by,
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
Though Grief and Passion there rebel:
I only know we loved in vain—
I only feel—Farewell!—Farewell!

[First published, *Corsair*, Second Edition, 1814.]

1. [Compare *The Corsair*, Canto I. stanza xv. lines 480-490.]

WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

1.

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold [i.]
Sorrow to this.

2.

The dew of the morning [ii.]
Sunk chill on my brow—
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken, [iii.]
And light is thy fame:
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

3. [iv.]

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;

i. *Never may I behold*
Moment like this.—[*MS.*]
ii. *The damp of the morning*
Clung chill on my brow.—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. *Thy vow hath been broken.*—[*MS.*]
iv. —— *lies hidden*
Our secret of sorrow—
And deep in my soul—
But deed more forbidden,
Our secret lies hidden,
But never forgot.—[*Erasures*, stanza 3, *MS.*]

A shudder comes o'er me—
  Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
  Who knew thee too well:—
Long, long shall I rue thee,
  Too deeply to tell.

4.

In secret we met—
  In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
  Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee [i.]
  After long years,
How should I greet thee?—
  With silence and tears.

[First published, *Poems*, 1816.]

[LOVE AND GOLD.[1]]

1.

I CANNOT talk of Love to thee,
  Though thou art young and free and fair!

i. *If one* should *meet thee*
  How should we greet thee?
  In silence and tears.—[*MS.*]

1. [From an autograph MS. in the possession of Mr. Murray, now for the first time printed.

The water-mark of the paper on which a much-tortured rough copy of these lines has been scrawled, is 1809, but, with this exception, there is no hint as to the date of composition. An entry in the *Diary* for November 30, 1813, in which Annabella (Miss Milbanke) is described "as an heiress, a girl of twenty, a peeress that is to be," etc., and a letter (Byron to Miss Milbanke) dated November 29, 1813 (see *Letters*, 1898, ii. 357, and 1899, iii. 407),

There is a spell thou dost not see,
That bids a genuine love despair.

2.

And yet that spell invites each youth,
For thee to sigh, or seem to sigh;
Makes falsehood wear the garb of truth,
And Truth itself appear a lie.

3.

If ever Doubt a place possest
In woman's heart, 'twere wise in thine:
Admit not Love into thy breast,
Doubt others' love, nor trust in mine.

4.

Perchance 'tis feigned, perchance sincere,
But false or true thou canst not tell;
So much hast thou from all to fear,
In that unconquerable spell.

5.

Of all the herd that throng around,
Thy simpering or thy sighing train,
Come tell me who to thee is bound
By Love's or Plutus' heavier chain.

6.

In some 'tis Nature, some 'tis Art
That bids them worship at thy shrine;

in which there is more than one allusion to her would-be suitors, "your thousand and one pretendants," etc., suggest the idea that the lines were addressed to his future wife, when he first made her acquaintance in 1812 or 1813.]

But thou deserv'st a better heart,
Than they or I can give for thine.

7.

For thee, and such as thee, behold,
Is Fortune painted truly—blind!
Who doomed thee to be bought or sold,
Has proved too bounteous to be kind.

8.

Each day some tempter's crafty suit
Would woo thee to a loveless bed:
I see thee to the altar's foot
A decorated victim led.

9.

Adieu, dear maid! I must not speak
Whate'er my secret thoughts may be;
Though thou art all that man can reck
I dare not talk of Love to *thee.*

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.[1]

1.

I SPEAK not, I trace not, I breathe not thy name,[i.]
There is grief in the sound, there is guilt in the fame:

i. *I speak not—I breathe not—I write not that name.—*
[*MS. erased.*]

1. ["Thou hast asked me for a song, and I enclose you an experiment, which has cost me something more than trouble, and is, therefore, less likely to be worth your taking any in your proposed setting. Now, if it be so, throw it into the fire without *phrase.*"—Letter to Moore, May 4, 1814, *Letters*, 1899, iii. 80.]

But the tear which now burns on my cheek may impart
The deep thoughts that dwell in that silence of heart.

2.[i.]

Too brief for our passion, too long for our peace,
Were those hours—can their joy or their bitterness cease?
We repent, we abjure, we will break from our chain,—
We will part, we will fly to—unite it again!

3.

Oh! thine be the gladness, and mine be the guilt![ii.]
Forgive me, adored one!—forsake, if thou wilt;—
But the heart which is thine shall expire undebased[iii.]
And *man* shall not break it—whatever *thou* mayst.[iv.]

4.

And stern to the haughty, but humble to thee,
This soul, in its bitterest blackness, shall be:[v.]
And our days seem as swift, and our moments more sweet,
With thee by my side, than with worlds at our feet.

i. *We have loved—and oh, still, my adored one we love!*
Oh the moment is past, when that Passion might cease.—
[*MS. erased.*]

ii. *The thought may be madness—the wish may be guilt.—*
[*MS. erased.*]

iii. *But I cannot repent what we ne'er can recall.*
But the heart which is thine would disdain to recall.—
[*MS. erased.*]

iv. —— *though I feel that thou mayst.*—[*MS. L. erased.*]

v. *This soul in its bitterest moments shall be,*
And our days run as swift—and our moments more sweet,
With thee at my side, than the world at my feet.—[*MS.*]

5.[i]

One sigh of thy sorrow, one look of thy love,[ii]
Shall turn me or fix, shall reward or reprove;
And the heartless may wonder at all I resign—
Thy lip shall reply, not to them, but to *mine.*

May 4, 1814.

[First published, *Letters and Journals*, 1830, i. 554.]

ADDRESS INTENDED TO BE RECITED AT THE CALEDONIAN MEETING.[1]

Who hath not glowed above the page where Fame
Hath fixed high Caledon's unconquered name;
The mountain-land which spurned the Roman chain,
And baffled back the fiery-crested Dane,
Whose bright claymore and hardihood of hand
No foe could tame—no tyrant could command?
That race is gone—but still their children breathe,
And Glory crowns them with redoubled wreath:
O'er Gael and Saxon mingling banners shine,
And, England! add their stubborn strength to thine.

i. *And thine is that love which I will not forego,*
Though the price which I pay be Eternity's woe.—
[*MS. erased.*]

ii. *One tear of thy sorrow, one smile* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]

1. [The "Caledonian Meeting," at which these lines were, or were intended to be, recited (see *Life*, p. 254), was a meeting of subscribers to the Highland Society, held annually in London, in support of the [Royal] *Caledonian Asylum* "for educating and supporting children of soldiers, sailors, and marines, natives of Scotland." "To soothe," says the compiler of the *Report* for 1814, p. 4, "by the assurance that their offspring will be reared in virtue and comfort, the minds of those brave men, through whose exposure to hardship and danger the independence of the Empire has been preserved, is no less an act of sound policy than of gratitude."]

The blood which flowed with Wallace flows as free,
But now 'tis only shed for Fame and thee!
Oh! pass not by the northern veteran's claim,
But give support—the world hath given him fame!

The humbler ranks, the lowly brave, who bled
While cheerly following where the Mighty led—[1]
Who sleep beneath the undistinguished sod
Where happier comrades in their triumph trod,
To us bequeath—'tis all their fate allows—
The sireless offspring and the lonely spouse:
She on high Albyn's dusky hills may raise
The tearful eye in melancholy gaze,
Or view, while shadowy auguries disclose
The Highland Seer's anticipated woes,
The bleeding phantom of each martial form
Dim in the cloud, or darkling in the storm;[2]
While sad, she chaunts the solitary song,
The soft lament for him who tarries long—
For him, whose distant relics vainly crave
The Coronach's wild requiem to the brave!

'Tis Heaven—not man—must charm away the woe,
Which bursts when Nature's feelings newly flow;

1. [As an instance of Scottish gallantry in the Peninsular War it is sufficient to cite the following list of "casualties" at the battle of Vittoria, June 21, 1813: "The battalion [the seventy-first Highland Light Infantry] suffered very severely, having had 1 field officer, 1 captain, 2 lieutenants, 6 sergeants, 1 bugler, and 78 rank and file killed; 1 field officer, 3 captains, 7 lieutenants, 13 sergeants, 2 buglers, and 255 rank and file were wounded."—*Historical Record of the 71st Highland Light Infantry*, by Lieut. Henry J. T. Hildyard, 1876, p. 91.]

2. [Compare *Temora*, bk. vii., "The king took his deathful spear, and struck the deeply-sounding shield. . . . Ghosts fled on every side, and rolled their gathered forms on the wind.—Thrice from the winding vale arose the voices of death."—*Works of Ossian*, 1765, ii. 160.]

Yet Tenderness and Time may rob the tear
Of half its bitterness for one so dear;
A Nation's gratitude perchance may spread
A thornless pillow for the widowed head;
May lighten well her heart's maternal care,
And wean from Penury the soldier's heir;
Or deem to living war-worn Valour just [1]
Each wounded remnant—Albion's cherished trust—
Warm his decline with those endearing rays,
Whose bounteous sunshine yet may gild his days—
So shall that Country—while he sinks to rest—
His hand hath fought for—by his heart be blest!

May, 1814.

[First published, *Letters and Journals*, 1830, i. 559.]

ELEGIAC STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF SIR PETER PARKER, BART.[2]

I.

THERE is a tear for all that die,[3]
A mourner o'er the humblest grave;
But nations swell the funeral cry,
And Triumph weeps above the brave.

1. [The last six lines are printed from the MS.]

2. [Sir P. Parker fell in August, 1814, in his twenty-ninth year, whilst leading a party from his ship, the *Menelaus*, at the storming of the American camp near Baltimore. He was Byron's first cousin (his father, Christopher Parker (1761–1804), married Charlotte Augusta, daughter of Admiral the Hon. John Byron); but they had never met since boyhood. (See letter to Moore, *Letters*, 1899, iii. 150; see too *Letters*, i. 6, *note* 1.) The stanzas were included in *Hebrew Melodies*, 1815, and in the Ninth Edition of *Childe Harold*, 1818.]

3. [Compare Tasso's sonnet—

"Questa Tomba non è, che non è morto," etc.
Rime Eroiche, Parte Seconda, No. 38, *Opere di Torquato Tasso*, Venice, 1736, vi. 169.]

2.

For them is Sorrow's purest sigh
O'er Ocean's heaving bosom sent:
In vain their bones unburied lie,
All earth becomes their monument!

3.

A tomb is theirs on every page,
An epitaph on every tongue:
The present hours, the future age,
For them bewail, to them belong.

4.

For them the voice of festal mirth
Grows hushed, *their name* the only sound;
While deep Remembrance pours to Worth
The goblet's tributary round.

5.

A theme to crowds that knew them not,
Lamented by admiring foes,
Who would not share their glorious lot?
Who would not die the death they chose?

6.

And, gallant Parker! thus enshrined
Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be;
And early valour, glowing, find
A model in thy memory.

7.

But there are breasts that bleed with thee
In woe, that glory cannot quell;
And shuddering hear of victory,
Where one so dear, so dauntless, fell.

8.

Where shall they turn to mourn thee less?
When cease to hear thy cherished name?
Time cannot teach forgetfulness,
While Grief's full heart is fed by Fame.

9.

Alas! for them, though not for thee,
They cannot choose but weep the more;
Deep for the dead the grief must be,
Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before.

October 7, 1814.

[First published, *Morning Chronicle*, October 7, 1814.]

JULIAN [A FRAGMENT].[1]

1.

The Night came on the Waters—all was rest
On Earth—but Rage on Ocean's troubled Heart.
The Waves arose and rolled beneath the blast;
The Sailors gazed upon their shivered Mast.
In that dark Hour a long loud gathered cry
From out the billows pierced the sable sky,
And borne o'er breakers reached the craggy shore—
The Sea roars on—that Cry is heard no more.

2.

There is no vestige, in the Dawning light,
Of those that shrieked thro' shadows of the Night.
The Bark—the Crew—the very Wreck is gone,
Marred—mutilated—traceless—all save one.

1. [From an autograph MS. in the possession of Mr. Murray, now for the first time printed.]

In him there still is Life, the Wave that dashed
On shore the plank to which his form was lashed,
Returned unheeding of its helpless Prey—
The lone survivor of that Yesterday—
The one of Many whom the withering Gale
Hath left unpunished to record their Tale.
But who shall hear it? on that barren Sand
None comes to stretch the hospitable hand.
That shore reveals no print of human foot,
Nor e'en the pawing of the wilder Brute;
And niggard vegetation will not smile,
All sunless on that solitary Isle.

3.

The naked Stranger rose, and wrung his hair,
And that first moment passed in silent prayer.
Alas! the sound—he sunk into Despair—
He was on Earth—but what was Earth to him,
Houseless and homeless—bare both breast and limb?
Cut off from all but Memory he curst
His fate—his folly—but himself the worst.
What was his hope? he looked upon the Wave—
Despite—of all—it still may be his Grave!

4.

He rose and with a feeble effort shaped
His course unto the billows—late escaped:
But weakness conquered—swam his dizzy glance,
And down to Earth he sunk in silent trance.
How long his senses bore its chilling chain,
He knew not—but, recalled to Life again,
A stranger stood beside his shivering form—
And what was he? had he too scaped the storm?

5.

He raised young Julian. "Is thy Cup so full
"Of bitterness—thy Hope—thy heart so dull
"That thou shouldst from Thee dash the Draught of Life,
"So late escaped the elemental strife!
"Rise—tho' these shores few aids to Life supply,
"Look upon me, and know thou shalt not die.
"Thou gazest in mute wonder—more may be
"Thy marvel when thou knowest mine and me.
"But come—The bark that bears us hence shall find
"Her Haven, soon, despite the warning Wind."

6.

He raised young Julian from the sand, and such
Strange power of healing dwelt within the touch,
That his weak limbs grew light with freshened Power,
As he had slept not fainted in that hour,
And woke from Slumber—as the Birds awake,
Recalled at morning from the branchéd brake,
When the day's promise heralds early Spring,
And Heaven unfolded woos their soaring wing:
So Julian felt, and gazed upon his Guide,
With honest Wonder what might next betide.

Dec. 12, 1814.

TO BELSHAZZAR.

1.[i.]

BELSHAZZAR! from the banquet turn,
Nor in thy sensual fulness fall;

i. 1.

The red light glows, the wassail flows,
Around the royal hall;

Behold! while yet before thee burn
The graven words, the glowing wall,[i.]
Many a despot men miscall
Crowned and anointed from on high;
But thou, the weakest, worst of all—
Is it not written, thou must die?[ii.]

2.

Go! dash the roses from thy brow—
Grey hairs but poorly wreathe with them;
Youth's garlands misbecome thee now,
More than thy very diadem,[iii.]
Where thou hast tarnished every gem:—
Then throw the worthless bauble by,
Which, worn by thee, ev'n slaves contemn;
And learn like better men to die!

3.

Oh! early in the balance weighed,
And ever light of word and worth,
Whose soul expired ere youth decayed,
And left thee but a mass of earth.

And who, on earth, dare mar the mirth
Of that high festival?
The prophet dares—before thee glows—
Belshazzar rise, nor dare despise
The writing on the wall!

2.

Thy vice might raise th' avenging steel,
Thy meanness shield thee from the blow—
And they who loathe thee proudly feel.—[*MS.*]

i. *The words of God along the wall.*—[*MS. erased.*]
The word of God—the graven wall.—[*MS.*]
ii. *Behold it written——.*—[*MS.*]
iii. —— *thy sullied diadem.*—[*MS.*]

To see thee moves the scorner's mirth :
But tears in Hope's averted eye
Lament that even thou hadst birth—
Unfit to govern, live, or die.

February 12, 1815.
[First published, 1831.]

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.[1]

"O Lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo : quater
Felix ! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit."
GRAY'S *Poemata.*
[Motto to "The Tear," *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 49.]

I.

THERE'S not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in Feeling's dull decay ;
'Tis not on Youth's smooth cheek the blush alone, which fades so fast,[i.]
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere Youth itself be past.

i. *'Tis not the blush alone that fades from Beauty's cheek.*—[*MS.*]

1. [Byron gave these verses to Moore for Mr. Power of the Strand, who published them, with music by Sir John Stevenson. "I feel merry enough," he wrote, March 2, "to send you a sad song." And again, March 8, 1815, "An event—the death of poor Dorset—and the recollection of what I once felt, and ought to have felt now, but could not—set me pondering, and finally into the train of thought which you have in your hands." A year later, in another letter to Moore, he says, "I pique myself on these lines as being the *truest*, though the most melancholy, I ever wrote." (March 8, 1816.)—*Letters*, 1899, iii. 181, 183, 274.]

2.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess:
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
The shore to which their shivered sail shall never stretch again.

3.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like Death itself comes down;
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own;
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice appears.

4.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the breast,
Through midnight hours that yield no more their former hope of rest;
'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruined turret wreath,[i. 1]
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey beneath.

i. *As ivy o'er the mouldering wall that heavily hath crept.*—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare—

"And oft we see gay ivy's wreath
The tree with brilliant bloom o'erspread,
When, part its leaves and gaze beneath,
We find the hidden tree is dead."
"To Anna," *The Warrior's Return, etc.*, by Mrs. Opie, 1808, p. 144.]

5.

Oh, could I feel as I have felt,—or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a vanished scene;
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be,
So, midst the withered waste of life, those tears would flow to me.

March, 1815.

[First published, *Poems*, 1816.]

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF DORSET.[1]

1.

I HEARD thy fate without a tear,
Thy loss with scarce a sigh;
And yet thou wast surpassing dear,
Too loved of all to die.
I know not what hath seared my eye—
Its tears refuse to start;
But every drop, it bids me dry,
Falls dreary on my heart.

2.

Yes, dull and heavy, one by one,
They sink and turn to care,

1. [From an autograph MS. in the possession of Mr. Murray, now for the first time printed. The MS. is headed, in pencil, "Lines written on the Death of the Duke of Dorset, a College Friend of Lord Byron's, who was killed by a fall from his horse while hunting." It is endorsed, "Bought of Markham Thorpe, August 29, 1844." (For Duke of Dorset, see *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 194, *note* 2; and *Letters*, 1899, iii. 181, *note* 1.)]

As caverned waters wear the stone,
  Yet dropping harden there:
They cannot petrify more fast,
  Than feelings sunk remain,
Which coldly fixed regard the past,
  But never melt again.

[1815.]

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

1.

Bright be the place of thy soul!
  No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal control,
  In the orbs of the blessed to shine.
On earth thou wert all but divine,
  As thy soul shall immortally be;[i.]
And our sorrow may cease to repine
  When we know that thy God is with thee.

2.

Light be the turf of thy tomb![ii. 1]
  May its verdure like emeralds be![iii.]
There should not be the shadow of gloom
  In aught that reminds us of thee.

i. —— *shall eternally be.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *Green be the turf* ——.—[*MS.*]
iii. *May its verdure be sweetest to see.*—[*MS.*]

1. [Compare "O lay me, ye that see the light, near some rock of my hills: let the thick hazels be around, let the rustling oaks be near. Green be the place of my rest."—"The War of Inis-Thona," *Works of Ossian*, 1765, i. 156.]

Young flowers and an evergreen tree[i.]
May spring from the spot of thy rest:
But nor cypress nor yew let us see;
For why should we mourn for the blest?

[First published, *Examiner*, June 4, 1815.]

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.[1]

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

1.

FAREWELL to the Land, where the gloom of my Glory
Arose and o'ershadowed the earth with her name—
She abandons me now—but the page of her story,
The brightest or blackest, is filled with my fame.[ii.]
I have warred with a World which vanquished me only
When the meteor of conquest allured me too far;
I have coped with the nations which dread me thus lonely,
The last single Captive to millions in war.

2.

Farewell to thee, France! when thy diadem crowned me,
I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth,—
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,[iii.]
Decayed in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.

i. *Young flowers and a far-spreading tree*
May wave on the spot of thy rest;
But nor cypress nor yew let it be.—[*MS.*]
ii. *The brightest and blackest are due to my fame.*—[*MS.*]
iii. *But thy destiny wills* ——.—[*MS.*]

1. ["We need scarcely remind our readers that there are points in these spirited lines, with which our opinions do not accord; and, indeed, the author himself has told us that he rather adapted them to what he considered the speaker's feelings than his own."—*Examiner*, July 30, 1815.]

Oh! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
In strife with the storm, when their battles were won—
Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted
Had still soared with eyes fixed on Victory's sun![i]

3.

Farewell to thee, France!—but when Liberty rallies
Once more in thy regions, remember me then,—
The Violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys;
Though withered, thy tear will unfold it again—
Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—
There are links which must break in the chain that has bound us,
Then turn thee and call on the Chief of thy choice!

July 25, 1815. London.
[First published, *Examiner*, July 30, 1815.]

FROM THE FRENCH.[1]

1.

MUST thou go, my glorious Chief,
Severed from thy faithful few?

i. *Oh for the thousands of Those who have perished*
By elements blasted, unvanquished by man—
Then the hope which till now I have fearlessly cherished,
Had waved o'er thine eagles in Victory's van.—[*MS.*]

1. ["All wept, but particularly Savary, and a Polish officer who had been exalted from the ranks by Buonaparte. He clung to his master's knees; wrote a letter to Lord Keith, entreating permission to accompany him, even in the most menial capacity, which could not be admitted."—*Private Letter from Brussels.*]

Who can tell thy warrior's grief,
Maddening o'er that long adieu?[i.]
Woman's love, and Friendship's zeal,
Dear as both have been to me—[ii.]
What are they to all I feel,
With a soldier's faith for thee?[iii.]

II.

Idol of the soldier's soul!
First in fight, but mightiest now;[iv.]
Many could a world control;
Thee alone no doom can bow.
By thy side for years I dared
Death; and envied those who fell,
When their dying shout was heard,
Blessing him they served so well.[1]

III.

Would that I were cold with those,
Since this hour I live to see;
When the doubts of coward foes[v.]
Scarce dare trust a man with thee,
Dreading each should set thee free!
Oh! although in dungeons pent,

i. —— *that mute adieu.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *Dear as they have seemed to me.*—[*MS.*]
iii. *In the faith I pledged to thee.*—[*MS.*]
iv. *Glory lightened from thy soul.*
Never did I grieve till now.—[*MS.*]
v. *When the hearts of coward foes.*—[*MS.*]

1. ["At Waterloo one man was seen, whose left arm was shattered by a cannon-ball, to wrench it off with the other, and, throwing it up in the air, exclaimed to his comrades, 'Vive l' Empereur, jusqu' à la mort!' There were many other instances of the like: this you may, however, depend on as true."—*Private Letter from Brussels.*]

All their chains were light to me,
  Gazing on thy soul unbent.

IV.

Would the sycophants of him
  Now so deaf to duty's prayer,[i.]
Were his borrowed glories dim,
  In his native darkness share?
Were that world this hour his own,
  All thou calmly dost resign,
Could he purchase with that throne
  Hearts like those which still are thine? [ii.]

V.

My Chief, my King, my Friend, adieu!
  Never did I droop before;
Never to my Sovereign sue,
  As his foes I now implore:
All I ask is to divide
  Every peril he must brave;
Sharing by the hero's side
  His fall—his exile—and his grave.[iii.]

[First published, *Poems*, 1816.]

i. —— *to Friendship's prayer.*—[*MS.*]
ii. *'Twould not gather round his throne*
  Half the hearts that still are thine.—[*MS.*]
iii. *Let me but partake his doom,*
  Be it exile or the grave.
or, *All I ask is to abide*
  All the perils he must brave,
  All my hope was to divide.—[*MS.*]
or, *Let me still partake his gloom,*
  Late his soldier, now his slave—
  Grant me but to share the gloom
  Of his exile or his grave.—[*MS.*]

ODE FROM THE FRENCH.[1]

I.

We do not curse thee, Waterloo!
Though Freedom's blood thy plain bedew;
There 'twas shed, but is not sunk—
Rising from each gory trunk,
Like the water-spout from ocean,
With a strong and growing motion—
It soars, and mingles in the air,
With that of lost La Bédoyère—[2]
With that of him whose honoured grave
Contains the "bravest of the brave."
A crimson cloud it spreads and glows,
But shall return to whence it rose;
When 'tis full 'twill burst asunder—
Never yet was heard such thunder
As then shall shake the world with wonder—
Never yet was seen such lightning
As o'er heaven shall then be bright'ning!

1. [These lines "are said to have been done into English verse by R. S. —— P. L. P. R., Master of the Royal Spanish Inqn., etc., etc."—*Morning Chronicle*, March 15, 1816. "The French have their *Poems* and *Odes* on the famous Battle of Waterloo, as well as ourselves. Nay, they seem to glory in the battle as the source of great events to come. We have received the following poetical version of a poem, the original of which is circulating in Paris, and which is ascribed (we know not with what justice) to the Muse of M. de Chateaubriand. If so, it may be inferred that in the poet's eye a new change is at hand, and he wishes to prove his secret indulgence of old principles by reference to this effusion."—Note, *ibid.*]

2. [Charles Angélique François Huchet, Comte de La Bédoyère, born 1786, was in the retreat from Moscow, and in 1813 distinguished himself at the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen. On the return of Napoleon from Elba he was the first to bring him a regiment. He was promoted, and raised to the peerage, but being found in Paris after its occupation by the Allied army, he was tried by a court-martial, and suffered death August 15, 1815.]

Like the Wormwood Star foretold
By the sainted Seer of old,
Show'ring down a fiery flood,
Turning rivers into blood.[1]

II.

The Chief has fallen, but not by you,
Vanquishers of Waterloo!
When the soldier citizen
Swayed not o'er his fellow-men—
Save in deeds that led them on
Where Glory smiled on Freedom's son—
Who, of all the despots banded,
With that youthful chief competed?
Who could boast o'er France defeated,
Till lone Tyranny commanded?
Till, goaded by Ambition's sting,
The Hero sunk into the King?
Then he fell:—so perish all,
Who would men by man enthral!

III.

And thou, too, of the snow-white plume!
Whose realm refused thee ev'n a tomb;[2]

1. See *Rev.* Chap. viii. V. 7, etc., "The first angel sounded, and there followed hail and fire mingled with blood," etc. V. 8, "And the second angel sounded, and as it were a great mountain burning with fire was cast into the sea: and the third part of the sea became blood," etc. V. 10, "And the third angel sounded, and there fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters." V. 11, "And the name of the star is called *Wormwood*: and the third part of the waters became *wormwood*; and many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter."

2. Murat's remains are said to have been torn from the grave and burnt. ["Poor dear Murat, what an end . . . ! His white plume used to be a rallying point in battle, like Henry the Fourth's. He refused a confessor and a bandage; so would neither suffer his soul

Better hadst thou still been leading
France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding,
Than sold thyself to death and shame
For a meanly royal name;
Such as he of Naples wears,
Who thy blood-bought title bears.
Little didst thou deem, when dashing
  On thy war-horse through the ranks,
  Like a stream which burst its banks,
While helmets cleft, and sabres clashing,
Shone and shivered fast around thee—
Of the fate at last which found thee:
Was that haughty plume laid low
By a slave's dishonest blow?
Once—as the Moon sways o'er the tide,
It rolled in air, the warrior's guide;
Through the smoke-created night
Of the black and sulphurous fight,
The soldier raised his seeking eye
To catch that crest's ascendancy,—
And, as it onward rolling rose,
So moved his heart upon our foes.
There, where death's brief pang was quickest,
And the battle's wreck lay thickest,
Strewed beneath the advancing banner
  Of the eagle's burning crest—
(There with thunder-clouds to fan her,
  Who could then her wing arrest—
  Victory beaming from her breast?)
While the broken line enlarging
  Fell, or fled along the plain;

or body to be bandaged."—Letter to Moore, November 4, 1815, *Letters*, 1899, iii. 245. See, too, for Joachim Murat (born 1771), proclaimed King of Naples and the Two Sicilies, August, 1808, *ibid.*, *note* 1.]

There be sure was Murat charging!
There he ne'er shall charge again!

IV.

O'er glories gone the invaders march,
Weeps Triumph o'er each levelled arch—
But let Freedom rejoice,
With her heart in her voice;
But, her hand on her sword,
Doubly shall she be adored;
France hath twice too well been taught
The "moral lesson"[1] dearly bought—
Her safety sits not on a throne,
With Capet or Napoleon!
But in equal rights and laws,
Hearts and hands in one great cause—
Freedom, such as God hath given
Unto all beneath his heaven,
With their breath, and from their birth,
Though guilt would sweep it from the earth;
With a fierce and lavish hand
Scattering nations' wealth like sand;
Pouring nations' blood like water,
In imperial seas of slaughter!

V.

But the heart and the mind,
And the voice of mankind,
Shall arise in communion—
And who shall resist that proud union?
The time is past when swords subdued—
Man may die—the soul's renewed:

1. ["Write, Britain, write the moral lesson down."
Scott's *Field of Waterloo*, Conclusion, stanza vi. line 3.]

Even in this low world of care
Freedom ne'er shall want an heir;
Millions breathe but to inherit
Her for ever bounding spirit—
When once more her hosts assemble,
Tyrants shall believe and tremble—
Smile they at this idle threat?
Crimson tears will follow yet.[1]

[First published, *Morning Chronicle*, March 15, 1816.]

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

I.

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me:
When, as if its sound were causing
The charméd Ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lulled winds seem dreaming:

1. ["Talking of politics, as Caleb Quotem says, pray look at the conclusion of my 'Ode on Waterloo,' written in the year 1815, and comparing it with the Duke de Berri's catastrophe in 1820, tell me if I have not as good a right to the character of '*Vates*,' in both senses of the word, as Fitzgerald and Coleridge?—

'Crimson tears will follow yet;'

and have not they?"—Letter to Murray, April 24, 1820.

In the Preface to *The Tyrant's Downfall, etc.*, 1814, W. L. Fitzgerald (see *English Bards, etc.*, line 1, *Poetical Works*, 1898, i. 297, *note* 3) "begs leave to refer his reader to the dates of his Napoleonics . . . to prove his legitimate title to the prophetical meaning of *Vates*" (*Cent. Mag.*, July, 1814, vol. lxxxiv. p. 58). Coleridge claimed to have foretold the restoration of the Bourbons (see *Biographia Literaria*, cap. x.).]

2.

And the midnight Moon is weaving
  Her bright chain o'er the deep;
Whose breast is gently heaving,
  As an infant's asleep:
So the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

March 28 [1816].

[First published, *Poems*, 1816.]

ON THE STAR OF "THE LEGION OF HONOUR."[1]

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

1.

STAR of the brave!—whose beam hath shed
Such glory o'er the quick and dead—
Thou radiant and adored deceit!
Which millions rushed in arms to greet,—
Wild meteor of immortal birth!
Why rise in Heaven to set on Earth?

2.

Souls of slain heroes formed thy rays;
Eternity flashed through thy blaze;
The music of thy martial sphere
Was fame on high and honour here;

1. ["The Friend who favoured us with the following lines, the poetical spirit of which wants no trumpet of ours, is aware that they imply more than an impartial observer of the late period might feel, and are written rather as by Frenchman than Englishman;—but certainly, neither he nor any lover of liberty can help feeling and regretting that in the latter time, at any rate, the symbol he speaks of was once more comparatively identified with the cause of Freedom."—*Examiner*, April 7, 1816.]

And thy light broke on human eyes,
Like a Volcano of the skies.

3.

Like lava rolled thy stream of blood,
And swept down empires with its flood;
Earth rocked beneath thee to her base,
As thou didst lighten through all space;
And the shorn Sun grew dim in air,
And set while thou wert dwelling there.

4.

Before thee rose, and with thee grew,
A rainbow of the loveliest hue
Of three bright colours,[1] each divine,
And fit for that celestial sign;
For Freedom's hand had blended them,
Like tints in an immortal gem.

5.

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes;
One, the blue depth of Seraph's eyes;
One, the pure Spirit's veil of white
Had robed in radiance of its light:
The three so mingled did beseem
The texture of a heavenly dream.

6.

Star of the brave! thy ray is pale,
And darkness must again prevail!
But, oh thou Rainbow of the free!
Our tears and blood must flow for thee.
When thy bright promise fades away,
Our life is but a load of clay.

1. The tricolor.

7.

And Freedom hallows with her tread
The silent cities of the dead;
For beautiful in death are they
Who proudly fall in her array;
And soon, oh, Goddess! may we be
For evermore with them or thee!

[First published, *Examiner*, April 7, 1816.]

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

I.

They say that Hope is happiness;
But genuine Love must prize the past,
And Memory wakes the thoughts that bless:
They rose the first—they set the last;

II.

And all that Memory loves the most
Was once our only Hope to be,
And all that Hope adored and lost
Hath melted into Memory.

III.

Alas! it is delusion all:
The future cheats us from afar,
Nor can we be what we recall,
Nor dare we think on what we are.

[First published, *Fugitive Pieces*, 1829.]

THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.

"Guns, Trumpets, Blunderbusses, Drums and Thunder."
Pope, *Sat.* i. 26.[1]

1. ["With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuss, and Thunder."]

INTRODUCTION TO *THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.*

In a note to the "Advertisement" to the *Siege of Corinth* (*vide post*, p. 447), Byron puts it on record that during the years 1809–10 he had crossed the Isthmus of Corinth eight times, and in a letter to his mother, dated Patras, July 30, 1810, he alludes to a recent visit to the town of Corinth, in company with his friend Lord Sligo. (See, too, his letter to Coleridge, dated October 27, 1815, *Letters*, 1899, iii. 228.) It is probable that he revisited Corinth more than once in the autumn of 1810; and we may infer that, just as the place and its surroundings—the temple with its "two or three columns" (line 497), and the view across the bay from Acro-Corinth—are sketched from memory, so the story of the siege which took place in 1715 is based upon tales and legends which were preserved and repeated by the grandchildren of the besieged, and were taken down from their lips. There is point and meaning in the apparently insignificant line (stanza xxiv. line 765), "We have heard the hearers say" (see *variant* i. p. 483), which is slipped into the description of the final catastrophe. It bears witness to the fact that the *Siege of Corinth* is not a poetical expansion of a chapter in history, but a heightened reminiscence of local tradition.

History has, indeed, very little to say on the subject. The anonymous *Compleat History of the Turks* (London, 1719), which Byron quotes as an authority, is meagre and inaccurate. Hammer-Purgstall (*Histoire de l'Empire Ottoman*, 1839, xiii. 269), who gives as his authorities Girolamo Ferrari and Raschid, dismisses the siege in a few lines; and it was not till the publication of Finlay's *History of Greece*

(vol. v., A.D. 1453–1821), in 1856, that the facts were known or reported. Finlay's newly discovered authority was a then unpublished MS. of a journal kept by Benjamin Brue, a connection of Voltaire's, who accompanied the Grand Vizier, Ali Cumurgi, as his interpreter, on the expedition into the Morea. According to Brue (*Journal de la Campagne . . . en* 1715 . . . Paris, 1870, p. 18), the siege began on June 28, 1715. A peremptory demand on the part of the Grand Vizier to surrender at discretion was answered by the Venetian proveditor-general, Giacomo Minetto, with calm but assured defiance ("Your menaces are useless, for we are prepared to resist all your attacks, and, with confidence in the assistance of God, we will preserve this fortress to the most serene Republic. God is with us"). Nevertheless, the Turks made good their threat, and on the 2nd of July the fortress capitulated. On the following day at noon, whilst a party of Janissaries, contrary to order, were looting and pillaging in all directions, the fortress was seen to be enveloped in smoke. How or why the explosion happened was never discovered, but the result was that some of the pillaging Janissaries perished, and that others, to avenge their death, which they attributed to Venetian treachery, put the garrison to the sword. It was believed at the time that Minetto was among the slain; but, as Brue afterwards discovered, he was secretly conveyed to Smyrna, and ultimately ransomed by the Dutch Consul.

The late Professor Kölbing (*Siege of Corinth*, 1893, p. xxvii.), in commenting on the sources of the poem, suggests, under reserve, that Byron may have derived the incident of Minetto's self-immolation from an historic source—the siege of Zsigetvar, in 1566, when a multitude of Turks perished from the explosion of a powder magazine which had been fired at the cost of his own life by the Hungarian commander Zrini.

It is, at least, equally probable that local patriotism was, in the first instance, responsible for the poetic colouring, and that Byron supplemented the meagre and uninteresting historic details which were at his disposal by "intimate knowledge" of the Corinthian version of the siege. (See *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Right Hon. Lord Byron*,

London, 1822, p. 222; and *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Lord Byron*, by George Clinton, London, 1825, p. 284.)

It has been generally held that the *Siege of Corinth* was written in the second half of 1815 (Kölbing's *Siege of Corinth*, p. vii.). "It appears," says John Wright (*Works*, 1832, x. 100), "by the original MS., to have been begun in July, 1815;" and Moore (*Life*, p. 307), who probably relied on the same authority, speaks of "both the *Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina* having been produced but a short time before the Separation" (*i.e.* spring, 1816). Some words which Medwin (*Conversations*, 1824, p. 55) puts into Byron's mouth point to the same conclusion. Byron's own testimony, which is completely borne out by the MS. itself (dated Jy [*i.e.* January, not July] 31, 1815), is in direct conflict with these statements. In a note to stanza xix. lines 521–532 (*vide post*, pp. 471–473) he affirms that it "was not till after these lines were written" that he heard "that wild and singularly original and beautiful poem [*Christabel*] recited;" and in a letter to S. T. Coleridge, dated October 27, 1815 (*Letters*, 1899, iii. 228), he is careful to explain that "the enclosed extract from an unpublished poem (*i.e.* stanza xix. lines 521–532) . . . was written before (not seeing your *Christabelle* [*sic*], for that you know I never did till this day), but before I heard Mr. S[cott] repeat it, which he did in June last, and this thing was begun in January, and more than half written before the Summer." The question of plagiarism will be discussed in an addendum to Byron's note on the lines in question; but, subject to the correction that it was, probably, at the end of May (see Lockhart's *Memoir of the Life of Sir W. Scott*, 1871, pp. 311–313), not in June, that Scott recited *Christabel* for Byron's benefit, the date of the composition of the poem must be determined by the evidence of the author himself.

The copy of the MS. of the *Siege of Corinth* was sent to Murray at the beginning (probably on the 2nd, the date of the copy) of November, and was placed in Gifford's hands about the same time (see letter to Murray, November 4, 1815, *Letters*, 1899, iii. 245; and Murray's undated letter on Gifford's "great delight" in the poem, and his "three critical remarks," *Memoir of John Murray*, 1891, i. 356). As with *Lara*, Byron began by insisting that the *Siege* should not be

published separately, but slipped into a fourth volume of the collected works, and once again (possibly when he had at last made up his mind to accept a thousand guineas for his own requirements, and not for other beneficiaries—Godwin, Coleridge, or Maturin) yielded to his publisher's wishes and representations. At any rate, the *Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina*, which, says Moore, "during the month of January and part of February were in the hands of the printers" (*Life*, p. 300), were published in a single volume on February 7, 1816. The greater reviews were silent, but notices appeared in numerous periodicals; *e.g.* the *Monthly Review*, February, 1816, vol. lxxix. p. 196; the *Eclectic Review*, March, 1816, N.S. vol. v. p. 269; the *European*, May, 1816, vol. lxxix. p. 427; the *Literary Panorama*, June, 1816, N.S. vol. iv. p. 418; etc. Many of these reviews took occasion to pick out and hold up to ridicule the illogical sentences, the grammatical solecisms, and general imperfections of *technique* which marked and disfigured the *Siege of Corinth*. A passage in a letter which John Murray wrote to his brother-publisher, William Blackwood (*Annals of a Publishing House*, 1897, i. 53), refers to these cavillings, and suggests both an apology and a retaliation—

"Many who by 'numbers judge a poet's song' are so stupid as not to see the powerful effect of the poems, which is the great object of poetry, because they can pick out fifty careless or even bad lines. The words may be carelessly put together; but this is secondary. Many can write polished lines who will never reach the name of poet. You see it is all poetically conceived in Lord B.'s mind."

In such wise did Murray bear testimony to Byron's "splendid and imperishable excellence, which covers all his offences and outweighs all his defects—the excellence of sincerity and strength."

TO

JOHN HOBHOUSE, ESQ.,

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS

FRIEND.

January 22nd, 1816.

ADVERTISEMENT.

"THE grand army of the Turks (in 1715), under the Prime Vizier, to open to themselves a way into the heart of the Morea, and to form the siege of Napoli di Romania, the most considerable place in all that country,[1] thought it best in the first place to attack Corinth, upon which they made several storms. The garrison being weakened, and the governor seeing it was impossible to hold out such a place against so mighty a force, thought it fit to beat a parley: but while they were treating about the articles, one of the magazines in the Turkish camp,

1. Napoli di Romania is not now the most considerable place in the Morea, but Tripolitza, where the Pacha resides, and maintains his government. Napoli is near Argos. I visited all three in 1810–11; and, in the course of journeying through the country from my first arrival in 1809, I crossed the Isthmus eight times in my way from Attica to the Morea, over the mountains; or in the other direction, when passing from the Gulf of Athens to that of Lepanto. Both the routes are picturesque and beautiful, though very different: that by sea has more sameness; but the voyage, being always within sight of land, and often very near it, presents many attractive views of the islands Salamis, Ægina, Poros, etc., and the coast of the Continent.

["Independently of the suitableness of such an event to the power of Lord Byron's genius, the Fall of Corinth afforded local attractions, by the intimate knowledge which the poet had of the place and surrounding objects. . . . Thus furnished with that topographical information which could not be well obtained from books and maps, he was admirably qualified to depict the various operations and progress of the siege."—*Memoir of the Life and Writings of the Right Honourable Lord Byron*, London, 1822, p. 222.]

wherein they had six hundred barrels of powder, blew up by accident, whereby six or seven hundred men were killed; which so enraged the infidels, that they would not grant any capitulation, but stormed the place with so much fury, that they took it, and put most of the garrison, with Signior Minotti, the governor, to the sword. The rest, with Signior or Antonio Bembo, Proveditor Extraordinary, were made prisoners of war."—*A Compleat History of the Turks* [London, 1719], iii. 151.

NOTE ON THE MS. OF *THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.*

THE original MS. of the *Siege of Corinth* (now in the possession of Lord Glenesk) consists of sixteen folio and nine quarto sheets, and numbers fifty pages. Sheets 1–4 are folios, sheets 5–10 are quartos, sheets 11–22 are folios, and sheets 23–25 are quartos.

To judge from the occasional and disconnected pagination, this MS. consists of portions of two or more fair copies of a number of detached scraps written at different times, together with two or three of the original scraps which had not been transcribed.

The water-mark of the folios is, with one exception (No. 8, 1815), 1813; and of the quartos, with one exception (No. 8, 1814), 1812.

Lord Glenesk's MS. is dated January 31, 1815. Lady Byron's transcript, from which the *Siege of Corinth* was printed, and which is in Mr. Murray's possession, is dated November 2, 1815.

THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.

In the year since Jesus died for men,[1]
Eighteen hundred years and ten,[2]
We were a gallant company,
Riding o'er land, and sailing o'er sea.
Oh! but we went merrily![3]
We forded the river, and clomb the high hill,
Never our steeds for a day stood still;

1. [The introductory lines, 1–45, are not included in the copy of the poem in Lady Byron's handwriting, nor were they published in the First Edition. On Christmas Day, 1815, Byron, enclosing this fragment to Murray, says, "I send some lines written some time ago, and intended as an opening to the *Siege of Corinth*. I had forgotten them, and am not sure that they had not better be left out now;—on that you and your Synod can determine." They are headed in the MS., "The Stranger's Tale," October 23rd. First published in *Letters and Journals*, 1830, i. 638, they were included among the *Occasional Poems* in the edition of 1831, and first prefixed to the poem in the edition of 1832.]

2. [The metrical rendering of the date (miscalculated from the death instead of the birth of Christ) may be traced to the opening lines of an old ballad (Kölbing's *Siege of Corinth*, p. 53)—

"Upon the sixteen hunder year
Of God, and fifty-three,
From Christ was born, that bought us dear,
As writings testifie," etc.

See "The Life and Age of Man" (*Burns' Selected Poems*, ed. by J. L. Robertson, 1889, p. 191).]

3. [Compare letter to Hodgson, July 16, 1809: "How merrily we lives that travellers be!"—*Letters*, 1898, i. 233.]

Whether we lay in the cave or the shed,
Our sleep fell soft on the hardest bed;
Whether we couched in our rough capote,[1]
On the rougher plank of our gliding boat,
Or stretched on the beach, or our saddles spread,
As a pillow beneath the resting head,
Fresh we woke upon the morrow:
All our thoughts and words had scope,
We had health, and we had hope,
Toil and travel, but no sorrow.
We were of all tongues and creeds;—
Some were those who counted beads,
Some of mosque, and some of church,
And some, or I mis-say, of neither;
Yet through the wide world might ye search,
Nor find a motlier crew nor blither.

But some are dead, and some are gone,
And some are scattered and alone,
And some are rebels on the hills [2]
That look along Epirus' valleys,
Where Freedom still at moments rallies,
And pays in blood Oppression's ills;
And some are in a far countree,
And some all restlessly at home;
But never more, oh! never, we
Shall meet to revel and to roam.

1. [For "capote," compare *Childe Harold*, Canto II. stanza lii. line 7, and Byron's note (24.B.), *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 132, 181. Compare, too, letter to Mrs. Byron, November 12, 1809 (*Letters*, 1899, i. 253): "Two days ago I was nearly lost in a Turkish ship of war. . . . I wrapped myself up in my Albanian capote (an immense cloak), and lay down on deck to wait the worst."]

2. The last tidings recently heard of Dervish (one of the Arnauts who followed me) state him to be in revolt upon the mountains, at the head of some of the bands common in that country in times of trouble.

But those hardy days flew cheerily ![i.]
And when they now fall drearily,
My thoughts, like swallows, skim the main,[1]
And bear my spirit back again
Over the earth, and through the air,
A wild bird and a wanderer.
'Tis this that ever wakes my strain,
And oft, too oft, implores again
The few who may endure my lay,[ii.]
To follow me so far away.
Stranger, wilt thou follow now,
And sit with me on Acro-Corinth's brow?

I.[2]

Many a vanished year and age,[iii.]
And Tempest's breath, and Battle's rage,
Have swept o'er Corinth; yet she stands,
A fortress formed to Freedom's hands.[iv.]
The Whirlwind's wrath, the Earthquake's shock,
Have left untouched her hoary rock,
The keystone of a land, which still,
Though fall'n, looks proudly on that hill,
The landmark to the double tide
That purpling rolls on either side,
As if their waters chafed to meet,
Yet pause and crouch beneath her feet.

i. *But those winged days* ——.—[*MS.*]
ii. *The kindly few who love my lay.*—[*MS.*]
iii. *Many a year, and many an age.*—[*MS. G. Copy.*]
iv. *A marvel from her Moslem bands.*—[*MS. G.*]

1. [Compare Kingsley's *Last Buccaneer*—
"If I might but be a sea-dove, I'd fly across the main—
To the pleasant isle of Avès, to look at it once again."]

2. [The MS. is dated Jy (January) 31, 1815. Lady Byron's copy is dated November 2, 1815.]

But could the blood before her shed
Since first Timoleon's brother bled,[1]
Or baffled Persia's despot fled,
Arise from out the Earth which drank
The stream of Slaughter as it sank,
That sanguine Ocean would o'erflow
Her isthmus idly spread below:
Or could the bones of all the slain,[i.]
Who perished there, be piled again,
That rival pyramid would rise
More mountain-like, through those clear skies [ii.]
Than yon tower-capp'd Acropolis,
Which seems the very clouds to kiss.

II.

On dun Cithæron's ridge appears
The gleam of twice ten thousand spears;
And downward to the Isthmian plain,
From shore to shore of either main,[iii.]
The tent is pitched, the Crescent shines
Along the Moslem's leaguering lines;
And the dusk Spahi's bands[2] advance
Beneath each bearded Pacha's glance;
And far and wide as eye can reach [iv.]
The turbaned cohorts throng the beach;

i. *Or could the dead be raised again.*—[*MS. G. erased.*]
ii. —— *through yon clear skies*
Than that tower-capt Acropolis.—[*MS. G.*]
iii. *Stretched on the edge*——.—[*MS. G. erased.*]
iv. *The turbaned crowd of dusky hue*
Whose march Morea's fields may rue.—[*MS. G. erased.*]

1. [Timoleon, who had saved the life of his brother Timophanes in battle, afterwards put him to death for aiming at the supreme power in Corinth. Warton says that Pope once intended to write an epic poem on the story, and that Akenside had the same design (*Works* of Alexander Pope, Esq., 1806, ii. 83).]
2. [Turkish holders of military fiefs.]

And there the Arab's camel kneels,
And there his steed the Tartar wheels;
The Turcoman hath left his herd,[1]
The sabre round his loins to gird;
And there the volleying thunders pour,
Till waves grow smoother to the roar.
The trench is dug, the cannon's breath
Wings the far hissing globe of death;[2]
Fast whirl the fragments from the wall,
Which crumbles with the ponderous ball;
And from that wall the foe replies,
O'er dusty plain and smoky skies,
With fires that answer fast and well
The summons of the Infidel.

III.

But near and nearest to the wall
Of those who wish and work its fall,
With deeper skill in War's black art,
Than Othman's sons, and high of heart
As any Chief that ever stood
Triumphant in the fields of blood;
From post to post, and deed to deed,
Fast spurring on his reeking steed,
Where sallying ranks the trench assail,
And make the foremost Moslem quail;
Or where the battery, guarded well,
Remains as yet impregnable,
Alighting cheerly to inspire
The soldier slackening in his fire;

1. The life of the Turcomans is wandering and patriarchal: they dwell in tents.

2. [Compare *The Giaour*, line 639 (*vide ante*, p. 116)—

"The deathshot hissing from afar."]

The first and freshest of the host
Which Stamboul's Sultan there can boast,
To guide the follower o'er the field,
To point the tube, the lance to wield,
Or whirl around the bickering blade;—
Was Alp, the Adrian renegade![1]

IV.

From Venice—once a race of worth
His gentle Sires—he drew his birth;
But late an exile from her shore,[i.]
Against his countrymen he bore
The arms they taught to bear; and now
The turban girt his shaven brow.
Through many a change had Corinth passed
With Greece to Venice' rule at last;
And here, before her walls, with those
To Greece and Venice equal foes,
He stood a foe, with all the zeal
Which young and fiery converts feel,
Within whose heated bosom throngs
The memory of a thousand wrongs.
To him had Venice ceased to be
Her ancient civic boast—"the Free;"

i. *But now an exile* ——.—[*MS. G.*]

1. [Professor Kölbing admits that he is unable to say how "Byron met with the name of Alp." I am indebted to my cousin, Miss Edith Coleridge, for the suggestion that the name is derived from Mohammed (Lhaz-ed-Dyn-Abou-Choudja), surnamed Alp-Arslan (Arsslan), or "Brave Lion," the second of the Seljuk dynasty, in the eleventh century. "He conquered Armenia and Georgia . . . but was assassinated by Yussuf Cothuol, Governor of Berzem, and was buried at Merw, in Khorassan." His epitaph moralizes his fate: "O vous qui avez vu la grandeur d'Alparslan élevée jusq'au ciel, regardez! le voici maintenant en poussière."—Hammer-Purgstall, *Histoire de l'Empire Othoman*, i. 13–15.]

And in the palace of St. Mark
Unnamed accusers in the dark
Within the "Lion's mouth" had placed
A charge against him uneffaced: [1]
He fled in time, and saved his life,
To waste his future years in strife,[i.]
That taught his land how great her loss
In him who triumphed o'er the Cross,
'Gainst which he reared the Crescent high,
And battled to avenge or die.

V.

Coumourgi [2]—he whose closing scene
Adorned the triumph of Eugene,
When on Carlowitz' bloody plain,
The last and mightiest of the slain,
He sank, regretting not to die,
But cursed the Christian's victory—
Coumourgi—can his glory cease,

i. *To waste its future* ——.—[*MS. G.*]

1. ["The *Lions' Mouths*, under the arcade at the summit of the Giants' Stairs, which gaped widely to receive anonymous charges, were no doubt far more often employed as vehicles of private malice than of zeal for the public welfare."—*Sketches from Venetian History*, 1832, ii. 380.]

2. Ali Coumourgi [Damad Ali or Ali Cumurgi (*i.e.* son of the charcoal-burner)], the favourite of three sultans, and Grand Vizier to Achmet III., after recovering Peloponnesus from the Venetians in one campaign, was mortally wounded in the next, against the Germans, at the battle of Peterwaradin (in the plain of Carlowitz), in Hungary, endeavouring to rally his guards. He died of his wounds next day [August 16, 1716]. His last order was the decapitation of General Breuner, and some other German prisoners, and his last words, "Oh that I could thus serve all the Christian dogs!" a speech and act not unlike one of Caligula. He was a young man of great ambition and unbounded presumption: on being told that Prince Eugene, then opposed to him, "was a great general," he said, "I shall become a greater, and at his expense."

[For his letter to Prince Eugene, "Eh bien! la guerre va décider entre nous," etc., and for an account of his death, see Hammer-Purgstall, *Historie de l'Empire Othoman*, xiii. 300, 312.]

That latest conqueror of Greece,
Till Christian hands to Greece restore
The freedom Venice gave of yore?
A hundred years have rolled away
Since he refixed the Moslem's sway;
And now he led the Mussulman,
And gave the guidance of the van
To Alp, who well repaid the trust
By cities levelled with the dust;
And proved, by many a deed of death,
How firm his heart in novel faith.

VI.

The walls grew weak; and fast and hot
Against them poured the ceaseless shot,
With unabating fury sent
From battery to battlement;
And thunder-like the pealing din [i.]
Rose from each heated culverin;
And here and there some crackling dome
Was fired before the exploding bomb;
And as the fabric sank beneath
The shattering shell's volcanic breath,
In red and wreathing columns flashed
The flame, as loud the ruin crashed,
Or into countless meteors driven,
Its earth-stars melted into heaven; [ii.]
Whose clouds that day grew doubly dun,
Impervious to the hidden sun,
With volumed smoke that slowly grew [iii.]
To one wide sky of sulphurous hue.

i. *And death-like rolled* ——.—[*MS. G. erased.*]
ii. *Like comets in convulsion riven.*—[*MS. G. Copy erased.*]
iii. *Impervious to the powerless sun,*
Through sulphurous smoke whose blackness grew.—
[*MS. G. erased.*]

VII.

But not for vengeance, long delayed,
Alone, did Alp, the renegade,
The Moslem warriors sternly teach
His skill to pierce the promised breach:
Within these walls a Maid was pent
His hope would win, without consent
Of that inexorable Sire,
Whose heart refused him in its ire,
When Alp, beneath his Christian name,
Her virgin hand aspired to claim.
In happier mood, and earlier time,
While unimpeached for traitorous crime,
Gayest in Gondola or Hall,
He glittered through the Carnival;
And tuned the softest serenade
That e'er on Adria's waters played
At midnight to Italian maid.[i.]

VIII.

And many deemed her heart was won;
For sought by numbers, given to none,
Had young Francesca's hand remained
Still by the Church's bonds unchained:
And when the Adriatic bore
Lanciotto to the Paynim shore,
Her wonted smiles were seen to fail,
And pensive waxed the maid and pale;
More constant at confessional,
More rare at masque and festival;
Or seen at such, with downcast eyes,
Which conquered hearts they ceased to prize:

i. *In midnight courtship to Italian maid.*—[*MS. G.*]

With listless look she seems to gaze:
With humbler care her form arrays;
Her voice less lively in the song;
Her step, though light, less fleet among
The pairs, on whom the Morning's glance
Breaks, yet unsated with the dance.

IX.

Sent by the State to guard the land,
(Which, wrested from the Moslem's hand,[1]
While Sobieski tamed his pride
By Buda's wall and Danube's side,[i.]
The chiefs of Venice wrung away
From Patra to Eubœa's bay,)
Minotti held in Corinth's towers[ii.]
The Doge's delegated powers,
While yet the pitying eye of Peace
Smiled o'er her long forgotten Greece:
And ere that faithless truce was broke
Which freed her from the unchristian yoke,
With him his gentle daughter came;
Nor there, since Menelaus' dame
Forsook her lord and land, to prove
What woes await on lawless love,
Had fairer form adorned the shore
Than she, the matchless stranger, bore.[iii.]

i. *By Buda's wall to Danube's side.*—[*MS. G.*]
ii. *Pisani held* ——.—[*MS. G.*]
iii. *Than she, the beauteous stranger, bore.*—[*MS. G. erased.*]

1. [The siege of Vienna was raised by John Sobieski, King of Poland (1629–1696), September 12, 1683. Buda was retaken from the Turks by Charles VII., Duke of Lorraine, Sobieski's ally and former rival for the kingdom of Poland, September 2, 1686. The conquest of the Morea was begun by the Venetians in 1685, and completed in 1699.]

X.

The wall is rent, the ruins yawn;
And, with to-morrow's earliest dawn,
O'er the disjointed mass shall vault
The foremost of the fierce assault.
The bands are ranked—the chosen van
Of Tartar and of Mussulman,
The full of hope, misnamed "forlorn,"[1]
Who hold the thought of death in scorn,
And win their way with falchion's force,
Or pave the path with many a corse,
O'er which the following brave may rise,
Their stepping-stone—the last who dies![i.]

XI.

'Tis midnight: on the mountains brown[2]
The cold, round moon shines deeply down;
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,[ii.][3]

i. *By stepping o'er* ——.—[*MS. G.*]
ii. *Bespangled with her isles* ——.—[*MS. G.*]

1. [For Byron's use of the phrase, "Forlorn Hope," as an equivalent of the Turkish Delhis, or Delis, see *Childe Harold*, Canto II. ("The Albanian War-Song"), *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 149, *note* 1.]

2. ["Brown" is Byron's usual epithet for landscape seen by moonlight. Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto II. stanza xxii. line 6, etc., *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 113, *note* 3.]

3. ["Stars" are likened to "isles" by Campbell, in *The Pleasures of Hope*, Part II.—

"The seraph eye shall count the starry train,
Like distant isles embosomed on the main."

And "isles" to "stars" by Byron, in *The Island*, Canto II. stanza xi. lines 14, 15—

"The studded archipelago,
O'er whose blue bosom rose the starry isles."

So wildly, spiritually bright;
Who ever gazed upon them shining
And turned to earth without repining,
Nor wished for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray?
The waves on either shore lay there
Calm, clear, and azure as the air;
And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
But murmured meekly as the brook.
The winds were pillowed on the waves;
The banners drooped along their staves,
And, as they fell around them furling,
Above them shone the crescent curling;
And that deep silence was unbroke,
Save where the watch his signal spoke,
Save where the steed neighed oft and shrill,
And echo answered from the hill,
And the wide hum of that wild host
Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,
As rose the Muezzin's voice in air
In midnight call to wonted prayer;
It rose, that chanted mournful strain,
Like some lone Spirit's o'er the plain:
'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,
Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,
And take a long unmeasured tone,
To mortal minstrelsy unknown.[i]
It seemed to those within the wall
A cry prophetic of their fall:

i. *And take a dark unmeasured tone.*—[*MS. G.*]
And make a melancholy moan,
To mortal voice and ear unknown.—[*MS. G. erased.*]

For other "star-similes," see *Childe Harold*, Canto III. stanza lxxxviii. line 9, *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 270, *note* 2.]

It struck even the besieger's ear
With something ominous and drear,[1]
An undefined and sudden thrill,
Which makes the heart a moment still,
Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed
Of that strange sense its silence framed;
Such as a sudden passing-bell
Wakes, though but for a stranger's knell.[i.]

XII.

The tent of Alp was on the shore;
The sound was hushed, the prayer was o'er;
The watch was set, the night-round made,
All mandates issued and obeyed:
'Tis but another anxious night,
His pains the morrow may requite
With all Revenge and Love can pay,
In guerdon for their long delay.
Few hours remain, and he hath need
Of rest, to nerve for many a deed
Of slaughter; but within his soul
The thoughts like troubled waters roll.[ii.]
He stood alone among the host;
Not his the loud fanatic boast
To plant the Crescent o'er the Cross,
Or risk a life with little loss,
Secure in paradise to be
By Houris loved immortally:

i. —— *by fancy framed,*
Which rings a deep, internal knell,
A visionary passing-bell.—[*MS. G. erased.*]
ii. *The thoughts tumultuously roll.*—[*MS. G.*]

1. [Compare Scott's *Marmion*, III. xvi. 4—
"And that strange Palmer's boding say,
That fell so ominous and drear."]

Nor his, what burning patriots feel,
The stern exaltedness of zeal,
Profuse of blood, untired in toil,
When battling on the parent soil.
He stood alone—a renegade
Against the country he betrayed;
He stood alone amidst his band,
Without a trusted heart or hand:
They followed him, for he was brave,
And great the spoil he got and gave;
They crouched to him, for he had skill
To warp and wield the vulgar will:[i.]
But still his Christian origin
With them was little less than sin.
They envied even the faithless fame
He earned beneath a Moslem name;
Since he, their mightiest chief, had been
In youth a bitter Nazarene.
They did not know how Pride can stoop,
When baffled feelings withering droop;
They did not know how Hate can burn
In hearts once changed from soft to stern;
Nor all the false and fatal zeal
The convert of Revenge can feel.
He ruled them—man may rule the worst,
By ever daring to be first:
So lions o'er the jackals sway;
The jackal points, he fells the prey,[ii.] [1]

i. *To triumph o'er* ——.—[*MS. G. erased.*]
ii. *They but provide, he fells the prey.*—[*MS. G.*]
As lions o'er the jackal sway
By springing dauntless on the prey;
They follow on, and yelling press
To gorge the fragments of success.—[*MS. G. erased.*]

1. [Lines 329–331 are inserted in the copy. They are in Byron's

Then on the vulgar, yelling, press,
To gorge the relics of success.

XIII.

His head grows fevered, and his pulse
The quick successive throbs convulse;
In vain from side to side he throws
His form, in courtship of repose;[i.]
Or if he dozed, a sound, a start
Awoke him with a sunken heart.
The turban on his hot brow pressed,
The mail weighed lead-like on his breast,
Though oft and long beneath its weight
Upon his eyes had slumber sate,
Without or couch or canopy,
Except a rougher field and sky[ii.]
Than now might yield a warrior's bed,
Than now along the heaven was spread.
He could not rest, he could not stay
Within his tent to wait for day,[iii.]
But walked him forth along the sand,
Where thousand sleepers strewed the strand.
What pillowed them? and why should he
More wakeful than the humblest be,
Since more their peril, worse their toil?
And yet they fearless dream of spoil;
While he alone, where thousands passed
A night of sleep, perchance their last,

i. *He vainly turned from side to side,*
And each reposing posture tried.—[*MS. G. erased.*]
ii. *Beyond a rougher* ——.—[*MS. G.*]
iii. —— *to sigh for day.*—[*MS. G.*]

handwriting. Compare *Don Juan*, Canto IX. stanza xxvii. line 1, *seq.*—

"*That's* an appropriate simile, *that jackal.*"]

In sickly vigil wandered on,
And envied all he gazed upon.

XIV.

He felt his soul become more light
Beneath the freshness of the night.
Cool was the silent sky, though calm,
And bathed his brow with airy balm:
Behind, the camp—before him lay,
In many a winding creek and bay,
Lepanto's gulf; and, on the brow
Of Delphi's hill, unshaken snow,[i]
High and eternal, such as shone
Through thousand summers brightly gone,
Along the gulf, the mount, the clime;
It will not melt, like man, to time:
Tyrant and slave are swept away,
Less formed to wear before the ray;
But that white veil, the lightest, frailest,[1]
Which on the mighty mount thou hailest,
While tower and tree are torn and rent,
Shines o'er its craggy battlement;
In form a peak, in height a cloud,
In texture like a hovering shroud,
Thus high by parting Freedom spread,
As from her fond abode she fled,

i. *Of Liakura—his unmelting snow*
Bright and eternal ——.—[*MS. G. erased.*]

1. [Compare *The Giaour*, line 566 (*vide ante*, p. 113)—

"For where is he that hath beheld
The peak of Liakura unveiled?"

The reference is to the almost perpetual "cap" of mist on Parnassus (Mount Likeri or Liakura), which lies some thirty miles to the north-west of Corinth.]

And lingered on the spot, where long
Her prophet spirit spake in song.[i.]
Oh! still her step at moments falters
O'er withered fields, and ruined altars,
And fain would wake, in souls too broken,
By pointing to each glorious token:
But vain her voice, till better days
Dawn in those yet remembered rays,
Which shone upon the Persian flying,
And saw the Spartan smile in dying.

XV.

Not mindless of these mighty times
Was Alp, despite his flight and crimes;
And through this night, as on he wandered,[ii.]
And o'er the past and present pondered,
And thought upon the glorious dead
Who there in better cause had bled,
He felt how faint and feebly dim[iii.]
The fame that could accrue to him,
Who cheered the band, and waved the sword,[iv.]
A traitor in a turbaned horde;
And led them to the lawless siege,
Whose best success were sacrilege.
Not so had those his fancy numbered,[1]
The chiefs whose dust around him slumbered;
Their phalanx marshalled on the plain,
Whose bulwarks were not then in vain.

i. *Her spirit spoke in deathless song.*—[*MS. G. erased.*]
ii. *And in this night* ——.—[*MS. G.*]
iii. *He felt how little and how dim.*—[*MS. G. erased.*]
iv. *Who led the band* ——.—[*MS. G.*]

1. [Compare *The Giaour*, lines 103, *seq.* (*vide ante*, p. 91)—
"Clime of the unforgotten brave!" etc.]

They fell devoted, but undying;
The very gale their names seemed sighing;
The waters murmured of their name;
The woods were peopled with their fame;
The silent pillar, lone and grey,
Claimed kindred with their sacred clay;
Their spirits wrapped the dusky mountain,
Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain;[i.]
The meanest rill, the mightiest river
Rolled mingling with their fame for ever.
Despite of every yoke she bears,
That land is Glory's still and theirs![ii.]
'Tis still a watch-word to the earth:
When man would do a deed of worth
He points to Greece, and turns to tread,
So sanctioned, on the tyrant's head:
He looks to her, and rushes on
Where life is lost, or Freedom won.[iii.]

XVI.

Still by the shore Alp mutely mused,
And wooed the freshness Night diffused.
There shrinks no ebb in that tideless sea,[1]
Which changeless rolls eternally;
So that wildest of waves, in their angriest mood,[iv.]
Scarce break on the bounds of the land for a rood;

i. *Their memory hallowed every fountain.*—[*MS. G. erased.*]
ii. Here follows, in the MS.—
Immortal—boundless—undecayed—
Their souls the very soil pervade.—
[*In the Copy the lines are erased.*]
iii. *Where Freedom loveliest may be won.*—[*MS. G. erased.*]
iv. *So that fiercest of waves* ——.—[*MS. G.*]

1. The reader need hardly be reminded that there are no perceptible tides in the Mediterranean.

And the powerless moon beholds them flow,
Heedless if she come or go:
Calm or high, in main or bay,
On their course she hath no sway.
The rock unworn its base doth bare,
And looks o'er the surf, but it comes not there;
And the fringe of the foam may be seen below,
On the line that it left long ages ago:
A smooth short space of yellow sand[i. 1]
Between it and the greener land.

He wandered on along the beach,
Till within the range of a carbine's reach
Of the leaguered wall; but they saw him not,
Or how could he 'scape from the hostile shot?[ii.]
Did traitors lurk in the Christians' hold?
Were their hands grown stiff, or their hearts waxed cold?
I know not, in sooth; but from yonder wall[iii.]
There flashed no fire, and there hissed no ball,
Though he stood beneath the bastion's frown,
That flanked the seaward gate of the town;
Though he heard the sound, and could almost tell
The sullen words of the sentinel,
As his measured step on the stone below
Clanked, as he paced it to and fro;
And he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall
Hold o'er the dead their Carnival,[2]

i. *A little space of light grey sand.*—[*MS. G. erased.*]
ii. *Or would not waste on a single head*
The ball on numbers better sped.—[*MS. G. erased.*]
iii. *I know not in faith* ——.—[*MS. G.*]

1. [Compare *The Island*, Canto IV. sect. ii. lines 11, 12—
"A narrow segment of the yellow sand
On one side forms the outline of a strand."]

2. [Gifford has drawn his pen through lines 456-478. If, as the

Gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb;
They were too busy to bark at him!
From a Tartar's skull they had stripped the flesh,
As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh;
And their white tusks crunched o'er the whiter skull,[1]
As it slipped through their jaws, when their edge grew dull,
As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead,
When they scarce could rise from the spot where they fed;
So well had they broken a lingering fast
With those who had fallen for that night's repast.
And Alp knew, by the turbans that rolled on the sand,
The foremost of these were the best of his band:
Crimson and green were the shawls of their wear,
And each scalp had a single long tuft of hair,[2]
All the rest was shaven and bare.
The scalps were in the wild dog's maw,
The hair was tangled round his jaw:
But close by the shore, on the edge of the gulf,
There sat a vulture flapping a wolf,

editor of *The Works of Lord Byron*, 1832 (x. 100), maintains, "Lord Byron gave Mr. Gifford *carte blanche* to strike out or alter anything at his pleasure in this poem as it was passing through the press," it is somewhat remarkable that he does not appear to have paid any attention whatever to the august "reader's" suggestions and strictures. The sheets on which Gifford's corrections are scrawled are not proof-sheets, but pages torn out of the first edition; and it is probable that they were made after the poem was published, and with a view to the inclusion of an emended edition in the collected works. See letter to Murray, January 2, 1817.]

1. This spectacle I have seen, such as described, beneath the wall of the Seraglio at Constantinople, in the little cavities worn by the Bosphorus in the rock, a narrow terrace of which projects between the wall and the water. I think the fact is also mentioned in Hobhouse's *Travels* [*in Albania*, 1855, ii. 215]. The bodies were probably those of some refractory Janizaries.

2. This tuft, or long lock, is left from a superstition that Mahomet will draw them into Paradise by it.

Who had stolen from the hills, but kept away,
Scared by the dogs, from the human prey;
But he seized on his share of a steed that lay,
Picked by the birds, on the sands of the bay.

XVII.

Alp turned him from the sickening sight:
Never had shaken his nerves in fight;
But he better could brook to behold the dying,
Deep in the tide of their warm blood lying,[i. 1]
Scorched with the death-thirst, and writhing in vain,
Than the perishing dead who are past all pain.[ii. 2]
There is something of pride in the perilous hour,
Whate'er be the shape in which Death may lower;
For Fame is there to say who bleeds,
And Honour's eye on daring deeds![3]
But when all is past, it is humbling to tread[iii.]
O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead,[4]
And see worms of the earth, and fowls of the air,
Beasts of the forest, all gathering there;
All regarding man as their prey,
All rejoicing in his decay.[iv.]

i. *Deep in the tide of their lost blood lying.*—[*MS. G. Copy.*]
ii. *Than the rotting dead* ——.—[*MS. G. erased.*]
iii. *And when all* ——.—[*MS. G.*]
iv. *All that liveth on man will prey,*
All rejoicing in his decay,
or, *Nature rejoicing in his decay.*
All that can kindle dismay and disgust
Follow his frame from the bier to the dust.—[*MS. G. erased.*]

1. ["Than the mangled corpse in its own blood lying."—GIFFORD.]
2. [Strike out—
"Scorch'd with the death-thirst, and writhing in vain,
Than the perishing dead who are past all pain."
What is a "perishing dead"?—GIFFORD.]
3. [Lines 487, 488 are inserted in the copy in Byron's handwriting.]
4. ["O'er the weltering *limbs* of the tombless dead."—GIFFORD.]

XVIII.

There is a temple in ruin stands,
Fashioned by long forgotten hands;
Two or three columns, and many a stone,
Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown!
Out upon Time! it will leave no more
Of the things to come than the things before![i. 1]
Out upon Time! who for ever will leave
But enough of the past for the future to grieve
O'er that which hath been, and o'er that which must be:
What we have seen, our sons shall see;
Remnants of things that have passed away,
Fragments of stone, reared by creatures of clay![ii.]

XIX.

He sate him down at a pillar's base,[2]
And passed his hand athwart his face;
Like one in dreary musing mood,
Declining was his attitude;

i. —— *it hath left no more*
Of the mightiest things that have gone before.—
[*MS. G. erased.*]

ii. After this follows in the *MS. erased*—

Monuments that the coming age
Leaves to the spoil of the season's rage—
Till Ruin makes the relics scarce,
Then Learning acts her solemn farce,
And, roaming through the marble waste,
Prates of beauty, art, and taste.

XIX.

That Temple was more in the midst of the plain—
or, *What of that shrine did yet remain*
Lay to his left more in midst of the plain.—[*MS. G.*]

1. [Omit this couplet.—GIFFORD.]
2. [From this all is beautiful to—

"He saw not—he knew not—but nothing is there."—GIFFORD.

For "pillar's base," compare *Childe Harold*, Canto II. stanza x. line 2, *Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 105.]

The Temple of Jupiter Nemæus
between Argos and Corinth.

His head was drooping on his breast,
Fevered, throbbing, and oppressed;
And o'er his brow, so downward bent,
Oft his beating fingers went,
Hurriedly, as you may see
Your own run over the ivory key,
Ere the measured tone is taken
By the chords you would awaken.
There he sate all heavily,
As he heard the night-wind sigh.
Was it the wind through some hollow stone,[i.]
Sent that soft and tender moan?[1]

i. *Is it the wind that through the stone.*
or, —— *o'er the heavy stone.*—[*MS. G. erased.*]

1. I must here acknowledge a close, though unintentional, resemblance in these twelve lines to a passage in an unpublished poem of Mr. Coleridge, called "Christabel." It was not till after these lines were written that I heard that wild and singularly original and beautiful poem recited; and the MS. of that production I never saw till very recently, by the kindness of Mr. Coleridge himself, who, I hope, is convinced that I have not been a wilful plagiarist. The original idea undoubtedly pertains to Mr. Coleridge, whose poem has been composed above fourteen years. Let me conclude by a hope that he will not longer delay the publication of a production, of which I can only add my mite of approbation to the applause of far more competent judges.

[The lines in *Christabel*, Part the First, 43–52, 57, 58, are these—

"The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek—
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky."

"... What sees she there?
There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white."

Byron (*vide ante*, p. 443), in a letter to Coleridge, dated October 27, 1815, had already expressly guarded himself against a charge of

He lifted his head, and he looked on the sea,
But it was unrippled as glass may be;
He looked on the long grass—it waved not a blade;
How was that gentle sound conveyed?
He looked to the banners—each flag lay still,
So did the leaves on Cithæron's hill,

plagiarism, by explaining that lines 521–532 of stanza xix. were written before he heard Walter Scott repeat *Christabel* in the preceding June. Now, as Byron himself perceived, perhaps for the first time, when he had the MS. of *Christabel* before him, the coincidence in language and style between the two passages is unquestionable; and, as he hoped and expected that Coleridge's fragment, when completed, would issue from the press, he was anxious to avoid even the semblance of pilfering, and went so far as to suggest that the passage should be cancelled. Neither in the private letter nor the published note does Byron attempt to deny or explain away the coincidence, but pleads that his lines were written before he had heard Coleridge's poem recited, and that he had not been guilty of a "wilful plagiarism." There is no difficulty in accepting his statement. Long before the summer of 1815 *Christabel* "had a pretty general circulation in the literary world" (Medwin, *Conversations*, 1824, p. 261), and he may have heard without heeding this and other passages quoted by privileged readers; or, though never a line of *Christabel* had sounded in his ears, he may (as Kölbing points out) have caught its lilt at second hand from the published works of Southey, or of Scott himself.

Compare *Thalaba the Destroyer*, v. 20 (1838, iv. 187)—

"What sound is borne on the wind?
Is it the storm that shakes
The thousand oaks of the forest?
. . . . .
Is it the river's roar
Dashed down some rocky descent?" etc.

Or compare *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, I. xii. 5, *seq.* (1812, p. 24)—

"And now she sits in secret bower
In old Lord David's western tower,
And listens to a heavy sound,
That moans the mossy turrets round.
Is it the roar of Teviot's tide,
That chafes against the scaur's red side?
Is it the wind that swings the oaks?
Is it the echo from the rocks?" etc.

Certain lines of Coleridge's did, no doubt, "find themselves" in the *Siege of Corinth*, having found their way to the younger poet's ear and fancy before the Lady of the vision was directly and formally introduced to his notice.]

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

And he felt not a breath come over his cheek;
What did that sudden sound bespeak?
He turned to the left—is he sure of sight?
There sate a lady, youthful and bright![i. 1]

XX.

He started up with more of fear
Than if an arméd foe were near.
"God of my fathers! what is here?
Who art thou? and wherefore sent
So near a hostile armament?"
His trembling hands refused to sign
The cross he deemed no more divine:
He had resumed it in that hour,[ii.]
But Conscience wrung away the power.
He gazed, he saw; he knew the face
Of beauty, and the form of grace;
It was Francesca by his side,
The maid who might have been his bride![iii.]

The rose was yet upon her cheek,
But mellowed with a tenderer streak:

i. *There sate a lady young and bright.*—[*MS. G. erased.*]
ii. *He would have made it* ——.—[*MS. G. erased.*]
iii. *She who would* ——.—[*MS. G. erased.*]

1. [Contemporary critics fell foul of these lines for various reasons. The *Critical Review* (February, 1816, vol. iii. p. 151) remarks that "the following couplet [*i.e.* lines 531, 532] reminds us of the *persiflage* of Lewis or the pathos of a vulgar ballad;" while the *Dublin Examiner* (May, 1816, vol. i. p. 19) directs a double charge against the founders of the schism and their proselyte: "If the Cumberland *Lakers* were not well known to be personages of the most pious and saintly temperament, we would really have serious apprehensions lest our noble Poet should come to any harm in consequence of the envy which the two following lines and a great many others through the poems, might excite by their successful rivalship of some of the finest effects of babyism that these Gentlemen can boast."]

Where was the play of her soft lips fled?
Gone was the smile that enlivened their red.
The Ocean's calm within their view,[i.]
Beside her eye had less of blue;
But like that cold wave it stood still,
And its glance, though clear, was chill.[1]
Around her form a thin robe twining,
Nought concealed her bosom shining;
Through the parting of her hair,
Floating darkly downward there,
Her rounded arm showed white and bare:
And ere yet she made reply,
Once she raised her hand on high;
It was so wan, and transparent of hue,
You might have seen the moon shine through.

XXI.

"I come from my rest to him I love best,
That I may be happy, and he may be blessed.
I have passed the guards, the gate, the wall;
Sought thee in safety through foes and all.
'Tis said the lion will turn and flee[2]

i. *The ocean spread before their view.*—[*Copy.*]

1. ["And its *thrilling* glance, etc."—GIFFORD.]

2. [Warton (*Observations on the Fairy Queen*, 1807, ii. 131), commenting on Spenser's famous description of "Una and the Lion" (*Faëry Queene*, Book I. canto iii. stanzas 5, 6, 7), quotes the following passage from *Seven Champions of Christendom:* "Now, Sabra, I have by this sufficiently proved thy true virginitie: for it is the nature of a lion, be he never so furious, not to harme the unspotted virgin, but humbly to lay his bristled head upon a maiden's lap."

Byron, according to Leigh Hunt (*Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries*, 1828, i. 77), could not "see anything" in Spenser, and was not familiar with the *Fairy Queen;* but he may have had in mind Scott's allusion to Spenser's Una—

"Harpers have sung and poets told
That he, in fury uncontrolled,
The shaggy monarch of the wood,

From a maid in the pride of her purity;
And the Power on high, that can shield the good
Thus from the tyrant of the wood,
Hath extended its mercy to guard me as well
From the hands of the leaguering Infidel.
I come—and if I come in vain,
Never, oh never, we meet again!
Thou hast done a fearful deed
In falling away from thy fathers' creed:
But dash that turban to earth, and sign
The sign of the cross, and for ever be mine;
Wring the black drop from thy heart,
And to-morrow unites us no more to part."

"And where should our bridal couch be spread?
In the midst of the dying and the dead?
For to-morrow we give to the slaughter and flame
The sons and the shrines of the Christian name.
None, save thou and thine, I've sworn,
Shall be left upon the morn:
But thee will I bear to a lovely spot,
Where our hands shall be joined, and our sorrow forgot.
There thou yet shalt be my bride,
When once again I've quelled the pride
Of Venice; and her hated race
Have felt the arm they would debase
Scourge, with a whip of scorpions, those
Whom Vice and Envy made my foes."

Upon his hand she laid her own—
Light was the touch, but it thrilled to the bone,

Before a virgin, fair and good,
Hath pacified his savage mood."
Marmion, Canto II. stanza vii. line 3, *seq.*
(See Kölbing's note to *Siege of Corinth*, 1893, pp. 110–112.)]

And shot a chillness to his heart,[i.]
Which fixed him beyond the power to start.
Though slight was that grasp so mortal cold,
He could not loose him from its hold;
But never did clasp of one so dear
Strike on the pulse with such feeling of fear,
As those thin fingers, long and white,
Froze through his blood by their touch that night.
The feverish glow of his brow was gone,
And his heart sank so still that it felt like stone,
As he looked on the face, and beheld its hue,[ii.]
So deeply changed from what he knew:
Fair but faint—without the ray
Of mind, that made each feature play
Like sparkling waves on a sunny day;
And her motionless lips lay still as death,
And her words came forth without her breath,
And there rose not a heave o'er her bosom's swell,[iii.]
And there seemed not a pulse in her veins to dwell.
Though her eye shone out, yet the lids were fixed,[1]
And the glance that it gave was wild and unmixed
With aught of change, as the eyes may seem
Of the restless who walk in a troubled dream;
Like the figures on arras, that gloomily glare,

i. *She laid her fingers on his hand,*
Its coldness thrilled through every bone.—[*MS. G. erased.*]
ii. *As he looked on her face* ——.—[*MS. G.*]
iii. —— *on her bosom's swell.*—[*MS. G. erased. Copy.*]

1. [Compare Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, act v. sc. 1, line 30—

"You see, her eyes are open,
Aye, but their sense is shut."

Compare, too, *Christabel*, Conclusion to Part the First (lines 292, 293)—

"With open eyes (ah, woe is me!)
Asleep, and dreaming fearfully."]

Stirred by the breath of the wintry air[i.]
So seen by the dying lamp's fitful light,[ii.]
Lifeless, but life-like, and awful to sight;
As they seem, through the dimness, about to come down
From the shadowy wall where their images frown;
Fearfully flitting to and fro,
As the gusts on the tapestry come and go.[1]

"If not for love of me be given
Thus much, then, for the love of Heaven,—
Again I say—that turban tear
From off thy faithless brow, and swear
Thine injured country's sons to spare,
Or thou art lost; and never shalt see—
Not earth—that's past—but Heaven or me.
If this thou dost accord, albeit
A heavy doom 'tis thine to meet,
That doom shall half absolve thy sin,
And Mercy's gate may receive thee within:[2]
But pause one moment more, and take
The curse of Him thou didst forsake;
And look once more to Heaven, and see

i. *Like a picture, that magic had charmed from its frame,*
Lifeless but life-like, and ever the same.
or, *Like a picture come forth from its canvas and frame.—*
[*MS. G. erased.*]

ii. *And seen* ——.—[*MS. G.*]
—— *its fleecy mail.*—[*MS. G. erased.*]

1. [In the summer of 1803, Byron, then turned fifteen, though offered a bed at Annesley, used at first to return every night to Newstead; alleging that he was afraid of the family pictures of the Chaworths, which he fancied "had taken a grudge to him on account of the duel, and would come down from their frames to haunt him." Moore thinks this passage may have been suggested by the recollection (*Life*, p. 27). Compare *Lara*, Canto I. stanza xi. line 1, *seq.* (*vide ante*, p. 331, *note* 1).]

2. [Compare Southey's *Roderick*, Canto XXI. (ed. 1838, ix. 195)—

". . . and till the grave
Open, the gate of mercy is not closed."]

Its love for ever shut from thee.
There is a light cloud by the moon— [1]
'Tis passing, and will pass full soon—
If, by the time its vapoury sail
Hath ceased her shaded orb to veil,
Thy heart within thee is not changed,
Then God and man are both avenged;
Dark will thy doom be, darker still
Thine immortality of ill."

Alp looked to heaven, and saw on high
The sign she spake of in the sky;

1. I have been told that the idea expressed in this and the five following lines has been admired by those whose approbation is valuable. I am glad of it; but it is not original—at least not mine; it may be found much better expressed in pages 182-3-4 of the English version of "Vathek" (I forget the precise page of the French), a work to which I have before referred; and never recur to, or read, without a renewal of gratification.—[The following is the passage: "'Deluded prince!' said the Genius, addressing the Caliph. . . . 'This moment is the last, of grace, allowed thee: . . . give back Nouronihar to her father, who still retains a few sparks of life: destroy thy tower, with all its abominations: drive Carathis from thy councils: be just to thy subjects: respect the ministers of the Prophet: compensate for thy impieties by an exemplary life; and, instead of squandering thy days in voluptuous indulgence, lament thy crimes on the sepulchres of thy ancestors. Thou beholdest the clouds that obscure the sun: at the instant he recovers his splendour, if thy heart be not changed, the time of mercy assigned thee will be past for ever.'"

"Vathek, depressed with fear, was on the point of prostrating himself at the feet of the shepherd . . . but, his pride prevailing . . . he said, 'Whoever thou art, withhold thy useless admonitions. . . . If what I have done be so criminal . . . there remains not for me a moment of grace. I have traversed a sea of blood to acquire a power which will make thy equals tremble; deem not that I shall retire when in view of the port; or that I will relinquish her who is dearer to me than either my life or thy mercy. Let the sun appear! let him illumine my career! it matters not where it may end!' On uttering these words . . . Vathek . . . commanded that his horses should be forced back to the road.

"There was no difficulty in obeying these orders; for the attraction had ceased; the sun shone forth in all his glory, and the shepherd vanished with a lamentable scream" (ed. 1786, pp. 183-185).]

But his heart was swollen, and turned aside,
By deep interminable pride.[i]
This first false passion of his breast
Rolled like a torrent o'er the rest.
He sue for mercy! *He* dismayed
By wild words of a timid maid!
He, wronged by Venice, vow to save
Her sons, devoted to the grave!
No—though that cloud were thunder's worst,
And charged to crush him—let it burst!

He looked upon it earnestly,
Without an accent of reply;
He watched it passing; it is flown:
Full on his eye the clear moon shone,
And thus he spake—"Whate'er my fate,
I am no changeling—'tis too late:
The reed in storms may bow and quiver,
Then rise again; the tree must shiver.
What Venice made me, I must be,
Her foe in all, save love to thee:
But thou art safe: oh, fly with me!"
He turned, but she is gone!
Nothing is there but the column stone.
Hath she sunk in the earth, or melted in air?
He saw not—he knew not—but nothing is there.

XXII.

The night is past, and shines the sun
As if that morn were a jocund one.[1]
Lightly and brightly breaks away

i. *By rooted and unhallowed pride.*—[*MS. G. erased.*]

1. [Leave out this couplet.—GIFFORD.]

The Morning from her mantle grey,[1]
And the Noon will look on a sultry day.[2]
Hark to the trump, and the drum,
And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn,
And the flap of the banners, that flit as they're borne,
And the neigh of the steed, and the multitude's hum,
And the clash, and the shout, "They come! they come!"
The horsetails[3] are plucked from the ground, and the sword
From its sheath; and they form, and but wait for the word.
Tartar, and Spahi, and Turcoman,
Strike your tents, and throng to the van;
Mount ye, spur ye, skirr the plain,[4]
That the fugitive may flee in vain,
When he breaks from the town; and none escape,
Agéd or young, in the Christian shape;
While your fellows on foot, in a fiery mass,
Bloodstain the breach through which they pass.[5]

1. [Compare—
"While the still morn went out with sandals grey."
Lycidas, line 187.]

2. [Strike out—
"And the Noon will look on a sultry day."
—GIFFORD.]

3. The horsetails, fixed upon a lance, a pacha's standard.
["When the vizir appears in public, three *thoughs*, or horse-tails, fastened to a long staff, with a large gold ball at top, is borne before him."—*Mœurs des Ottomans*, par A. L. Castellan (Translated, 1821), iv. 7.
Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto II., "Albanian War-Song," stanza 10, line 2; and *Bride of Abydos*, line 714 (*vide ante*, p. 189).]

4. [Compare—
"Send out moe horses, skirr the country round."
Macbeth, act v. sc. 3, line 35.]

5. [Omit—
"While your fellows on foot, in a fiery mass,
Bloodstain the breach through which they pass."
—GIFFORD.]

The steeds are all bridled, and snort to the rein;
Curved is each neck, and flowing each mane;
White is the foam of their champ on the bit;
The spears are uplifted; the matches are lit;
The cannon are pointed, and ready to roar,
And crush the wall they have crumbled before:[1]
Forms in his phalanx each Janizar;
Alp at their head; his right arm is bare,
So is the blade of his scimitar;
The Khan and the Pachas are all at their post;
The Vizier himself at the head of the host.
When the culverin's signal is fired, then on;
Leave not in Corinth a living one—
A priest at her altars, a chief in her halls,
A hearth in her mansions, a stone on her walls.
God and the prophet—Alla Hu![2]
Up to the skies with that wild halloo!
"There the breach lies for passage, the ladder to scale;
And your hands on your sabres, and how should ye fail?
He who first downs with the red cross may crave[3]
His heart's dearest wish; let him ask it, and have!"
Thus uttered Coumourgi, the dauntless Vizier;[4]

1. ["And crush the wall they have *shaken* before."—GIFFORD.]
2. [Compare *The Giaour*, line 734 (*vide ante*, p. 120)—

"At solemn sound of 'Alla Hu!'"

And *Don Juan*, Canto VIII. stanza viii.]
3. ["He who first *downs* with the red cross may crave," etc. What vulgarism is this!—

"He who *lowers*,—or *plucks down*," etc.

—GIFFORD.]
4. [The historian, George Finlay, who met and frequently conversed with Byron at Mesalonghi, with a view to illustrating "Lord Byron's *Siege of Corinth*," subjoins in a note the full text of "the summons sent by the grand vizier, and the answer." (See Finlay's *Greece under Othoman and Venetian Domination*, 1856, p. 266, *note* 1; and, for the original authority, see Brue's *Journal de la Campagne*, . . . *en* 1715, Paris, 1871, p. 18.)]

The reply was the brandish of sabre and spear,
And the shout of fierce thousands in joyous ire:—
Silence—hark to the signal—fire!

XXIII.

As the wolves, that headlong go
On the stately buffalo,
Though with fiery eyes, and angry roar,
And hoofs that stamp, and horns that gore,
He tramples on earth, or tosses on high
The foremost, who rush on his strength but to die
Thus against the wall they went,
Thus the first were backward bent;[1]
Many a bosom, sheathed in brass,
Strewed the earth like broken glass,[i.]
Shivered by the shot, that tore
The ground whereon they moved no more:
Even as they fell, in files they lay,
Like the mower's grass at the close of day,[ii.]
When his work is done on the levelled plain;
Such was the fall of the foremost slain.[2]

XXIV.

As the spring-tides, with heavy plash,
From the cliffs invading dash
Huge fragments, sapped by the ceaseless flow,
Till white and thundering down they go,

i. *With such volley yields like glass.*—[*MS. G. erased.*]
ii. *Like the mower's ridge* ——.—[*MS. G. erased.*]

1. ["Thus against the wall they *bent*,
Thus the first were backward *sent*."
—GIFFORD.]
2. ["Such was the fall of the foremost train."—GIFFORD.]

Like the avalanche's snow
On the Alpine vales below;
Thus at length, outbreathed and worn,
Corinth's sons were downward borne
By the long and oft renewed
Charge of the Moslem multitude.
In firmness they stood, and in masses they fell,
Heaped by the host of the Infidel,
Hand to hand, and foot to foot:
Nothing there, save Death, was mute;[1]
Stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry
For quarter, or for victory,
Mingle there with the volleying thunder,
Which makes the distant cities wonder
How the sounding battle goes,
If with them, or for their foes;
If they must mourn, or may rejoice
In that annihilating voice,
Which pierces the deep hills through and through
With an echo dread and new:
You might have heard it, on that day,
O'er Salamis and Megara;
(We have heard the hearers say,)[i.]
Even unto Piræus' bay.

XXV.

From the point of encountering blades to the hilt,
Sabres and swords with blood were gilt;[2]

i. *I have heard* ——.—[*MS. G.*]

1. [Compare *The Deformed Transformed*, Part I. sc. 2 ("Song of the Soldiers")—

"Our shout shall grow gladder,
And death only be mute."]

2. [Compare *Macbeth*, act ii. sc. 2, line 55—

"If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal."]

But the rampart is won, and the spoil begun,
And all but the after carnage done.
Shriller shrieks now mingling come
From within the plundered dome:
Hark to the haste of flying feet,
That splash in the blood of the slippery street;
But here and there, where 'vantage ground
Against the foe may still be found,
Desperate groups, of twelve or ten,
Make a pause, and turn again—
With banded backs against the wall,
Fiercely stand, or fighting fall.
There stood an old man [1]—his hairs were white,
But his veteran arm was full of might:
So gallantly bore he the brunt of the fray,
The dead before him, on that day,
In a semicircle lay;
Still he combated unwounded,
Though retreating, unsurrounded.
Many a scar of former fight
Lurked [2] beneath his corslet bright;
But of every wound his body bore,
Each and all had been ta'en before:
Though agéd, he was so iron of limb,
Few of our youth could cope with him,
And the foes, whom he singly kept at bay,
Outnumbered his thin hairs [3] of silver grey.
From right to left his sabre swept:
Many an Othman mother wept
Sons that were unborn, when dipped [4]

1. ["There stood a man," etc.—GIFFORD.]
2. ["*Lurked*"—a bad word—say "*was hid.*"—GIFFORD.]
3. ["Outnumbered his hairs," etc.—GIFFORD.]
4. ["Sons that were unborn, when *he* dipped."—GIFFORD.]

His weapon first in Moslem gore,
Ere his years could count a score.
Of all he might have been the sire [1]
Who fell that day beneath his ire:
For, sonless left long years ago,
His wrath made many a childless foe;
And since the day, when in the strait [2]
His only boy had met his fate,
His parent's iron hand did doom
More than a human hecatomb.[3]
If shades by carnage be appeased,
Patroclus' spirit less was pleased
Than his, Minotti's son, who died
Where Asia's bounds and ours divide.
Buried he lay, where thousands before
For thousands of years were inhumed on the shore;
What of them is left, to tell
Where they lie, and how they fell?
Not a stone on their turf, nor a bone in their graves;
But they live in the verse that immortally saves.[4]

XXVI.

Hark to the Allah shout! [5] a band
Of the Mussulman bravest and best is at hand;

1. [Bravo!—this is better than King Priam's fifty sons.—GIFFORD.]

2. In the naval battle at the mouth of the Dardanelles, between the Venetians and Turks.

3. [There can be no such thing; but the whole of this is poor, and spun out.—GIFFORD. The solecism, if such it be, was repeated in *Marino Faliero*, act iii. sc. 1, line 38.]

4. [Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto II. stanza xxix. lines 5-8 (*Poetical Works*, 1899, ii. 125)—

"Dark Sappho! could not Verse immortal save? . . .
If life eternal may await the lyre."]

5. ["Hark to the Alla Hu!" etc.—GIFFORD.]

Their leader's nervous arm is bare,
Swifter to smite, and never to spare—
Unclothed to the shoulder it waves them on;
Thus in the fight is he ever known:
Others a gaudier garb may show,
To tempt the spoil of the greedy foe;
Many a hand's on a richer hilt,
But none on a steel more ruddily gilt;
Many a loftier turban may wear,—
Alp is but known by the white arm bare;
Look through the thick of the fight, 'tis there!
There is not a standard on that shore
So well advanced the ranks before;
There is not a banner in Moslem war
Will lure the Delhis half so far;
It glances like a falling star!
Where'er that mighty arm is seen,
The bravest be, or late have been;[1]
There the craven cries for quarter
Vainly to the vengeful Tartar;
Or the hero, silent lying,
Scorns to yield a groan in dying;
Mustering his last feeble blow
'Gainst the nearest levelled foe,
Though faint beneath the mutual wound,
Grappling on the gory ground.

XXVII.

Still the old man stood erect,
And Alp's career a moment checked.
"Yield thee, Minotti; quarter take,
For thine own, thy daughter's sake."

1. [Gifford has erased lines 839–847.]

"Never, Renegado, never!
Though the life of thy gift would last for ever."[i.]

"Francesca!—Oh, my promised bride![ii.]
Must she too perish by thy pride!"

"She is safe."—"Where? where?"—"In Heaven;
From whence thy traitor soul is driven—
Far from thee, and undefiled."
Grimly then Minotti smiled,
As he saw Alp staggering bow
Before his words, as with a blow.

"Oh God! when died she?"—"Yesternight—
Nor weep I for her spirit's flight:
None of my pure race shall be
Slaves to Mahomet and thee—
Come on!"—That challenge is in vain—
Alp's already with the slain!
While Minotti's words were wreaking
More revenge in bitter speaking
Than his falchion's point had found,
Had the time allowed to wound,
From within the neighbouring porch
Of a long defended church,
Where the last and desperate few
Would the failing fight renew,
The sharp shot dashed Alp to the ground;
Ere an eye could view the wound
That crashed through the brain of the infidel,
Round he spun, and down he fell;

i. *Though the life of thy giving would last for ever.*—[*MS. G. Copy.*]
ii. *Where's Francesca?—my promised bride!*—[*MS. G. Copy.*]

A flash like fire within his eyes
Blazed, as he bent no more to rise,
And then eternal darkness sunk
Through all the palpitating trunk;[i.]
Nought of life left, save a quivering
Where his limbs were slightly shivering:
They turned him on his back; his breast
And brow were stained with gore and dust,
And through his lips the life-blood oozed,
From its deep veins lately loosed;
But in his pulse there was no throb,
Nor on his lips one dying sob;
Sigh, nor word, nor struggling breath[ii.]
Heralded his way to death:
Ere his very thought could pray,
Unaneled he passed away,
Without a hope from Mercy's aid,—
To the last a Renegade.[1]

i. Here follows in *MS. G.*—

Twice and once he roll'd a space,
Then lead-like lay upon his face.

ii. *Sigh, nor sign, nor parting word.*—[*MS. G. erased.*]

1. [The Spanish "renegado" and the Anglicized "renegade" were favourite terms of reprobation with politicians and others at the beginning of the century. When Southey's *Wat Tyler* was reprinted in 1817, William Smith, the Member for Norwich, denounced the Laureate as a "renegado," an attack which Coleridge did his best to parry by contributing articles to the *Courier* on "Apostasy and Renegadoism" (Letter to Murray, March 26, 1817, *Memoir of John Murray*, 1891, i. 306). Byron himself, in *Don Juan* ("Dedication," stanza i. line 5), hails Southey as "My Epic Renegade!" Compare, too, stanza xiv. of "*Lines addressed to a Noble Lord* (His Lordship will know why), By one of the small Fry of the Lakes" (*i.e.* Miss Barker, the "Bhow Begum" of Southey's *Doctor*)—

"And our Ponds shall better please thee,
Than those now dishonoured seas,
With their shores and Cyclades
Stocked with Pachas, Seraskiers,
Slaves and turbaned Buccaneers;
Sensual Mussulmans atrocious,
Renegadoes more ferocious," etc.]

XXVIII.

Fearfully the yell arose
Of his followers, and his foes;
These in joy, in fury those:[i.]
Then again in conflict mixing,[ii.]
Clashing swords, and spears transfixing,
Interchanged the blow and thrust,
Hurling warriors in the dust.
Street by street, and foot by foot,
Still Minotti dares dispute
The latest portion of the land
Left beneath his high command;
With him, aiding heart and hand,
The remnant of his gallant band.
Still the church is tenable,
  Whence issued late the fated ball
  That half avenged the city's fall,
When Alp, her fierce assailant, fell:
Thither bending sternly back,
They leave before a bloody track;
And, with their faces to the foe,
Dealing wounds with every blow,[1]
The chief, and his retreating train,
Join to those within the fane;
There they yet may breathe awhile,
Sheltered by the massy pile.

XXIX.

Brief breathing-time! the turbaned host,
With added ranks and raging boast,

i. *These in rage, in triumph those.*—[*MS. G. Copy erased.*]
ii. *Then again in fury mixing.*—[*MS. G.*]

1. ["Dealing *death* with every blow."—GIFFORD.]

Press onwards with such strength and heat,
Their numbers balk their own retreat;
For narrow the way that led to the spot
Where still the Christians yielded not;
And the foremost, if fearful, may vainly try
Through the massy column to turn and fly;
They perforce must do or die.
They die; but ere their eyes could close,
Avengers o'er their bodies rose;
Fresh and furious, fast they fill
The ranks unthinned, though slaughtered still;
And faint the weary Christians wax
Before the still renewed attacks:
And now the Othmans gain the gate;
Still resists its iron weight,
And still, all deadly aimed and hot,
From every crevice comes the shot;
From every shattered window pour
The volleys of the sulphurous shower:
But the portal wavering grows and weak—
The iron yields, the hinges creak—
It bends—it falls—and all is o'er;
Lost Corinth may resist no more!

XXX.

Darkly, sternly, and all alone,
Minotti stood o'er the altar stone:
Madonna's face upon him shone,[1]

1. [Compare *Don Juan*, Canto XIII. stanza lxi. lines 1, *seq.*—

"But in a higher niche, alone, but crowned,
The Virgin-Mother of the God-born Child,
With her Son in her blessed arms, looked round . . .
But even the faintest relics of a shrine
Of any worship wake some thoughts divine."]

Painted in heavenly hues above,
With eyes of light and looks of love;
And placed upon that holy shrine
To fix our thoughts on things divine,
When pictured there, we kneeling see
Her, and the boy-God on her knee,
Smiling sweetly on each prayer
To Heaven, as if to waft it there.
Still she smiled; even now she smiles,
Though slaughter streams along her aisles:
Minotti lifted his agéd eye,
And made the sign of a cross with a sigh,
Then seized a torch which blazed thereby;
And still he stood, while with steel and flame,
Inward and onward the Mussulman came.

XXXI.

The vaults beneath the mosaic stone [i.]
Contained the dead of ages gone;
Their names were on the graven floor,
But now illegible with gore; [ii.]
The carvéd crests, and curious hues
The varied marble's veins diffuse,
Were smeared, and slippery—stained, and strown
With broken swords, and helms o'erthrown:
There were dead above, and the dead below
Lay cold in many a coffined row;
You might see them piled in sable state,
By a pale light through a gloomy grate;
But War had entered their dark caves, [iii.]

i. —— *beneath the* { *chequered* / *inlaid* } *stone.*—[*MS. G. erased.*]
ii. *But now half-blotted* ——.—[*MS. G. erased.*]
iii. *But War must make the most of means.*—[*MS. G. erased.*]

And stored along the vaulted graves
Her sulphurous treasures, thickly spread
In masses by the fleshless dead:
Here, throughout the siege, had been
The Christians' chiefest magazine;
To these a late formed train now led,
Minotti's last and stern resource
Against the foe's o'erwhelming force.

XXXII.

The foe came on, and few remain
To strive, and those must strive in vain:
For lack of further lives, to slake
The thirst of vengeance now awake,
With barbarous blows they gash the dead,
And lop the already lifeless head,
And fell the statues from their niche,
And spoil the shrines of offerings rich,
And from each other's rude hands wrest
The silver vessels Saints had blessed.
To the high altar on they go;
Oh, but it made a glorious show![1]
On its table still behold
The cup of consecrated gold;
Massy and deep, a glittering prize,
Brightly it sparkles to plunderers' eyes:
That morn it held the holy wine,[i.]
Converted by Christ to his blood so divine,
Which his worshippers drank at the break of day,[ii.]

i. —— *the sacrament wine.*—[*MS. G. erased.*]
ii. *Which the Christians partook at the break of the day.*—[*MS. G. Copy.*]

1. ["Oh, but it made a glorious show!!!"
Gifford erases the line, and adds these marks of exclamation.]

To shrive their souls ere they joined in the fray.
Still a few drops within it lay;
And round the sacred table glow
Twelve lofty lamps, in splendid row,
From the purest metal cast;
A spoil—the richest, and the last.

XXXIII.

So near they came, the nearest stretched
To grasp the spoil he almost reached
When old Minotti's hand
Touched with the torch the train—
'Tis fired![1]
Spire, vaults, the shrine, the spoil, the slain,
The turbaned victors, the Christian band,
All that of living or dead remain,
Hurled on high with the shivered fane,
In one wild roar expired![2]
The shattered town—the walls thrown down—
The waves a moment backward bent—
The hills that shake, although unrent,[i]
As if an Earthquake passed—
The thousand shapeless things all driven
In cloud and flame athwart the heaven,
By that tremendous blast—

i. *The hills as by an earthquake bent.*—[*MS. G. erased.*]

1. [Compare *Sardanapalus*, act v. sc. 1 (*s.f.*)—

"*Myr.* Art thou ready?
Sard. As the torch in thy grasp.
(*Myrrha fires the pile.*)
Myr. 'Tis fired! I come."]

2. [A critic in the *Eclectic Review* (vol. v. N.S., 1816, p. 273), commenting on the "obvious carelessness" of these lines, remarks, "We know not how 'all that of dead remained' could *expire* in that wild roar." To apply the word "expire" to inanimate objects is, no doubt, an archaism, but Byron might have quoted Dryden as an authority, "The ponderous ball expires."]

Proclaimed the desperate conflict o'er
On that too long afflicted shore:[1]
Up to the sky like rockets go
All that mingled there below:
Many a tall and goodly man,
Scorched and shrivelled to a span,
When he fell to earth again
Like a cinder strewed the plain:
Down the ashes shower like rain;
Some fell in the gulf, which received the sprinkles
With a thousand circling wrinkles;
Some fell on the shore, but, far away,
Scattered o'er the isthmus lay;
Christian or Moslem, which be they?
Let their mothers see and say![i]
When in cradled rest they lay,
And each nursing mother smiled
On the sweet sleep of her child,
Little deemed she such a day
Would rend those tender limbs away.[2]
Not the matrons that them bore
Could discern their offspring more;[3]
That one moment left no trace
More of human form or face
Save a scattered scalp or bone:

i. *Who can see or who shall say?*—[*MS. G. erased.*]

1. [Strike out from "Up to the sky," etc., to "All blackened there and reeking lay." Despicable stuff.—GIFFORD.]

2. [Lines 1043–1047 are not in the Copy or MS. G., but were included in the text of the First Edition.]

3. [Compare *Don Juan*, Canto II. stanza cii. line 1, *seq.*—

"Famine, despair, cold, thirst, and heat, had done
Their work on them by turns, and thinned them to
Such things a mother had not known her son
Amidst the skeletons of that gaunt crew."

Compare, too, *The Island*, Canto I. section ix. lines 13, 14.]

And down came blazing rafters, strown
Around, and many a falling stone,[i.]
Deeply dinted in the clay,
All blackened there and reeking lay.
All the living things that heard
The deadly earth-shock disappeared:
The wild birds flew; the wild dogs fled,
And howling left the unburied dead;[ii. 1]
The camels from their keepers broke;
The distant steer forsook the yoke—
The nearer steed plunged o'er the plain,
And burst his girth, and tore his rein;
The bull-frog's note, from out the marsh,
Deep-mouthed arose, and doubly harsh;[2]
The wolves yelled on the caverned hill
Where Echo rolled in thunder still;[iii.]
The jackal's troop, in gathered cry,[iv. 3]
Bayed from afar complainingly,
With a mixed and mournful sound,[v.]
Like crying babe, and beaten hound:[4]

i. *And crashed each mass of stone.*—[*MS. G. erased.*]
ii. *And left their food the unburied dead.*—[*Copy.*]
And left their food the untasted dead.—[*MS. G.*]
And howling left ——.—[*MS. G. erased.*]
iii. *Where Echo rolled in horror still.*—[*MS. G.*]
iv. *The frightened jackal's shrill sharp cry.*—[*MS. G. erased.*]
v. *Mixed and mournful as the sound.*—[*MS. G.*]

1. [Omit the next six lines.—GIFFORD.]
2. ["I have heard hyænas and jackalls in the ruins of Asia; and bull-frogs in the marshes; besides wolves and angry Mussulmans."—*Journal*, November 23, 1813, *Letters*, 1898, ii. 340.]
3. I believe I have taken a poetical licence to transplant the jackal from Asia. In Greece I never saw nor heard these animals; but among the ruins of Ephesus I have heard them by hundreds. They haunt ruins, and follow armies. [Compare *Childe Harold*, Canto IV. stanza cliii. line 6; and *Don Juan*, Canto IX. stanza xxvii. line 2.]
4. [Leave out this couplet.—GIFFORD.]

With sudden wing, and ruffled breast,
The eagle left his rocky nest,
And mounted nearer to the sun,
The clouds beneath him seemed so dun;
Their smoke assailed his startled beak,
And made him higher soar and shriek—
Thus was Corinth lost and won![1]

1. [With lines 1058–1079, compare Southey's *Roderick* (Canto XVIII., ed. 1838, ix. 169)—

"Far and wide the thundering shout,
Rolling among reduplicating rocks,
Pealed o'er the hills, and up the mountain vales.
The wild ass starting in the forest glade
Ran to the covert; the affrighted wolf
Skulked through the thicket to a closer brake;
The sluggish bear, awakened in his den,
Roused up and answered with a sullen growl,
Low-breathed and long; and at the uproar scared,
The brooding eagle from her nest took wing."

A sentence in a letter to Moore, dated January 10, 1815 (*Letters*, 1899, iii. 168), "*I* have tried the rascals (*i.e.* the public) with my Harrys and Larrys, Pilgrims and Pirates. Nobody but S . . . . y has done any thing worth a slice of bookseller's pudding, and *he* has not luck enough to be found out in doing a good thing," implies that Byron had read and admired Southey's *Roderick*—an inference which is curiously confirmed by a memorandum in Murray's handwriting: "When Southey's poem, *Don Roderick* (*sic*), was published, Lord Byron sent in the middle of the night to ask John Murray if he had heard any opinion of it, for he thought it one of the finest poems he had ever read." The resemblance between the two passages, which is pointed out by Professor Kölbing, is too close to be wholly unconscious, but Byron's expansion of Southey's lines hardly amounts to a plagiarism.]

PARISINA.

INTRODUCTION TO *PARISINA*.

PARISINA, which had been begun before the *Siege of Corinth*, was transcribed by Lady Byron, and sent to the publisher at the beginning of December, 1815. Murray confessed that he had been alarmed by some hints which Byron had dropped as to the plot of the narrative, but was reassured when he traced "the delicate hand that transcribed it." He could not say enough of this "Pearl" of great price. "It is very interesting, pathetic, beautiful—do you know I would almost say moral" (*Memoir of John Murray*, 1891, i. 353). Ward, to whom the MS. of *Parisina* was shown, and Isaac D'Israeli, who heard it read aloud by Murray, were enthusiastic as to its merits; and Gifford, who had mingled censure with praise in his critical appreciation of the *Siege*, declared that the author "had never surpassed *Parisina*."

The last and shortest of the six narrative poems composed and published in the four years (the first years of manhood and of fame, the only years of manhood passed at home in England) which elapsed between the appearance of the first two cantos of *Childe Harold* and the third, *Parisina* has, perhaps, never yet received its due. At the time of its appearance it shared the odium which was provoked by the publication of *Fare Thee Well* and *A Sketch*, and before there was time to reconsider the new volume on its own merits, the new canto of *Childe Harold*, followed almost immediately by the *Prisoner of Chillon* and its brilliant and noticeable companion poems, usurped the attention of friend and foe. Contemporary critics (with the exception of the *Monthly* and *Critical* Reviews) fell foul of the subject-matter of the poem—the guilty passion of a

bastard son for his father's wife. "It was too disgusting to be rendered pleasing by any display of genius" (*European Magazine*); "The story of *Parisina* includes adultery not to be named" (*Literary Panorama*); while the *Eclectic*, on grounds of taste rather than of morals, gave judgment that "the subject of the tale was purely unpleasing"—"the impression left simply painful."

Byron, no doubt, for better or worse, was in advance of his age, in the pursuit of art for art's sake, and in his indifference, not to morality—the *dénouement* of the story is severely moral—but to the moral edification of his readers. The tale was chosen because it is a tale of love and guilt and woe, and the poet, unconcerned with any other issue, sets the tale to an enchanting melody. It does not occur to him to condone or to reprobate the loves of Hugo and Parisina, and in detailing the issue leaves the actors to their fate. It was this aloofness from ethical considerations which perturbed and irritated the "canters," as Byron called them—the children and champions of the anti-revolution. The modern reader, without being attracted or repelled by the *motif* of the story, will take pleasure in the sustained energy and sure beauty of the poetic strain. Byron may have gone to the "nakedness of history" for his facts, but he clothed them in singing robes of a delicate and shining texture.

TO

SCROPE BERDMORE DAVIES, ESQ.

THE FOLLOWING POEM

IS INSCRIBED,

BY ONE WHO HAS LONG ADMIRED HIS TALENTS

AND VALUED HIS FRIENDSHIP.

January 22, 1816.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following poem is grounded on a circumstance mentioned in Gibbon's "Antiquities of the House of Brunswick." I am aware, that in modern times, the delicacy or fastidiousness of the reader may deem such subjects unfit for the purposes of poetry. The Greek dramatists, and some of the best of our old English writers, were of a different opinion: as Alfieri and Schiller have also been, more recently, upon the Continent. The following extract will explain the facts on which the story is founded. The name of *Azo* is substituted for Nicholas, as more metrical.—[B.]

"Under the reign of Nicholas III. [A.D. 1425] Ferrara was polluted with a domestic tragedy. By the testimony of a maid, and his own observation, the Marquis of Este discovered the incestuous loves of his wife Parisina, and Hugo his bastard son, a beautiful and valiant youth. They were beheaded in the castle by the sentence of a father and husband, who published his shame, and survived their execution.[1] He was unfortunate, if they were guilty: if they were innocent, he was still more unfortunate; nor is there any possible situation in which I can sincerely approve the last act of the justice of a parent." —GIBBON'S *Miscellaneous Works*, vol. iii. p. 470.—[Ed. 1837, p. 830.]

1. ["Ferrara is much decayed and depopulated; but the castle still exists entire; and I saw the court where Parisina and Hugo were beheaded, according to the annal of Gibbon."—*Vide* Advertisement to *Lament of Tasso*.]

PARISINA.[1]

I.

It is the hour when from the boughs[2]
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word;

1. "This turned out a calamitous year for the people of Ferrara, for there occurred a very tragical event in the court of their sovereign. Our annals, both printed and in manuscript, with the exception of the unpolished and negligent work of Sardi, and one other, have given the following relation of it,—from which, however, are rejected many details, and especially the narrative of Bandelli, who wrote a century afterwards, and who does not accord with the contemporary historians.

"By the above-mentioned Stella dell' Assassino, the Marquis, in the year 1405, had a son called Ugo, a beautiful and ingenuous youth. Parisina Malatesta, second wife of Niccolo, like the generality of step-mothers, treated him with little kindness, to the infinite regret of the Marquis, who regarded him with fond partiality. One day she asked leave of her husband to undertake a certain journey, to which he consented, but upon condition that Ugo should bear her company; for he hoped by these means to induce her, in the end, to lay aside the obstinate aversion which she had conceived against him. And indeed his intent was accomplished but too well, since, during the journey, she not only divested herself of all her hatred, but fell into the opposite extreme. After their return, the Marquis had no longer any occasion to renew his former reproofs. It happened one day that a servant of the Marquis, named Zoese, or, as some call him, Giorgio, passing before the apartments of Parisina, saw going out from them one of her chamber-maids, all terrified and in tears. Asking the reason, she told him that her mistress, for some slight offence, had been beating her; and, giving vent to her rage, she added, that she could easily be revenged, if she chose to make known the criminal familiarity which subsisted

And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.

between Parisina and her step-son. The servant took note of the words, and related them to his master. He was astounded thereat, but, scarcely believing his ears, he assured himself of the fact, alas! too clearly, on the 18th of May, by looking through a hole made in the ceiling of his wife's chamber. Instantly he broke into a furious rage, and arrested both of them, together with Aldobrandino Rangoni, of Modena, her gentleman, and also, as some say, two of the women of her chamber, as abettors of this sinful act. He ordered them to be brought to a hasty trial, desiring the judges to pronounce sentence, in the accustomed forms, upon the culprits. This sentence was death. Some there were that bestirred themselves in favour of the delinquents, and, amongst others, Ugoccion Contrario, who was all-powerful with Niccolo, and also his aged and much deserving minister Alberto dal Sale. Both of these, their tears flowing down their cheeks, and upon their knees, implored him for mercy; adducing whatever reasons they could suggest for sparing the offenders, besides those motives of honour and decency which might persuade him to conceal from the public so scandalous a deed. But his rage made him inflexible, and, on the instant, he commanded that the sentence should be put in execution.

"It was, then, in the prisons of the castle, and exactly in those frightful dungeons which are seen at this day beneath the chamber called the Aurora, at the foot of the Lion's tower, at the top of the street Giovecca, that on the night of the 21st of May were beheaded, first, Ugo, and afterwards Parisina. Zoese, he that accused her, conducted the latter under his arm to the place of punishment. She, all along, fancied that she was to be thrown into a pit, and asked at every step, whether she was yet come to the spot? She was told that her punishment was the axe. She enquired what was become of Ugo, and received for answer, that he was already dead; at which, sighing grievously, she exclaimed, 'Now, then, I wish not myself to live;' and, being come to the block, she stripped herself, with her own hands, of all her ornaments, and, wrapping a cloth round her head, submitted to the fatal stroke, which terminated the cruel scene. The same was done with Rangoni, who, together with the others, according to two calendars in the library of St. Francesco, was buried in the cemetery of that convent. Nothing else is known respecting the women.

"The Marquis kept watch the whole of that dreadful night, and, as he was walking backwards and forwards, enquired of the captain of the castle if Ugo was dead yet? who answered him, Yes. He then gave himself up to the most desperate lamentations, exclaiming, 'Oh! that I too were dead, since I have been hurried on to resolve thus against my own Ugo!' And then gnawing with his teeth a cane which he had in his hand, he passed the rest of the night in sighs and in tears, calling frequently upon his own dear Ugo. On the following day, calling to mind that it would be necessary to

Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.[3]

II.

But it is not to list to the waterfall [1]
That Parisina leaves her hall,

1. *Francisca walks in the shadow of night,*
But it is not to gaze on the heavenly light—
But if she sits in her garden bower,
'Tis not for the sake of its blowing flower.—
[*Nathan*, 1815, 1829.]

make public his justification, seeing that the transaction could not be kept secret, he ordered the narrative to be drawn out upon paper, and sent it to all the courts of Italy.

"On receiving this advice, the Doge of Venice, Francesco Foscari, gave orders, but without publishing his reasons, that stop should be put to the preparations for a tournament, which, under the auspices of the Marquis, and at the expense of the city of Padua, was about to take place, in the square of St. Mark, in order to celebrate his advancement to the ducal chair.

"The Marquis, in addition to what he had already done, from some unaccountable burst of vengeance, commanded that as many of the married women as were well known to him to be faithless, like his Parisina, should, like her, be beheaded. Amongst others, Barberina, or, as some call her, Laodamia Romei, wife of the court judge, underwent this sentence, at the usual place of execution; that is to say, in the quarter of St. Giacomo, opposite the present fortress, beyond St. Paul's. It cannot be told how strange appeared this proceeding in a prince, who, considering his own disposition, should, as it seemed, have been in such cases most indulgent. Some, however, there were who did not fail to commend him." [*Memorie per la Storia di Ferrara*, Raccolte da Antonio Frizzi, 1793, iii. 408–410. See, too, *Celebri Famiglie Italiane*, by Conte Pompeo Litta, 1832, Fasc. xxvi. Part III. vol. ii.]

2. [The revise of *Parisina* is endorsed in Murray's handwriting, "Given to me by Lord Byron at his house, Saturday, January 13, 1816."]

3. The lines contained in this section were printed as set to music

And it is not to gaze on the heavenly light
That the Lady walks in the shadow of night;
And if she sits in Este's bower,
'Tis not for the sake of its full-blown flower;
She listens—but not for the nightingale—
Though her ear expects as soft a tale.
There glides a step through the foliage thick,[i.]
And her cheek grows pale, and her heart beats quick.
There whispers a voice through the rustling leaves,
And her blush returns, and her bosom heaves:
A moment more—and they shall meet—
'Tis past—her Lover's at her feet.

III.

And what unto them is the world beside,
With all its change of time and tide?
Its living things—its earth and sky—
Are nothing to their mind and eye.
And heedless as the dead are they
Of aught around, above, beneath;
As if all else had passed away,
They only for each other breathe;
Their very sighs are full of joy
So deep, that did it not decay,
That happy madness would destroy
The hearts which feel its fiery sway:
Of guilt, of peril, do they deem
In that tumultuous tender dream?
Who that have felt that passion's power,
Or paused, or feared in such an hour?

i. *There winds a step* ——.—[*Nathan*, 1815, 1829.]

some time since, but belonged to the poem where they now appear; the greater part of which was composed prior to *Lara*, and other compositions since published. [Note to *Siege, etc.*, First Edition, 1816.]

Or thought how brief such moments last?
But yet—they are already past!
Alas! we must awake before
We know such vision comes no more.

IV.

With many a lingering look they leave
  The spot of guilty gladness past:
And though they hope, and vow, they grieve,
  As if that parting were the last.
The frequent sigh—the long embrace—
  The lip that there would cling for ever,
While gleams on Parisina's face
  The Heaven she fears will not forgive her,
As if each calmly conscious star
Beheld her frailty from afar—
The frequent sigh, the long embrace,
Yet binds them to their trysting-place.
But it must come, and they must part
In fearful heaviness of heart,
With all the deep and shuddering chill
Which follows fast the deeds of ill.

V.

And Hugo is gone to his lonely bed,
  To covet there another's bride;
But she must lay her conscious head
  A husband's trusting heart beside.
But fevered in her sleep she seems,
And red her cheek with troubled dreams,
  And mutters she in her unrest
A name she dare not breathe by day,[1]

1. [Leigh Hunt, in his *Autobiography* (1860, p. 252), says, "I had the pleasure of supplying my friendly critic, Lord Byron, with a point for his *Parisina* (the incident of the heroine talking in her sleep)."

And clasps her Lord unto the breast
Which pants for one away:
And he to that embrace awakes,
And, happy in the thought, mistakes
That dreaming sigh, and warm caress,
For such as he was wont to bless;
And could in very fondness weep
O'er her who loves him even in sleep.

VI.

He clasped her sleeping to his heart,
And listened to each broken word:
He hears—Why doth Prince Azo start,
As if the Archangel's voice he heard?
And well he may—a deeper doom
Could scarcely thunder o'er his tomb,
When he shall wake to sleep no more,
And stand the eternal throne before.
And well he may—his earthly peace
Upon that sound is doomed to cease.
That sleeping whisper of a name
Bespeaks her guilt and Azo's shame.

Putting Lady Macbeth out of the question, the situation may be traced to a passage in Henry Mackenzie's *Julia de Roubigné* (1777, ii. 101: "Montauban to Segarva," Letter xxxv.):—

"I was last night abroad at supper; Julia was a-bed before my return. I found her lute lying on the table, and a music-book open by it. I could perceive the marks of tears shed on the paper, and the air was such as might encourage their falling. Sleep, however, had overcome her sadness, and she did not awake when I opened the curtain to look on her. When I had stood some moments, I heard her sigh strongly through her sleep, and presently she muttered some words, I know not of what import. I had sometimes heard her do so before, without regarding it much; but there was something that roused my attention now. I listened; she sighed again, and again spoke a few broken words. At last I heard her plainly pronounce the name Savillon two or three times, and each time it was accompanied with sighs so deep that her heart seemed bursting as it heaved them."]

And whose that name? that o'er his pillow
Sounds fearful as the breaking billow,
Which rolls the plank upon the shore,
And dashes on the pointed rock
The wretch who sinks to rise no more,—
So came upon his soul the shock.
And whose that name?—'tis Hugo's,—his—
In sooth he had not deemed of this!—
'Tis Hugo's,—he, the child of one
He loved—his own all-evil son—
The offspring of his wayward youth,
When he betrayed Bianca's truth,[i. 1]
The maid whose folly could confide
In him who made her not his bride.

VII.

He plucked his poniard in its sheath,
But sheathed it ere the point was bare;
Howe'er unworthy now to breathe,
He could not slay a thing so fair—
At least, not smiling—sleeping—there—
Nay, more:—he did not wake her then,
But gazed upon her with a glance
Which, had she roused her from her trance,
Had frozen her sense to sleep again;
And o'er his brow the burning lamp
Gleamed on the dew-drops big and damp.
She spake no more—but still she slumbered—
While, in his thought, her days are numbered.

i. —— *Medora's* ——.—[*Copy erased.*]

1. [Compare *Christabel*, Part II. lines 408, 409—

"Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth."]

VIII.

And with the morn he sought and found,
In many a tale from those around,
The proof of all he feared to know,
Their present guilt—his future woe;
The long-conniving damsels seek
To save themselves, and would transfer
The guilt—the shame—the doom—to her:
Concealment is no more—they speak
All circumstance which may compel
Full credence to the tale they tell:
And Azo's tortured heart and ear
Have nothing more to feel or hear.

IX.

He was not one who brooked delay:
Within the chamber of his state,
The Chief of Este's ancient sway
Upon his throne of judgement sate;
His nobles and his guards are there,—
Before him is the sinful pair;
Both young,—and *one* how passing fair!
With swordless belt, and fettered hand,
Oh, Christ! that thus a son should stand
Before a father's face!
Yet thus must Hugo meet his sire,
And hear the sentence of his ire,
The tale of his disgrace!
And yet he seems not overcome,
Although, as yet, his voice be dumb.

X.

And still,—and pale—and silently
Did Parisina wait her doom;

How changed since last her speaking eye
  Glanced gladness round the glittering room,
Where high-born men were proud to wait—
Where Beauty watched to imitate
  Her gentle voice—her lovely mien—
And gather from her air and gait
  The graces of its Queen:
Then,—had her eye in sorrow wept,
A thousand warriors forth had leapt,
A thousand swords had sheathless shone,
And made her quarrel all their own.[1]
Now,—what is she? and what are they?
Can she command, or these obey?
All silent and unheeding now,
With downcast eyes and knitting brow,
And folded arms, and freezing air,
And lips that scarce their scorn forbear,
Her knights, her dames, her court—is there:
And he—the chosen one, whose lance
Had yet been couched before her glance,
Who—were his arm a moment free—
Had died or gained her liberty;
The minion of his father's bride,—
He, too, is fettered by her side;
Nor sees her swoln and full eye swim
Less for her own despair than him:
Those lids—o'er which the violet vein

1. [Compare the famous eulogy of Marie Antoinette, in Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France, in a Letter intended to have been sent to a Gentleman in Paris*, London, 1790, pp. 112, 113—
"It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles. . . . Little did I dream . . . that I should have lived to see such disasters fall upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult."]

Wandering, leaves a tender stain,
Shining through the smoothest white
That e'er did softest kiss invite—
Now seemed with hot and livid glow
To press, not shade, the orbs below;
Which glance so heavily, and fill,
As tear on tear grows gathering still [i. 1]

XI.

And he for her had also wept,
But for the eyes that on him gazed:
His sorrow, if he felt it, slept;
Stern and erect his brow was raised.
Whate'er the grief his soul avowed,
He would not shrink before the crowd;
But yet he dared not look on her;
Remembrance of the hours that were—
His guilt—his love—his present state—
His father's wrath, all good men's hate—
His earthly, his eternal fate—
And hers,—oh, hers! he dared not throw
One look upon that death-like brow!
Else had his rising heart betrayed
Remorse for all the wreck it made.

XII.

And Azo spake:—"But yesterday
I gloried in a wife and son;
That dream this morning passed away;
Ere day declines, I shall have none.
My life must linger on alone;

i. *As tear by tear rose gathering still.*—[*Revise.*]

1. [Lines 175–182, which are in Byron's handwriting, were added to the Copy.]

Well,—let that pass,—there breathes not one
Who would not do as I have done:
Those ties are broken—not by me;
  Let that too pass;—the doom's prepared!
Hugo, the priest awaits on thee,
  And then—thy crime's reward!
Away! address thy prayers to Heaven;
  Before its evening stars are met,
Learn if thou there canst be forgiven;
  Its mercy may absolve thee yet.
But here, upon the earth beneath,
  There is no spot where thou and I
Together for an hour could breathe:
  Farewell! I will not see thee die—
But thou, frail thing! shalt view his head—
  Away! I cannot speak the rest:
  Go! woman of the wanton breast;
Not I, but thou his blood dost shed:
Go! if that sight thou canst outlive,
And joy thee in the life I give."

XIII.

And here stern Azo hid his face—
  For on his brow the swelling vein
  Throbbed as if back upon his brain
  The hot blood ebbed and flowed again;
And therefore bowed he for a space,
  And passed his shaking hand along
  His eye, to veil it from the throng;
While Hugo raised his chainéd hands,
And for a brief delay demands
His father's ear: the silent sire
Forbids not what his words require.

"It is not that I dread the death—
For thou hast seen me by thy side
All redly through the battle ride,
And that—not once a useless brand—
Thy slaves have wrested from my hand
Hath shed more blood in cause of thine,
Than e'er can stain the axe of mine:[1]
Thou gav'st, and may'st resume my breath,
A gift for which I thank thee not;
Nor are my mother's wrongs forgot,
Her slighted love and ruined name,
Her offspring's heritage of shame;
But she is in the grave, where he,
Her son—thy rival—soon shall be.
Her broken heart—my severed head—
Shall witness for thee from the dead
How trusty and how tender were
Thy youthful love—paternal care.
'Tis true that I have done thee wrong—
But wrong for wrong:—this,—deemed thy bride,
The other victim of thy pride,—
Thou know'st for me was destined long;
Thou saw'st, and coveted'st her charms;
And with thy very crime—my birth,—
Thou taunted'st me—as little worth;
A match ignoble for her arms;
Because, forsooth, I could not claim
The lawful heirship of thy name,
Nor sit on Este's lineal throne;
Yet, were a few short summers mine,
My name should more than Este's shine

1. [The meaning is plain, but the construction is involved. The contrast is between the blood of foes, which Hugo has shed for Azo, and Hugo's own blood, which Azo is about to shed on the scaffold. But this is one of Byron's incurious infelicities.]

With honours all my own.
I had a sword—and have a breast
That should have won as haught [1] a crest
As ever waved along the line
Of all these sovereign sires of thine.
Not always knightly spurs are worn
The brightest by the better born;
And mine have lanced my courser's flank
Before proud chiefs of princely rank,
When charging to the cheering cry
Of 'Este and of Victory!'
I will not plead the cause of crime,
Nor sue thee to redeem from time
A few brief hours or days that must
At length roll o'er my reckless dust;—
Such maddening moments as my past,
They could not, and they did not, last;—
Albeit my birth and name be base,
And thy nobility of race
Disdained to deck a thing like me—
  Yet in my lineaments they trace
  Some features of my father's face,
And in my spirit—all of thee.
From thee this tamelessness of heart—
From thee—nay, wherefore dost thou start?—
From thee in all their vigour came
My arm of strength, my soul of flame—
Thou didst not give me life alone,
But all that made me more thine own.
See what thy guilty love hath done!
Repaid thee with too like a son!

1. Haught—haughty. "Away, *haught* man, thou art insulting me."—SHAKESPEARE [*Richard II.*, act iv. sc. 1, line 254—
"No lord of thine, thou haught insulting man."]

I am no bastard in my soul,
For that, like thine, abhorred control;
And for my breath, that hasty boon
Thou gav'st and wilt resume so soon,
I valued it no more than thou,
When rose thy casque above thy brow,
And we, all side by side, have striven,
And o'er the dead our coursers driven:
The past is nothing—and at last
The future can but be the past;[1]
Yet would I that I then had died:
For though thou work'dst my mother's ill,
And made thy own my destined bride,
I feel thou art my father still:
And harsh as sounds thy hard decree,
'Tis not unjust, although from thee.
Begot in sin, to die in shame,
My life begun and ends the same:
As erred the sire, so erred the son,
And thou must punish both in one.
My crime seems worst to human view,
But God must judge between us too!"[2]

XIV.

He ceased—and stood with folded arms,
On which the circling fetters sounded;
And not an ear but felt as wounded,
Of all the chiefs that there were ranked,
When those dull chains in meeting clanked:
Till Parisina's fatal charms[3]

1. [Lines 304, 305, and lines 310–317 are not in the Copy. They were inserted by Byron in the Revise.]

2. [A writer in the *Critical Review* (February, 1816, vol. iii. p. 151) holds this couplet up to derision. "Too" is a weak ending, and, orally at least, ambiguous.]

3. ["I sent for *Marmion*, . . . because it occurred to me there

Again attracted every eye—
Would she thus hear him doomed to die!
She stood, I said, all pale and still,
The living cause of Hugo's ill:
Her eyes unmoved, but full and wide,
Not once had turned to either side—
Nor once did those sweet eyelids close,
Or shade the glance o'er which they rose,
But round their orbs of deepest blue
The circling white dilated grew—
And there with glassy gaze she stood
As ice were in her curdled blood;
But every now and then a tear [1]
So large and slowly gathered slid
From the long dark fringe of that fair lid,
It was a thing to see, not hear! [2]

might be a resemblance between part of *Parisina* and a similar scene in Canto 2d of *Marmion*. I fear there is, though I never thought of it before, and could hardly wish to imitate that which is inimitable. . . . I had completed the story on the passage from Gibbon, which, in fact, leads to a like scene naturally, without a thought of the kind; but it comes upon me not very comfortably."—Letter to Murray, February 3, 1816 (*Letters*, 1899, iii. 260). The scene in *Marmion* is the one where Constance de Beverley appears before the conclave—

"Her look composed, and steady eye,
Bespoke a matchless constancy;
And there she stood so calm and pale,
That, but her breathing did not fail,
And motion slight of eye and head,
And of her bosom, warranted
That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,
You must have thought a form of wax,
Wrought to the very life, was there—
So still she was, so pale, so fair."
Canto II. stanza xxi. lines 5–14.]

1. ["I admire the fabrication of the 'big Tear,' which is very fine—much larger, by the way, than Shakespeare's."—Letter of John Murray to Lord Byron (*Memoir of John Murray*, 1891, i. 354).]

2. [Compare *Christabel*, Part I. line 253—
"A sight to dream of, not to tell!"]

And those who saw, it did surprise,
Such drops could fall from human eyes.
To speak she thought—the imperfect note
Was choked within her swelling throat,
Yet seemed in that low hollow groan
Her whole heart gushing in the tone.
It ceased—again she thought to speak,
Then burst her voice in one long shriek,
And to the earth she fell like stone
Or statue from its base o'erthrown,
More like a thing that ne'er had life,—
A monument of Azo's wife,—
Than her, that living guilty thing,
Whose every passion was a sting,
Which urged to guilt, but could not bear
That guilt's detection and despair.
But yet she lived—and all too soon
Recovered from that death-like swoon—
But scarce to reason—every sense
Had been o'erstrung by pangs intense;
And each frail fibre of her brain
(As bowstrings, when relaxed by rain,
The erring arrow launch aside)
Sent forth her thoughts all wild and wide—
The past a blank, the future black,
With glimpses of a dreary track,
Like lightning on the desert path,
When midnight storms are mustering wrath.
She feared—she felt that something ill
Lay on her soul, so deep and chill;
That there was sin and shame she knew,
That some one was to die—but who?
She had forgotten:—did she breathe?
Could this be still the earth beneath,

The sky above, and men around;
Or were they fiends who now so frowned
On one, before whose eyes each eye
Till then had smiled in sympathy?
All was confused and undefined
To her all-jarred and wandering mind;
A chaos of wild hopes and fears:
And now in laughter, now in tears,
But madly still in each extreme,
She strove with that convulsive dream;
For so it seemed on her to break:
Oh! vainly must she strive to wake!

XV.

The Convent bells are ringing,
But mournfully and slow;
In the grey square turret swinging,
With a deep sound, to and fro.
Heavily to the heart they go!
Hark! the hymn is singing—
The song for the dead below,
Or the living who shortly shall be so!
For a departed being's soul [i.]
The death-hymn peals and the hollow bells knoll: [1]
He is near his mortal goal;
Kneeling at the Friar's knee,
Sad to hear, and piteous to see—
Kneeling on the bare cold ground,
With the block before and the guards around;
And the headsman with his bare arm ready,
That the blow may be both swift and steady,

i. *For a departing being's soul.*—[*Copy.*]

1. [For the peculiar use of "knoll" as a verb, compare *Childe Harold*, Canto III. stanza xcvi. line 5; and *Werner*, act iii. sc. 3.]

Feels if the axe be sharp and true
Since he set its edge anew:[1]
While the crowd in a speechless circle gather
To see the Son fall by the doom of the Father!

XVI.

It is a lovely hour as yet
Before the summer sun shall set,
Which rose upon that heavy day,
And mock'd it with his steadiest ray;
And his evening beams are shed
Full on Hugo's fated head,
As his last confession pouring
To the monk, his doom deploring
In penitential holiness,
He bends to hear his accents bless
With absolution such as may
Wipe our mortal stains away.
That high sun on his head did glisten
As he there did bow and listen,
And the rings of chestnut hair
Curled half down his neck so bare;
But brighter still the beam was thrown
Upon the axe which near him shone
With a clear and ghastly glitter——
Oh! that parting hour was bitter!
Even the stern stood chilled with awe:
Dark the crime, and just the law—
Yet they shuddered as they saw.

XVII.

The parting prayers are said and over
Of that false son, and daring lover!

1. [Lines 401–404, which are in Byron's handwriting, were added to the Copy.]

His beads and sins are all recounted,[i]
His hours to their last minute mounted;
His mantling cloak before was stripped,
His bright brown locks must now be clipped;
'Tis done—all closely are they shorn;
The vest which till this moment worn—
The scarf which Parisina gave—
Must not adorn him to the grave.
Even that must now be thrown aside,
And o'er his eyes the kerchief tied;
But no—that last indignity
Shall ne'er approach his haughty eye.
All feelings seemingly subdued,
In deep disdain were half renewed,
When headsman's hands prepared to bind
Those eyes which would not brook such blind,
As if they dared not look on death.
"No—yours my forfeit blood and breath;
These hands are chained, but let me die
At least with an unshackled eye—
Strike:"—and as the word he said,
Upon the block he bowed his head;
These the last accents Hugo spoke:
"Strike"—and flashing fell the stroke—
Rolled the head—and, gushing, sunk
Back the stained and heaving trunk,
In the dust, which each deep vein
Slaked with its ensanguined rain;
His eyes and lips a moment quiver,
Convulsed and quick—then fix for ever.

He died, as erring man should die,
Without display, without parade;

i. *His latest beads and sins are counted.*—[*Copy.*]

Meekly had he bowed and prayed,
As not disdaining priestly aid,
Nor desperate of all hope on high.
And while before the Prior kneeling,
His heart was weaned from earthly feeling;
His wrathful Sire—his Paramour—
What were they in such an hour?
No more reproach,—no more despair,—
No thought but Heaven,—no word but prayer—
Save the few which from him broke,
When, bared to meet the headsman's stroke,
He claimed to die with eyes unbound,
His sole adieu to those around.

XVIII.

Still as the lips that closed in death,
Each gazer's bosom held his breath:
But yet, afar, from man to man,
A cold electric[1] shiver ran,
As down the deadly blow descended
On him whose life and love thus ended;
And, with a hushing sound compressed,
A sigh shrunk back on every breast;
But no more thrilling noise rose there,[i.]
Beyond the blow that to the block
Pierced through with forced and sullen shock,
Save one:—what cleaves the silent air
So madly shrill, so passing wild?
That, as a mother's o'er her child,

i. *But no more thrilling voice rose there.*—[*Copy.*]

1. [For the use of "electric" as a metaphor, compare Coleridge's *Songs of the Pixies*, v. lines 59, 60—

"The electric flash, that from the melting eye
Darts the fond question and the soft reply."]

Done to death by sudden blow,
To the sky these accents go,
Like a soul's in endless woe.
Through Azo's palace-lattice driven,
That horrid voice ascends to heaven,
And every eye is turned thereon;
But sound and sight alike are gone!
It was a woman's shriek—and ne'er
In madlier accents rose despair;
And those who heard it, as it past,
In mercy wished it were the last.

XIX.

Hugo is fallen; and, from that hour,
No more in palace, hall, or bower,
Was Parisina heard or seen:
Her name—as if she ne'er had been—
Was banished from each lip and ear,
Like words of wantonness or fear;
And from Prince Azo's voice, by none
Was mention heard of wife or son;
No tomb—no memory had they;
Theirs was unconsecrated clay—
At least the Knight's who died that day.
But Parisina's fate lies hid
Like dust beneath the coffin lid:
Whether in convent she abode,
And won to heaven her dreary road,
By blighted and remorseful years
Of scourge, and fast, and sleepless tears;
Or if she fell by bowl or steel,
For that dark love she dared to feel;
Or if, upon the moment smote,
She died by tortures less remote,

Like him she saw upon the block
With heart that shared the headsman's shock,
In quickened brokenness that came,
In pity o'er her shattered frame,
None knew—and none can ever know:
But whatsoe'er its end below,
Her life began and closed in woe!

XX.

And Azo found another bride,
And goodly sons grew by his side;
But none so lovely and so brave
As him who withered in the grave;[1]
Or if they were—on his cold eye
Their growth but glanced unheeded by,
Or noticed with a smothered sigh.
But never tear his cheek descended,
And never smile his brow unbended;
And o'er that fair broad brow were wrought
The intersected lines of thought;
Those furrows which the burning share
Of Sorrow ploughs untimely there;
Scars of the lacerating mind
Which the Soul's war doth leave behind.[2]
He was past all mirth or woe:
Nothing more remained below
But sleepless nights and heavy days,
A mind all dead to scorn or praise,
A heart which shunned itself—and yet
That would not yield, nor could forget,

1. [Here, again, Byron is *super grammaticam*. The comparison is between Hugo and "goodly sons," not between Hugo and "bride" in the preceding line.]

2. [Lines 539–544 are not in the Copy, but were inserted in the Revise.]

Which, when it least appeared to melt,
Intensely thought—intensely felt:
The deepest ice which ever froze
Can only o'er the surface close;
The living stream lies quick below,
And flows, and cannot cease to flow.[1]
Still was his sealed-up bosom haunted [i.]
By thoughts which Nature hath implanted;
Too deeply rooted thence to vanish,
Howe'er our stifled tears we banish;
When struggling as they rise to start,
We check those waters of the heart,
They are not dried—those tears unshed
But flow back to the fountain head,
And resting in their spring more pure,
For ever in its depth endure,
Unseen—unwept—but uncongealed,
And cherished most where least revealed.
With inward starts of feeling left,
To throb o'er those of life bereft,
Without the power to fill again
The desert gap which made his pain;
Without the hope to meet them where
United souls shall gladness share;
With all the consciousness that he
Had only passed a just decree; [ii.]
That they had wrought their doom of ill;
Yet Azo's age was wretched still.
The tainted branches of the tree,
If lopped with care, a strength may give,

i. *Ah, still unwelcomely was haunted.*—[*Copy*.]
ii. *Had only sealed a just decree.*—[*Copy*.]

1. [Lines 551–556 are not in the Copy, but were inserted in the Revise.]

By which the rest shall bloom and live
All greenly fresh and wildly free:
But if the lightning, in its wrath,
The waving boughs with fury scathe,
The massy trunk the ruin feels,
And never more a leaf reveals.

POEMS OF THE SEPARATION.

INTRODUCTION TO *POEMS OF THE SEPARATION.*

THE two poems, *Fare Thee Well* (March 17) and *A Sketch* (March 29, 1816), which have hitherto been entitled *Domestic Pieces*, or *Poems on His Own Circumstances*, I have ventured to rename *Poems of the Separation.* Of secondary importance as poems or works of art, they stand out by themselves as marking and helping to make the critical epoch in the life and reputation of the poet. It is to be observed that there was an interval of twelve days between the date of *Fare Thee Well* and *A Sketch;* that the composition of the latter belongs to a later episode in the separation drama ; and that for some reasons connected with the proceedings between the parties, a pathetic if not uncritical resignation had given place to the extremity of exasperation—to hatred and fury and revenge. It follows that either poem, in respect of composition and of publication, must be judged on its own merits. Contemporary critics, while they were all but unanimous in holding up *A Sketch* to unqualified reprobation, were divided with regard to the good taste and good faith of *Fare Thee Well.* Moore intimates that at first, and, indeed, for some years after the separation, he was strongly inclined to condemn the *Fare Thee Well* as a histrionic performance—"a showy effusion of sentiment ;" but that on reading the account of all the circumstances in Byron's *Memoranda*, he was impressed by the reality of the "swell of tender recollections, under the influence of which, as he sat one night musing in his study, these stanzas were produced—the tears, as he said, falling fast over the paper as he wrote them" (*Life*, p. 302).

With whatever purpose, or under whatever emotion the lines were written, Byron did not keep them to himself. They were shown to Murray, and copies were sent to "the initiated." "I have just received," writes Murray, "the enclosed letter from Mrs. Maria Graham [1785–1842, *née* Dundas, authoress and traveller, afterwards Lady Callcott], to whom I had sent the verses. It will show you that you are thought of in the remotest corners, and furnishes me with an excuse for repeating that I shall not forget you. God bless your Lordship. Fare *Thee* Well" [*MSS. M.*].

But it does not appear that they were printed in their final shape (the proof of a first draft, consisting of thirteen stanzas, is dated March 18, 1816) till the second copy of verses were set up in type with a view to private distribution (see *Letters*, 1899, iii. 279). Even then there was no thought of publication on the part of Byron or of Murray, and, as a matter of fact, though *Fare Thee Well* was included in the "Poems" of 1816, it was not till both poems had appeared in over twenty pirated editions that *A Sketch* was allowed to appear in vol. iii. of the Collected Works of 1819. Unquestionably Byron intended that the "initiated," whether foes or sympathizers, should know that he had not taken his dismissal in silence; but it is far from certain that he connived at the appearance of either copy of verses in the public press. It is impossible to acquit him of the charge of appealing to a limited circle of specially chosen witnesses and advocates in a matter which lay between himself and his wife, but the aggravated offence of rushing into print may well be attributed to "the injudicious zeal of a friend," or the "malice prepense" of an enemy. If he had hoped that the verses would slip into a newspaper, as it were, *malgré lui*, he would surely have taken care that the seed fell on good ground under the favouring influence of Perry of the *Morning Chronicle*, or Leigh Hunt of the *Examiner*. As it turned out, the first paper which possessed or ventured to publish a copy of the "domestic pieces" was the *Champion*, a Tory paper, then under the editorship of John Scott (1783–1821), a man of talent and of probity, but, as Mr. Lang puts it (*Life and Letters* of John Gibson Lockhart, 1897, i. 256), "Scotch, and a professed moralist." The date of publication

was Sunday, April 14, and it is to be noted that the *Ode from the French* ("We do not curse thee, Waterloo") had been published in the *Morning Chronicle* on March 15, and that on the preceding Sunday, April 7, the brilliant but unpatriotic apostrophe to the *Star of the Legion of Honour* had appeared in the *Examiner*. "We notice it [this strain of his Lordship's harp]," writes the editor, "because we think it would not be doing justice to the merits of such political tenets, if they were not coupled with their corresponding practice in regard to moral and domestic obligations. There is generally a due proportion kept in 'the music of men's lives.' . . . Of many of the *facts* of this distressing case we are not ignorant; but God knows they are not for a newspaper. Fortunately they fall within very general knowledge, in London at least; if they had not they would never have found their way to us. But there is a respect due to certain wrongs and sufferings that would be outraged by uncovering them." It was all very mysterious, very terrible; but what wonder that the laureate of the ex-emperor, the contemner of the Bourbons, the pæanist of the "star of the brave," "the rainbow of the free," should make good his political heresy by personal depravity—by unmanly vice, unmanly whining, unmanly vituperation?

Wordsworth, to whom Scott forwarded the *Champion* of April 14, "outdid" the journalist in virtuous fury: "Let me say only one word of Lord B. The man is insane. The verses on his private affairs excite in me less indignation than pity. The latter copy is the Billingsgate of Bedlam. . . . You yourself seem to labour under some delusion as to the merits of Lord B.'s poetry, and treat the wretched verses, the *Fare Well*, with far too much respect. They are disgusting in sentiment, and in execution contemptible. 'Though my many faults deface me,' etc. Can worse doggerel than such a stanza be written? One verse is commendable: 'All my madness none can know.'" The criticism, as criticism, confutes itself, and is worth quoting solely because it displays the feeling of a sane and honourable man towards a member of the "opposition," who had tripped and fallen, and now lay within reach of his lash (see *Life of William Wordsworth*, 1889, ii. 267, etc.).

It was not only, as Macaulay put it, that Byron was "singled out as an expiatory sacrifice" by the British public in a periodical fit of morality, but, as the extent and the limitations of the attack reveal, occasion was taken by political adversaries to inflict punishment for an outrage on popular sentiment.

The *Champion* had been the first to give tongue, and the other journals, on the plea that the mischief was out, one after the other took up the cry. On Monday, April 15, the *Sun* printed *Fare Thee Well*, and on Tuesday, April 16, followed with *A Sketch*. On the same day the *Morning Chronicle*, protesting that "the poems were not written for the public eye, but as having been inserted in a Sunday paper," printed both sets of verses; the *Morning Post*, with an ugly hint that "the noble Lord gives us verses, when he dare not give us circumstances," restricted itself to *Fare Thee Well;* while the *Times*, in a leading paragraph, feigned to regard "the two extraordinary copies of verses . . . the whining stanzas of *Fare Thee Well*, and the low malignity and miserable doggerel of the companion *Sketch*," as "an injurious fabrication." On Thursday, the 18th, the *Courier*, though declining to insert *A Sketch*, deals temperately and sympathetically with the *Fare Thee Well*, and quotes the testimony of a "fair correspondent" (? Madame de Staël), that if "her husband had bade her such a farewell she could not have avoided running into his arms, and being reconciled immediately—'Je n'aurois pu m'y tenir un instant';" and on the same day the *Times*, having learnt to its "extreme astonishment and regret," that both poems were indeed Lord Byron's, maintained that the noble author had "degraded literature, and abused the privileges of rank, by converting them into weapons of vengeance against an inferior and a female." On Friday, the 19th, the *Star* printed both poems, and the *Morning Post* inserted a criticism, which had already appeared in the *Courier* of the preceding day. On Saturday, the 20th, the *Courier* found itself compelled, in the interests of its readers, to print both poems. On Sunday, the 21st, the octave of the original issue, the *Examiner* devoted a long article to an apology for Byron, and a fierce rejoinder to the *Champion;* and on the same day the *Independent*

Whig and the *Sunday News*, which favoured the "opposition," printed both poems, with prefatory notices more or less favourable to the writer; whereas the Tory *Antigallican Monitor*, which also printed both poems, added the significant remark that "if everything said of Lord Byron be true, it would appear that the Whigs were not altogether so immaculate as they themselves would wish the world to suppose."

The testimony of the press is instructive from two points of view. In the first place, it tends to show that the controversy was conducted on party lines; and, secondly, that the editor of the *Champion* was in some degree responsible for the wide diffusion and lasting publicity of the scandal. The separation of Lord and Lady Byron must, in any case, have been more than a nine days' wonder, but if the circulation of the "pamphlet" had been strictly confined to the "initiated," the excitement and interest of the general public would have smouldered and died out for lack of material.

In his second letter on Bowles, dated March 25, 1821 (*Observations upon Observations*, *Life*, 1892, p. 705), Byron alludes to the publication of these poems in the *Champion*, and comments on the behaviour of the editor, who had recently (February 16, 1821) been killed in a duel. He does not minimize the wrong, but he pays a fine and generous tribute to the courage and worth of his assailant. "Poor Scott is now no more . . . he died like a brave man, and he lived an able one," etc. It may be added that Byron was an anonymous subscriber to a fund raised by Sir James Mackintosh, Murray, and others, for "the helpless family of a man of virtue and ability" (*London Magazine*, April, 1821, vol. iii. p. 359).

For chronological reasons, and in accordance with the precedent of the edition of 1832, a third poem, *Stanzas to Augusta*, has been included in this group.

POEMS OF THE SEPARATION.

FARE THEE WELL.[1]

"Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth:
And Constancy lives in realms above;
And Life is thorny; and youth is vain:
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain;
* * * * *
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been."
COLERIDGE'S *Christabel*.[i.]

FARE thee well! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare *thee well:*
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

i. The motto was prefixed in *Poems*, 1816.

1. ["He there (Byron, in his *Memoranda*) described, and in a manner whose sincerity there was no doubting, the swell of tender recollections, under the influence of which, as he sat one night musing in the study, these stanzas were produced,—the tears, as he said, falling fast over the paper as he wrote them."—*Life*, p. 302.

It must have been a fair and *complete* copy that Moore saw (see *Life*, p. 302, *note* 3). There are no tear-marks on this (the first draft, sold at Sotheby's, April 11, 1885) draft, which must be the

Would that breast were bared before thee[i.]
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee[ii.]
Which thou ne'er canst know again:
Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought could show!
Then thou would'st at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.
Though the world for this commend thee—[1]
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe:
Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found,
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound?
Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not—
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away:

i. *Thou my breast laid bare before thee.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *Not a thought is pondering on thee.*—[*MS. erased.*]

first, for it is incomplete, and every line (almost) tortured with alterations.

"Fare Thee Well!" was printed in Leigh Hunt's *Examiner*, April 21, 1816, at the end of an article (by L. H.) entitled "Distressing Circumstances in High Life." The text there has two readings different from that of the pamphlet, viz.—

Examiner: "Than the soft one which embraced me."
Pamphlet: "Than the one which once embraced me."
Examiner: "Yet the thoughts we cannot bridle."
Pamphlet: "But," etc.

—*MS. Notes taken by the late J. Dykes Campbell at Sotheby's, April* 18, 1890, *and re-transcribed for Mr. Murray, June* 15, 1894.

A final proof, dated April 7, 1816, was endorsed by Murray, "Correct 50 copies as early as you can to-morrow."]

1. [Lines 13–20 do not appear in an early copy dated March 18, 1816. They were added on the margin of a proof dated April 4, 1816.]

Still thine own its life retaineth—
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;[i.]
And the undying thought which paineth[ii.]
Is—that we no more may meet.
These are words of deeper sorrow[iii.]
Than the wail above the dead;
Both shall live—but every morrow[iv.]
Wake us from a widowed bed.
And when thou would'st solace gather—
When our child's first accents flow—
Wilt thou teach her to say "Father!"
Though his care she must forego?
When her little hands shall press thee—
When her lip to thine is pressed—
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee—
Think of him thy love *had* blessed!
Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more may'st see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble[v.]
With a pulse yet true to me.
All my faults perchance thou knowest—
All my madness—none can know;[vi.]
All my hopes—where'er thou goest—
Wither—yet with *thee* they go.
Every feeling hath been shaken;
Pride—which not a world could bow—[vii.]
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,[viii.]
Even my soul forsakes me now.

i. Net result of many alterations.
ii. *And the lasting thought* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. —— *of deadlier sorrow.*—[*MS. erased.*]
iv. *Every future night and morrow.*—[*MS. erased.*]
v. *Still thy heart* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]
vi. *All my follies* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]
vii. —— *which not the world could bow.*—[*MS.*]
viii. *Falls at once* ——.—[*MS. erased.*]

But 'tis done—all words are idle—
  Words from me are vainer still;[i.]
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
  Force their way without the will.
Fare thee well! thus disunited—[ii.]
  Torn from every nearer tie—
Seared in heart—and lone—and blighted—
  More than this I scarce can die.

[First draft, *March* 18, 1816.
First printed as published, April 4, 1816.]

A SKETCH.[iii. 1]

"Honest—honest Iago!
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee."
SHAKESPEARE.

BORN in the garret, in the kitchen bred,
Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head;[iv.]
Next—for some gracious service unexpressed,
And from its wages only to be guessed—

i. *Tears and sighs are idler still.*—[*MS. erased.*]
ii. *Fare thee well—thus lone and blighted.*—[*MS. erased.*]
iii. *A Sketch from Life.*—[*MS. M.*]
iv. *Promoted thence to comb* ——.—[*MS. M. erased.*]

1. ["I send you my last night's dream, and request to have 50 copies (for private distribution) struck off. I wish Mr. Gifford to look at them; they are from life."—Letter to Murray, March 30, 1816.

"The original MS. of Lord Byron's Satire, 'A Sketch from Private Life,' written by his Lordship, 30th March, 1816. Given by his Lordship to me on going abroad after his separation from Lady Byron, John Hanson. To be carefully preserved." (This MS. omits lines 19–20, 35–36, 55–56, 65–70, 77–78, 85–92.)

A copy entitled, "A sketch from private Life," dated March 30, 1816, is in Mrs. Leigh's handwriting. The corrections and additions are in Byron's handwriting.

A proof dated April 2, 1816, is endorsed by Murray, "Correct with most particular care and print off 50 copies, and keep standing."]

Raised from the toilet to the table,—where
Her wondering betters wait behind her chair.
With eye unmoved, and forehead unabashed,
She dines from off the plate she lately washed.
Quick with the tale, and ready with the lie,
The genial confidante, and general spy—
Who could, ye gods! her next employment guess—
An only infant's earliest governess![i.]
She taught the child to read, and taught so well,
That she herself, by teaching, learned to spell.
An adept next in penmanship she grows,
As many a nameless slander deftly shows:
What she had made the pupil of her art,
None know—but that high Soul secured the heart,[ii.]
And panted for the truth it could not hear,
With longing breast and undeluded ear.
Foiled was perversion by that youthful mind,[iii.]
Which Flattery fooled not, Baseness could not blind,
Deceit infect not, near Contagion soil,
Indulgence weaken, nor Example spoil,[iv.]
Nor mastered Science tempt her to look down
On humbler talents with a pitying frown,
Nor Genius swell, nor Beauty render vain,
Nor Envy ruffle to retaliate pain,[v.]
Nor Fortune change, Pride raise, nor Passion bow,
Nor Virtue teach austerity—till now.
Serenely purest of her sex that live,[vi.]

i. —— *early governess.*—[*MS. M.*]
ii. —— *but that pure spirit saved her heart.*—[*MS. M. erased.*]
iii. *Vain was each effort* ——.—[*MS. M.*]
iv. *Much Learning madden—when with scarce a peer*
She soared through science with a bright career—
Nor talents swell ——.—[*MS. M.*]
v. —— *bigotry provoke.*—[*MS. M. erased.*]
vi. *Serenely purest of the things that live.*—[*MS. M.*]

But wanting one sweet weakness—to forgive;
Too shocked at faults her soul can never know,
She deems that all could be like her below:
Foe to all vice, yet hardly Virtue's friend,
For Virtue pardons those she would amend.

But to the theme, now laid aside too long,
The baleful burthen of this honest song,[i.]
Though all her former functions are no more,
She rules the circle which she served before.
If mothers—none know why—before her quake;
If daughters dread her for the mothers' sake;
If early habits—those false links, which bind
At times the loftiest to the meanest mind—[ii.]
Have given her power too deeply to instil
The angry essence of her deadly will;[iii.]
If like a snake she steal within your walls,
Till the black slime betray her as she crawls;
If like a viper to the heart she wind,
And leave the venom there she did not find;
What marvel that this hag of hatred works[iv.]
Eternal evil latent as she lurks,
To make a Pandemonium where she dwells,
And reign the Hecate of domestic hells?
Skilled by a touch to deepen Scandal's tints
With all the kind mendacity of hints,
While mingling truth with falsehood—sneers with smiles—
A thread of candour with a web of wiles;[v.]

i. *The trusty burthen of my honest song.*—[*MS. M.*]
ii. *At times the highest* ——.—[*MS. M.*]
iii. —— *of her evil will.*—[*MS. M.*]
iv. *What marvel that this mistress demon works*
Eternal evil { *wheresoe'er she lurks.*—[*MS. M.*]
{ *when she latent works.*—[*Copy.*]
v. *A gloss of candour of a web of wiles.*—[*MS. M.*]

A plain blunt show of briefly-spoken seeming,
To hide her bloodless heart's soul-hardened scheming;
A lip of lies; a face formed to conceal,
And, without feeling, mock at all who feel:
With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown,—
A cheek of parchment, and an eye of stone.[i.]
Mark, how the channels of her yellow blood
Ooze to her skin, and stagnate there to mud,
Cased like the centipede in saffron mail,
Or darker greenness of the scorpion's scale—[ii.]
(For drawn from reptiles only may we trace
Congenial colours in that soul or face)—
Look on her features! and behold her mind[iii.]
As in a mirror of itself defined:
Look on the picture! deem it not o'ercharged—
There is no trait which might not be enlarged:
Yet true to "Nature's journeymen,"[1] who made
This monster when their mistress left off trade—
This female dog-star of her little sky,
Where all beneath her influence droop or die.[iv.]

Oh! wretch without a tear—without a thought,
Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought—
The time shall come, nor long remote, when thou
Shalt feel far more than thou inflictest now;
Feel for thy vile self-loving self in vain,
And turn thee howling in unpitied pain.
May the strong curse of crushed affections light[2]

i. Lines 65–68 were added April 2, 1816.
ii. The parenthesis was added April 2, 1816.
iii. *Look on her body* ——.—[*MS. M.*]
iv. *Where all that gaze upon her droop or die.*—
[*MS. altered April* 2, 1816.]

1. [See *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 2, line 31.]
2. [Lines 85–91 were added April 2, 1816, on a page endorsed, "Quick—quick—quick—quick."]

Back on thy bosom with reflected blight!
And make thee in thy leprosy of mind
As loathsome to thyself as to mankind!
Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into hate,
Black—as thy will for others would create:
Till thy hard heart be calcined into dust,
And thy soul welter in its hideous crust.
Oh, may thy grave be sleepless as the bed,
The widowed couch of fire, that thou hast spread!
Then, when thou fain wouldst weary Heaven with prayer,
Look on thine earthly victims—and despair!
Down to the dust!—and, as thou rott'st away,
Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.[i.]
But for the love I bore, and still must bear,
To her thy malice from all ties would tear—
Thy name—thy human name—to every eye
The climax of all scorn should hang on high,
Exalted o'er thy less abhorred compeers—
And festering[1] in the infamy of years.[ii.]

[First draft, *March* 29, 1816.
First printed as published, April 4, 1816.]

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA.[2]

When all around grew drear and dark,[iii.]
And reason half withheld her ray—

i. —— *in thy poisoned clay.*—[*MS. M. erased.*]
ii. *And weltering in the infamy of years.*—[*MS. M.*]
iii. —— *grew waste and dark.*—[*MS. M.*]

1. ["I doubt about 'weltering' but the dictionary should decide—look at it. We say 'weltering in blood'—but do they not also use 'weltering in the wind' 'weltering on a gibbet'?—there is no dictionary, so look or ask. In the meantime, I have put 'festering,' which perhaps in any case is the best word of the two. —P.S. Be quick. Shakespeare has it often and I do not think it too strong for the figure in this thing."—Letter to Murray, April 2.]

2. [His sister, the Honourable Mrs. Leigh.—These stanzas—the

Walker & Boutall, ph. sc.

The Hon. Augusta Leigh
from a drawing by Sir George Hayter.

And Hope but shed a dying spark
Which more misled my lonely way;
In that deep midnight of the mind,
And that internal strife of heart,
When dreading to be deemed too kind,
The weak despair—the cold depart;
When Fortune changed—and Love fled far,[i.]
And Hatred's shafts flew thick and fast,
Thou wert the solitary star[ii.]
Which rose and set not to the last.[iii.]
Oh! blest be thine unbroken light!
That watched me as a Seraph's eye,
And stood between me and the night,
For ever shining sweetly nigh.
And when the cloud upon us came,[iv.]
Which strove to blacken o'er thy ray—[v.]
Then purer spread its gentle flame,[vi.]
And dashed the darkness all away.
Still may thy Spirit dwell on mine,[vii.]
And teach it what to brave or brook—

i. *When Friendship shook* ——.—[*MS. M.*]
ii. *Thine was the solitary star.*—[*MS. M.*]
iii. *Which rose above me to the last.*—[*MS. M.*]
iv. *And when the cloud between us came.*—[*MS. M.*]
And when the cloud upon me came.—[*Copy C. H.*]
v. *Which would have closed on that last ray.*—[*MS. M.*]
vi. *Then stiller stood the gentle Flame.*—[*MS. M.*]
vii. *Still may thy Spirit sit on mine.*—[*MS. M.*]

parting tribute to her whose tenderness had been his sole consolation in the crisis of domestic misery—were, we believe, the last verses written by Lord Byron in England. In a note to Mr. Rogers, dated April 16 [1816], he says, "My sister is now with me, and leaves town to-morrow; we shall not meet again for some time at all events—*if ever!* and under these circumstances I trust to stand excused to you and Mr. Sheridan, for being unable to wait upon him this evening."—Note to Edition of 1832, x. 193.

A fair copy, broken up into stanzas, is endorsed by Murray, "Given to me (and I believe composed by L[d] B.), Friday, April 12, 1816."]

There's more in one soft word of thine
  Than in the world's defied rebuke.
Thou stood'st, as stands a lovely tree,[i.]
  That still unbroke, though gently bent,
Still waves with fond fidelity
  Its boughs above a monument.
The winds might rend—the skies might pour,
  But there thou wert—and still wouldst be
Devoted in the stormiest hour
  To shed thy weeping leaves o'er me.
But thou and thine shall know no blight,
  Whatever fate on me may fall;
For Heaven in sunshine will requite
  The kind—and thee the most of all.
Then let the ties of baffled love
  Be broken—thine will never break;
Thy heart can feel—but will not move;
  Thy soul, though soft, will never shake.
And these, when all was lost beside,
  Were found and still are fixed in thee;—
And bearing still a breast so tried,
  Earth is no desert—ev'n to me.

[First published, *Poems*, 1816.]

i. *And thou wast as a lovely Tree*
Whose branch unbroke but gently bent
Still waved with fond Fidelity.—[*Copy C. H.*]

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